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or Records of Upton-on-Severn

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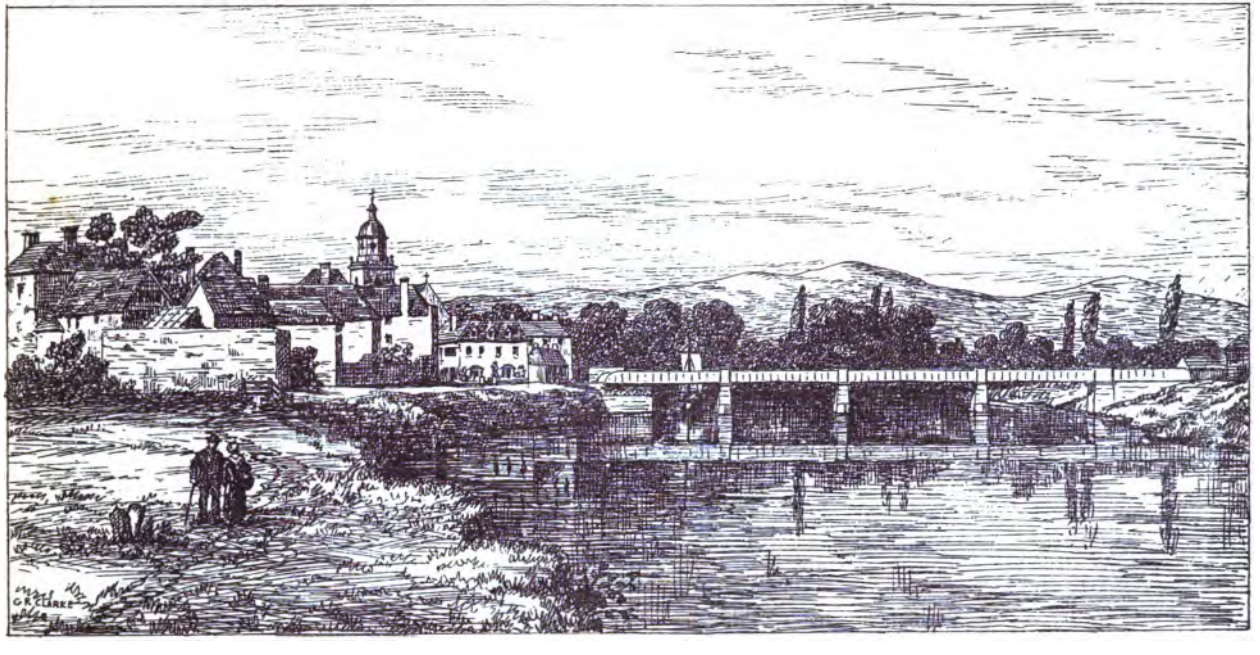

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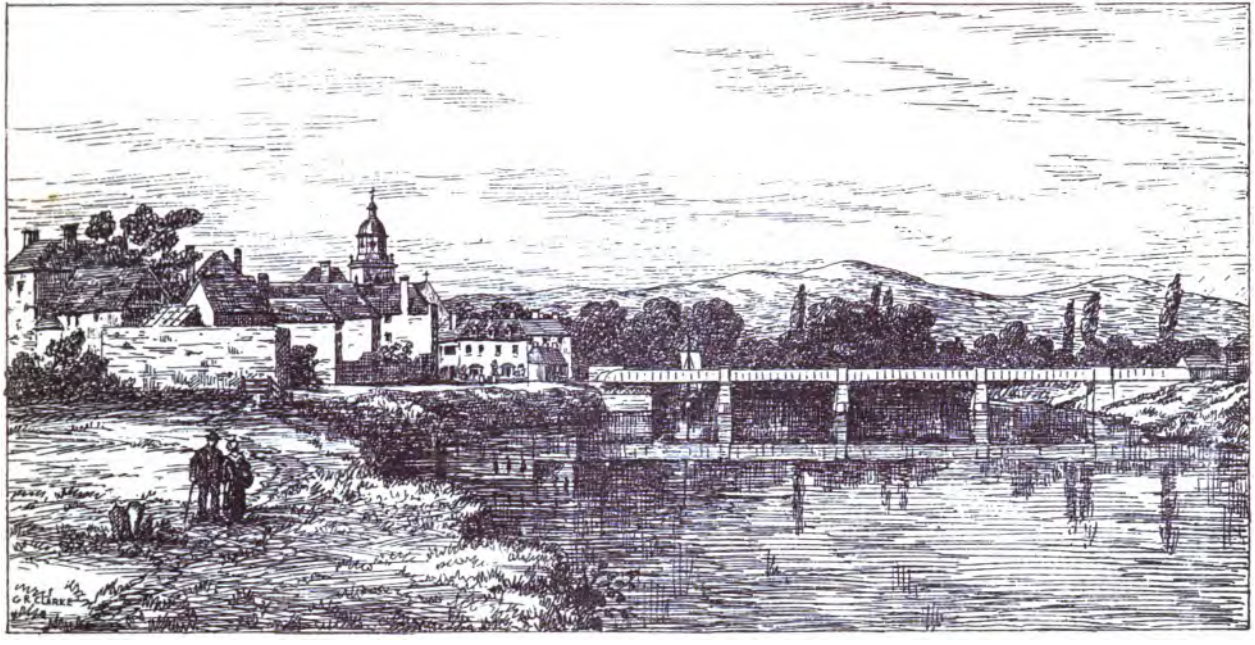

UPTON ON SEVERN FROM THE HAM ✣

THE NATION IN THE PARISH,

OR,

RECORDS OF UPTON-ON-SEVERN;

WITH A SUPPLEMENTAL CHAPTER ON

THE CASTLE OF HANLEY;

BY

EMILY M. LAWSON;

FOURTEEN FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES CATTERMOLE AND GEORGE R. CLARKE; AND A GLOSSARY OF MORE THAN EIGHT HUNDRED LOCAL WORDS AND PHRASES BY

ROBERT LAWSON, M.A.,

Sometime Student of Christchurch, Oxford; Rector of Upton-on-Severn; and Honorary Canon of Worcester Cathedral.

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TO

THE DEAR PEOPLE OF UPTON,

AMONG WHOM I HAVE LIVED

FOR TWENTY YEARS,

THIS HISTORY OF OUR PARISH

IS DEDICATED.

Hammond Allen. 10, 1946

PREFACE.

THIS volume was intended to be little more than a second edition of "Records and Traditions of Upton-on-Severn," which was published in December, 1868, and has long been out of print; but I have obtained so much fresh information, connecting the history of our Parish with that of the Nation, that the new edition has become a new book. If the present title should appear too ambitious, I would plead that my purpose is not to claim undue importance or special interest for Upton in a historical point of view, but rather to indicate the connection between national and parochial history which may be found among the local records and family documents of many ancient parishes.

A partial failure of eyesight has obliged me to depend almost entirely on the eyes and pens of others

for all the reading and writing necessary for this work; and I must ask the indulgence of critics in case they should note, with regard to dates and facts, any inaccuracies which closer study might have obviated. As far as possible, every statement has been verified by information drawn from that fountain head of English History, the Public Record Office; and, owing to the great kindness of Mr. Salisbury, I have been enabled to obtain many new and interesting facts about Upton History between the Norman Conquest and the Civil War. I am also much indebted to the following books of reference: "Diocesan History of Worcester" (S.P.C.K.); Mr. Noake's various works on Worcestershire; Allies' "Folk Lore;" Blunt's "History of Tewkesbury Abbey;" the "Prattinton Manuscripts;" Green's "History of the English People;" the Chronicles of Holinshed and Hall, &c., &c. A book of this kind must, if it is to be of any value, involve a great deal of labour and trouble, and many disappointments; but I have endeavoured to limit myself strictly to ascertained facts, and have more than once rejected some charming incident because it has been found to rest upon too slight a foundation for history.

It would take a long chapter to express fully my thanks to all who have helped me in Upton and in Worcestershire, but I must specially mention, among those who have given me information of great interest, Sir E. A. H. Lechmere, Mr. John Hooper, the Rev. D. Robertson, the Rev. E. R. Dowdeswell, and Mr. Ernest Kent. I must also gratefully acknowledge the unwearied patience and kindness of one of my most valued friends both as a reader and as an amanuensis; the revision of my manuscripts and the supply of an Appendix by my Husband; and the neat and accurate copying of my faithful and useful Maid.

Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Martin, I have been able to look over the documents at Ham Court, and to gather from them much of the private history of the Bromley Family, and the way in which their fortunes were affected by those of the nation.

The chapters on "Dr. Dee," "Miserrimus," "The Cholera," and "Our Ghost," have been reprinted with little alteration from the earlier book. In the two last, as well as in the greater part of the Miscellaneous Chapter, I have attempted little more than to

weave the filmy gossamer of old traditions and the loose threads of modern reminiscences into a more enduring texture.

The Chapter on the Castle of Hanley has been added partly at the desire of friends in that Parish, and partly from the great historical interest which attaches to that building.

This volume will have the same advantage as its predecessor, in being illustrated by Mr. G. R. Clarke's accurate and graceful sketches of Upton Past and Present; I have also again to thank Mr. Cattermole for aiding in the success of my work by his spirited and artistic drawings.

EMILY M. LAWSON.

Rectory, Upton-on-Severn;
November, 1884.

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THE NATION IN THE PARISH.

ERRATA.

Page 13, line 26, *transfer* Holefeld to next line, *after* Bracey.
,, 106, line 31, *for* eight *read* five.
,, 147, line 27, *for* eloquen *read* eloquent.
,, 183, note, last line, *for* amily *read* family.
,, 184, line 32, *after* August 1 (date of Captain Bound's death) *insert* 1667.
,, 205, line 16, *omit* comma *after* years.
Appendix, p. xii., line 38, *for* moose *read* ousel.

passed away; and traditions come to us now as what "Grandfather used to say, but I reckon 'twas only a tale."

With regard to history it is very different; at nearly every point something has come to light, and the further study of local history has shown me that the chronicles of an ancient parish are in a certain sense the chronicles of England. The wars and revolutions, the changes of laws and of rulers, which have scarred and altered the fabric of the nation, have left their marks, too, on that small portion of the nation, a

THE NATION IN THE PARISH.

CHAPTER I.

THE EARLIEST UPTON.

In undertaking a second edition of Records and Traditions of Upton-on-Severn, I must begin by confessing that these fifteen years have not brought me one more tradition worth mentioning; indeed, were this my first attempt at preserving our unwritten history, I should have but a scanty stock of materials to draw upon. The delightful old boatmen and gardeners, and the friendly old women, who recorded the agonies of the cholera time, and dwelt upon the sayings and doings of Captain Bound as though he had been a personal acquaintance, have nearly all passed away; and traditions come to us now as what "Grandfather used to say, but I reckon 'twas only a tale."

With regard to history it is very different; at nearly every point something has come to light, and the further study of local history has shown me that the chronicles of an ancient parish are in a certain sense the chronicles of England. The wars and revolutions, the changes of laws and of rulers, which have scarred and altered the fabric of the nation, have left their marks, too, on that small portion of the nation, a

parish, just as a twig may have the same lines and veins as its parent tree, or a bit of rock show by its structure and markings the history of the cliff from which it was taken. We are all ready to own this as regards certain important places. We can all remember how such names as York and Exeter, Derby and Bristol, came over and over again in our historical lessons, whether these were studied in Markham and Magnall, or in Clarendon and Froude. We know, too, how some smaller towns, such as Evesham and Tewkesbury, are so associated with great events that we can hardly pass their railway-stations, if we are of historical minds, without recalling old memories of fierce battles which decided the fate of the kingdom. But there are many other parishes—and Upton, we must own, among them—whose names seldom appear even in the pages of county histories, and which seem to us now to have always lived their quiet local lives with no great events to mark them, but which yield a perfect treasure of history to those who study their records patiently. Fifteen years ago we had not indeed discovered our most ancient record, although it is one which can hardly be claimed either by history or tradition. A block of basalt at the corner of School-lane was identified by a geologist as belonging to the mountains of North Wales, and as having been borne down to us by a slowly melting iceberg in the far distant ages of the glacial period, and by it deposited on the river banks.

In times modern as compared with that block of basalt, although ancient as regards the chronicles of England, about A.D. 50, we get the beginning of our history. There is much for, and nothing against, the theory that Upton is the Upocessa of the Romans, mentioned by Ravennas as one of the military stations on the Severn; if so, there was, in all probability, a British village on the same spot, for the conquerors

seldom made new settlements, but Romanised those which they found in suitable localities. The wide ford across our river would be one of the gateways to the land of the Silures, and important to them as being within a few miles of their camp on the Malvern hills.

We have only the hills, the river, and the wild flowers in common with those ancient people. Their eyes saw the same beautiful outline of the Malverns standing out against the western sky; their men caught salmon, shad, and eels in the same Severn, although it was then a broader and shallower stream; the British children filled their little hands with primroses and violets, and probably made "tosty balls" and daisy chains, just as our boys and girls do with the floral descendants of those wild flowers after eighteen centuries of spring times.

In all else there is a sharp contrast between the Upton of the present and the Upton of the past. Now, our eyes rest upon a peaceful little brick-built town, with its church tower at either end, one bearing a spire, the other a cupola, surrounded by fertile gardens, orchards, and pastures, on the bank of a broad river, along which the puffing steam-tug heads a long procession of deeply-laden barges and trows; then, we might have beheld, amid marshes and dense woods, a cluster of wattled huts, encompassed by a stockade of young trees, within which the cattle were driven for shelter at nightfall, and the light coracle, with its single occupant, darting to and fro across sedgy pools and twinkling rapids. Now, Upton claims its share in the inherited greatness, the full life, and the vast empire of the English people; then, the British village was a frontier post of the savage tribe of the Silures, whose western limits were in what we now call Glamorganshire, and whose eastern boundary was the Severn. Cruel,

superstitious, uncivilised, they were nevertheless splendid barbarians. There is nothing grander in the history of the conquest of Britain than the gallant fight which these Silures made for every rood of their land. At this period their prince was the celebrated Caradoc, or Caractacus, whose courage in battle and dignity in captivity we have all admired from our childhood. It is supposed that he held the camp on the Malvern hills for a time, and only withdrew from it to Shropshire on the near approach of the Romans. This crisis may have come at the time when, after forming a camp at the Mythe, a conquering legion crossed the Severn at Upton. That campaign was strangely different from the short and brilliant episodes of modern warfare. The advance of Rome was sure, but very slow, with halts every few miles to entrench a camp, and secure supplies of food for the advancing army. Our Britons must have expected the Romans. They would gather in numbers to defend their homes and their river when the first glitter of the eagles was seen, and the steady tramp of disciplined troops was heard. It must have been the story of the landing of Julius Cæsar over again: the fierce barbarians rushing into the water, hurling showers of javelins and stones, yet powerless to resist those soldiers who always obeyed to the death and never retreated.

Within the last few years relics of that national struggle have come to light; there were found ten feet deep in the clay which was part of the old river-bed a bronze celt, or spear head, and a metal ball. The authorities of the British Museum consider that the former is a celt of the first century. The metal ball is mysterious and unique; it may have been used as a weight for a fishing net, but probably it was a missile for one of those catapults which, as we learn from Josephus, were so frequently used in Roman warfare.

The ford was perhaps taken with half an hour's fighting, but at least half a century must have elapsed before the conquerors would enjoy secure possession of the surrounding district. Long after their king and their great camps were alike in the hands of the Romans, the Silures kept up an incessant and harassing warfare from the shelter of their woods and hills. Many a little party engaged in road-making, or diverting themselves with the chase (ever a dear delight to the Romans), must have been surrounded by overpowering numbers of barbarians, and have found their graves in the wilderness. But, notwithstanding their gallant resistance, the native races were at length subdued; their warriors were slain, the flower of their youths and maidens were sent to the slave markets of Italy, and those who remained settled down into contented subjection to their masters. Those masters taught them road-making, building, farming, all the arts of civilised life, and everything but fighting and self-reliance.

One gleam of hope shines on this troubled period from what may be called legendary history. When Caractacus was released from imprisonment at Rome, we are told that his old father, Bran, remained there as a hostage for seven years; he learnt Christianity from the teaching of the Apostles, and was probably one of the little company who gathered daily in St. Paul's "own hired house." When allowed to return to Britain, he devoted the remainder of his life to going about among his people and telling them of Christ. This roused the fierce wrath of the Druidical worshippers, but, although often ill-used and beaten, he still persevered, and taught many to believe as he believed. It is only a legend, but one that may be well founded on fact; and there is something very pathetic and touching in the picture of the old chieftain wandering about among his own Silures, and

caring for no hindrances, so that he might win them to the Saviour. Perhaps it was from some disciple of "Bran the Blessed" that the lips of children in Upocessa first learnt to say "Our Father," and suffering men and women were taught to take their troubles to the Great Consoler.

By the end of the second century Christianity was general in Cambria, for, to quote Tertullian, "Spots unapproachable by the Romans had been subdued by Christ." Four hundred years after the invasion of the Romans there was woe and wailing on the banks of the Severn, and this time not because the Romans were entering, but because they were leaving the country; the poor cowardly Britons were as defenceless as a flock of sheep when the shepherd has left them, and the howl of the wolves is heard afar.

The Severn valley was one of the first to be ravaged by Pictish invaders, who carried off the crops and cattle, burnt the towns and villages, and drove the wretched inhabitants to the shelter of the hills and forests. There is nothing to show us how the district west of the Severn emerged from this state of havoc and ruin, but it still formed part of Cambria nearly five centuries after Hengist and Horsa landed at Ebbsfleet.

While the English invaders were stamping out Christianity through the rest of the land, and destroying every vestige of British language and laws, Wales still preserved the Christian liturgy which had come down from primitive times. There was the poetry which still survives in the Mabinogion and the courage and chivalry of Arthurian history and romance. While the men of Evesham and Pershore were worshipping Odin and Thor, and owning allegiance to the king of Mercia, the sound of Christian creed and prayer was still heard on the western shores of the Severn.

Upocessa was in the diocese of the Bishop of Hereford, and he was one of the seven who conferred with Augustine at the Gospel Oak, and who, whilst agreeing with the new missionary on the great points of doctrine, refused to submit to the authority of the Bishop of Rome. In spite of many invasions, the Britons sturdily resisted all attempts at annexation, but it is possible that, as the centuries passed away, friendly relations were established between the English and the inhabitants of this little border town. The commercial tendency of the English people would find early development in constructing quays and warehouses to receive the goods which they would bring from Bristol and Gloucester in those long narrow boats which were the predecessors of our trows and barges.

Probably Upton at the end of the ninth century numbered as many English as Celts amongst its inhabitants, and was as bi-lingual as any little town in the heart of Wales at the present day. The two races would be further united in common danger and suffering when the "black Dane" impartially devastated Mercian and Cambrian territories. The glare of the burning abbey at Pershore, followed in a few weeks by the lurid fire-cloud which hung for days over unhappy Worcester, would give long warning that the Vikings were drawing near, and the Upton folk would thus have time to hide themselves with their cattle and goods in some remote part of the wooded hills, whence they would see at a distance the huge black banner of the raven floating above the Danish camp on what was called Ravenhill ever after. They made a halt here on their march to Hereford, and a field called Dane-moor in the adjoining parish of Welland is mentioned as a spot where the invaders received a temporary repulse.

It was about the year 930 that this district became part of England, by Athelstane's victory over

a British king, who seems to have been a very hero of romance; his name was Margadud, the "fairest of men," and his home was in Malvern, where he dwelt with "mickle folk, and owned all the good land into Severn." Athelstane crossed the Severn and attacked the prince in his fortress, probably the magnificent entrenchments of the British camp. "He held them exceeding hard, and drove them with his weapons out over the Wye."* Thus the rule of the Cymri ended, and for more than one hundred years English laws and customs prevailed in western Worcestershire.

NOTE TO CHAPTER I.

Since writing the above, I have seen a portion of a book entitled "The British Ilands, Proposed in one view in the English Mappe: with a Generall Description of *Great Britaine* Vnder the *Romans*" (the property of C. H. Rickards, Esq.), which bears the date of 1610, and in which the following passage occurs immediately after an account of Worcester: "Places of further note for memorable antiquitie, is *Vpton*, of great account in the *Roman* time, where some of their Legions kept, as witnesse their monies there often found:" &c.

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* Ancient chronicle quoted in Allies' Worcestershire.

CHAPTER II.

UPTON UNDER THE PLANTAGENETS.

We have but few indications as to how the next great national change, the Norman Conquest, affected Upton, but it is ignominiously described in Domesday Book as "part of the Bishop's manor of Ripple." The Bishop of Worcester remained in possession of some land in the parish, called "The Bishop's Chase," but the manor soon passed into the hands of the great Lords of the house of De Bellocampo, who exercised some rights as suzerains over it. Our oldest historical document has been found in the Public Record Office, and is a small discoloured piece of parchment, being one of the "Feet of Fines," and constituting the lower portion of an ancient deed of transfer. From this we learn that, in the reign of Richard I., Peter de Stinsterbe gave certain property in Upton to William de Sautmareis, on the occasion of the marriage of Anice, sister of Peter; the dowry included a moiety of the town of Upton and certain lands, which are minutely described as "stretching to the lands of Gilbert the forester, where the potteries lie." This indication of a forgotten industry has been verified by the recent discovery of some fragments of mediæval pottery, in digging near St. Gabriel's Church, in the parish of Hanley Castle, and not far from the beautiful old house called Gilbert's End. That part of Hanley formerly bore the name of Potter's Hanley, and the trade was probably kept up until the dis-

afforesting of the Chase deprived the potters of their supply of wood for the furnaces.*

An identity of armorial bearings proves that William of Saltmarshe, Sautmareis, or Salso Marisco, was one of a family which has owned the lands of Saltmarshe, near Howden, since 1067, when they were granted to Lionel Saltmarshe, on the occasion of his knighthood by William of Normandy. The Conqueror knew how to choose his friends, and was aware that he was sending a brave and trusty champion to that part of England which was most resolute in opposing his rule. In the following year all Yorkshire rose as one man at the coming of Sweyn of Denmark, and many of the Norman knights were slain before they could build themselves castles. The family of Sautmareis escaped these dangers, and the next head of the house was knighted by William Rufus in the Forest of Dean. His descendant, Sir Arthur, a century later, fought in two crusades, and by the side of Richard the Lion-heart at Acre, and his effigy, in mail armour, is in the church at Howden. He was the elder brother of William, who found his way to Upton, and who may also have been a crusader, or in Richard's war with France, for knighthood was only given in the days of the Plantagenets for "doughty deeds." He seems to have had a friend, Ralph de Tilly, who had obtained estates in Upton, and they also shared the town of Rodenham, in Yorkshire. Through some neglect on Ralph's part the town passed into the hands of Eustace de Vesci, after a lawsuit; but, to compensate Sautmareis for his loss, the King made an order that Ralph should surrender to Sir William certain estates

* Mr. Barber, of Gilbert's End, is in possession of some curious specimens of Hanley pottery, including a ridge tile, with ornamental finish, of the fifteenth century.

in Upton and elsewhere. It is possible that this was the other moiety of the town, or manor of Upton, and that the Saltmarshes made their home in a substantial Norman dwelling, with large hall, tiny chambers, and corner turret, on the site of our present manor-house.

There was little happiness to be found in any English home during the latter years of the reign of John. Sautmareis had not long held his newly acquired estates before all England fell under the ban of the Interdict; and shortly after this was removed the barons rose in arms against the King. John was well known and little loved in this part of England, on account of his neglect of his first wife, the heiress of Tewkesbury, and his horrible cruelty towards the wives and children of the insurgent lords of the Welsh Marches. Late in the autumn of 1215 De Bellocampo marched to join his brother nobles in the eastern counties, and in his train rode Sautmareis, bound to follow the fortunes of his Lord, but knowing well the dangers to which he left his home exposed. De Bellocampo and his knights were among those to whom we owe the Great Charter, and they had to endure some of the worst sufferings which fall to the lot of patriots, in the misery and ruin of those they most loved. John never spared an opponent, and he wreaked his vengeance on the adherents of the barons by ruining their homes. He sent an order to the Sheriff of Worcester, early in the spring, directing him to put Robert de Clifford in possession of the lands held by Sautmareis in Upton, and Dame Anice and her children were hurried from their home, only taking such property as they could carry with them, and leaving the manor-house, with food and furniture, tenants and cattle, to the mercy of De Clifford. He, however, was himself soon displaced, and three times more the Sheriff came, with his *posse comitatus*, to

eject an occupant of the manor-house, and put a new one in possession by force of law. De Clifford gave way to a man with the extraordinary name of Mort Mari, which seems like some play on that of Sautmareis; he was shortly turned out for Sir John de Arderne, knight of the Earl of Chester, who could hardly have settled down before the Sheriff appeared again to reinstate Sir William de Sautmareis, "in all that he had held in Upton and elsewhere, before he appeared in arms against our Lord the King." This was, most probably, just before John's death; but, even so, the manor changed hands four times in less than two years, and each knightly owner, after being put in possession, would have to hurry away to court or camp at the summons of the King, so that the Sheriff had only to encounter such resistance as could be offered by women and servants. The vassals in those wretched times had but an increase of misery with each change of masters; market and fishing dues, rents and fines, would be exacted with an unsparing harshness by those who felt they had but a precarious ownership.

The family of Saltmarshe, or, as it is more commonly styled, de Salso Marisco, held Upton for about a hundred and twenty years, and Sir William's grandson, or great grandson, was apparently one of those lesser barons who became plentiful in the days of Henry III. This "Lord Peter de Salso Marisco" appears in the pages of the "Anglia Sacra" as the antagonist of the Bishop in two law-suits, instituted against him because he had appropriated two houses and a meadow, which were claimed by the Church; and also, in the following year, because he had endeavoured to obtain the advowson of the Rectory. In both suits De Salso Marisco was worsted by Walter de Cantilupe, the able Bishop of Worcester, and was obliged to agree to pay "a hundred marks

yearly, and the services of half a foot soldier," for the benefit of the Church. This grasping baron married Alicia, daughter and heiress of Gilbert de Beauchamp, Lord of Cromb. Their son, another Sir William, appears as the largest taxpayer in Upton early in the reign of Edward II., and the line of De Salso Marisco of Upton ended in his daughter Alice, who married Paul Cardiff. Some estates in Worcestershire were owned by a Peter de Salso Marisco a generation later, and he was probably a cousin of Alice, the heiress, who seems to have parted with the manor of Upton on her marriage.

The taxgatherer's roll, in which the name of Saltmarshe appears, is a most curious document, preserved at the Rhydd Court; the following are the Upton names chronicled:—

De Willielmo de Salso Marisco ...	xlvj^{s}	viii^{d}
De Willielmo de Hethe	v^{s}	
De Rogero, Piscatore		xjj^{d}
De Philippo de Hethende	iiij^{s}	
De Johanne Pandoxatrice		xij^{d}
De Roberto de Southende	iiij^{s}	
De Hugone de Monte	vi^{s}	viij^{d}
De Priore Minoris Malvernie... ...	vj^{s}	
De Willielmo le Bonde		xiiij^{d}
De Nicholas de Coulesdon Holefeld...	iij^{s}	
De Willielmo Bracey	xviij^{s}	

This list of names tells, what we also read in the pages of history, how a silent revolution had been going on, uniting conquerors and conquered into one nation. Englishmen were ceasing to be serfs and villeins, and could hold land under certain conditions of service. The most industrious and thrifty of the serfs had long before become peasant proprietors, and the great middle-class was growing out of the lower. It will be seen that there are only two names of Norman gentlemen, Salso Marisco and Bracey, the latter residing at Holdfast, but holding lands in Upton.

The Englishmen of the middle class do not possess surnames, but are called after their dwellings or occupations. The Heath, Heathend, Southend, and the Hill are Upton homes to this day, but Coulsdon has been obliterated. Roger, the fisherman, had done so well with his salmon and eels as to have become proprietor of a cottage or field; of John Pandoxatrice we know nothing, nor of the land owned by the Priory of Little Malvern. William, the bondsman, was doubtless the ancestor of the family of Bound, so well known in Upton history. The term Bonde may either indicate that he was still a bondsman or serf, or that he was known as having been on some especial occasion a legal bondsman or surety.

In the course of the thirteenth century the De Clares succeeded the De Bellocampo family as feudal chiefs of Upton, thus connecting our town with some of the most interesting people of their time. Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, when middle aged, wedded the Princess Joan Plantagenet, daughter of Edward I., and Upton, with Hanley Castle and the Chase, formed part of her dowry. They often resided at Hanley, and thus Upton must frequently have seen the Red Earl, with his fiery locks and soldierly bearing, ride through the streets, and by his side the beautiful young princess bride. Numbers of Upton men must have been in that great levy of vassals which was gathered on the crest of the Malverns, to dig the boundary ditch between the lands of De Clare and those of the Bishop of Worcester, with whom the Earl had a quarrel concerning the right of hunting on the hills. The only son of the Red Earl and the Princess was another Gilbert de Clare, who inherited all the finer qualities of the Plantagenets, and exercised a great influence for good upon the weak nature of his young uncle, Edward II. He

was the first to fall among the hidden pits and stakes of Bannockburn, and is familiar to us in the "Lord of the Isles" as "Earl Gilbert." He died childless, and his widow, Maud de Burgh, followed him to his grave at Tewkesbury a few months later. In the account of his estates furnished to the King there is an item which explains one of our local names. Certain payments are due for keeping kids at "Le Hoke," a forest term which signifies a nook or corner, and in this case, doubtless, stands for a grassy glade in the Chase, which we now call the Hook.

The county of Glamorgan and the De Clare estates in this neighbourhood passed to Earl Gilbert's sister Eleanor, who was given by the King in marriage to his favourite, Hugh de Spenser. He was hated by both the Queen and the nobles, on account of the great favour shown him by the King, and his own haughty and ambitious character. Under his influence Edward resorted to excessive taxation, both of the nobles and clergy, at a time when England was in a state of the saddest misery. The harvests had failed one year after another; and at last there was a famine so dreadful that the people fed on rats, mice, and all manner of vermin, while numbers who could not get even this food died by the waysides. Eleanor de Spenser was a good woman, and doles at the church doors or at her castle gates may have lessened the sufferings of some of the Upton poor; but the stewards of these suzerains were sent to collect the pence of the labourers and of the peasant proprietors, not only at the stated times of tax-gathering, but whenever the chief was going to war, or wanted a portion for a son or a daughter. De Spenser would require his bailiffs to levy extra subsidies on account of the breaking out of that war in which, for the first and last time, an English king and his queen headed

hostile armies. When Edward, deserted and beaten, endeavoured to fly to Lundy, De Spenser went with him, but, being driven back by equinoctial gales to the coast of South Wales, both sovereign and noble fell into the hands of their enemies. The Earl of Winchester, De Spenser's father, had been already taken, and was hanged at Bristol, his body being thrown to the dogs. The favourite himself was only allowed to live three weeks longer, and was hanged at Hereford, on October 29, 1326. What horror must have thrilled the hearts of Upton men and women when they heard that the husband of their Lady, Eleanor de Clare, had suffered an ignominious death on the other side of the hills, and learnt from eye-witnesses how the proud and stately nobleman had been drawn on a hurdle through the streets, and then hanged on a gallows fifty feet high, portions of his mangled body being sent to different towns.

Upton was still held by his family, and his grandson, Lord Edward de Spenser, was much given to church building, and was also a hero of contemporary history. He was one of the leaders under the Black Prince at Poictiers, and was a Knight of the Garter at the institution of the order. His son Thomas married Constance de Langley, a granddaughter of Edward III., and daughter of the Duke of York. She and her husband married very young, and, like his grandfather, he shared the ruin of an unfortunate king. Shortly after Richard II. had been deposed and imprisoned, De Spenser was beheaded at Bristol, when the fifteenth century was but a fortnight old. Constance de Langley, who had not only her full share of the beauty and grace of the Plantagenets, but also their tendency to political scheming, was concerned five years later in a plot to put her cousin, the Earl of March, on the throne. She escaped ill consequences to herself by implicating her brother,

the Duke of York, who was disgraced and imprisoned. The De Spenser estates seem to have passed to the Crown under attainder, for it is not until nineteen years after her husband's death that the Countess Constance is recorded to have held as her dowry the manor of "Upton-super-Sabrinam," with Hanley Castle and Bushley.

Her daughter Isabel, one of the noblest and most high-minded women of her time, was married twice, and each time to a Richard Beauchamp. The first, who was Earl of Abergavenny and of Worcester, was killed at the siege of Meaux; and her second husband, Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, to whom she was wedded at Hanley, was the harsh custodian of the Maid of Orleans, and is said to have secured her in an iron cage, and to have superintended her death by burning. He, doubtless, thought that he was doing his duty in destroying a dangerous sorceress; and the same stern sense of duty made him inflict personal chastisement on Henry VI., to whom he was appointed governor. The poor little eight-year-old King made complaints to the Council of this severity, and the Earl, in answer, requested that no person should be allowed to interfere between him and his Highness. It must have been a real satisfaction to Upton boys to feel that they were doffing their caps to a man who had scourged their sovereign. Richard Beauchamp had been one of the dearest friends of Henry V., and had commanded under him at Agincourt. His wife was so devotedly attached to him that when he died, while in command in France, her excessive grief undermined her health, and she only survived him a few months. Her daughter by Lord Abergavenny, and also her son and daughter by the Earl of Warwick, were born at Hanley Castle, and on her death the boy, being only fifteen years old, was left to the guardianship of

Henry VI., who loaded him with honours and favours. While still a youth, the King created him premier Earl, and afterwards premier Duke, of England, to the great displeasure of the nobility. He also invested him with the titles of King of the Isle of Wight, and of Jersey and Guernsey, and himself placed the crown upon his head. He seems to have been a very attractive person, as much beloved by the people as by the King; but neither honours nor affection could prolong the life which was so exceptionally prosperous, and he died at his birthplace, Hanley Castle, at the age of twenty-one. His sister Anne became the wife of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, the renowned King-maker.

No other family in mediæval England rose to so great a height of prosperity, or sank to so low a depth of ruin, and Upton must to some extent have shared its fortunes. The Earl and Countess owned Middleham, in Yorkshire, and several other castles far more splendid than Hanley, and it is probable that they did not visit it as frequently as did the De Clares, De Spensers, and Beauchamps, but came to it for a few weeks now and then, as to a Worcestershire Balmoral, where they could be free from irksome state, and enjoy hunting in the beautiful Chase. We can hardly realise, in these days of railroads, the amount of pomp and magnificence with which this almost royal couple moved about. In our own times there is comparatively little of outward grandeur in dress or equipage to arrest the attention of an ordinary observer, and to distinguish persons of rank and dignity from those of a lower grade; but in the middle ages sumptuary laws were rigidly enforced, and station and degree were marked by sharply defined types of costume. It was impossible then for the merchant, the artisan, or the peasant to imitate ever so remotely the apparel of the noble, the knight,

or the squire; and equally so for the wives and daughters of the middle and lower class to copy the fashions affected by dames and maidens of gentle blood. Thus when the Earl and Countess of Warwick rode through the streets of Upton, the centre of a brilliant group, in rich attire of silk or velvet, adorned with plumes and jewels, and escorted by a cavalcade of armed and liveried retainers, the splendour of the pageant would be heightened by its contrast with the sober suits of the traders, and the coarse garb of the mechanics, before whose shops and hovels it swept; and the eager crowd of gazers would be the more intensely spell-bound by the passing vision of gleam and colour, because of the dull surroundings of their own daily lives. We can imagine how some Upton cottage girl would feel her heart swell with admiring envy when she glanced from her own coarse kirtle and plain hood to the radiant figures of Warwick's daughters, the ladies Isabella and Anne Neville. They had a happy and peaceful home life, and were, besides, the greatest heiresses and loveliest maidens in England; yet in future years there was not a peasant in Upton who might not have been thankful to be spared the troubles that befel those lovely ladies. Isabella became the wife of

"False, fleeting, perjured Clarence,"

whose treachery caused the death and ruin of her father, and whose dagger helped in slaying her sister's husband. She died at Tewkesbury, not without some suspicion of poisoning at the instigation of her husband.

Her sister Anne had a longer and more wretched life. She was married when quite young to Prince Edward, son of Henry VI., "the most beautiful and gracious prince in all Christendom," and they dearly loved each other, although the alliance was one of

political expediency. After a few weeks of happy married life, she accompanied him to England on that last disastrous expedition which finally wrecked the hopes of the Red Rose adherents on the fields of Barnet and Tewkesbury. She waited with Queen Margaret at the old house at Bushley, with the din of battle in their ears, and when there came the tidings of utter defeat and the murder of the prince, the Lady Anne fled to London, and was concealed for a year or two in a house in the city, under the disguise of "a kitchen wenche."

Richard of Gloucester had loved her from her childhood, and she had detested him. She knew that he was resolved to win her now that she was free, partly from the old passion for her beauty, and partly because he wanted to share the great Warwick estates with his brother Clarence. At last her hiding-place was discovered, and, by what means we cannot tell, the poor young widow was compelled to marry him; but Richard soon tired of her, and treated her with cold neglect. Her life was passed in seclusion until, in 1443, she became Queen of England; and after the coronation she accompanied Richard and their only son, Prince Edward, on a royal progress through several counties of England. She cared nothing for pomp or state, but found her only comfort in her boy; and when he died in the following spring, the mother's strength gave way, and she followed him in a few months.

The Countess of Warwick held a position in the nation hardly lower than that of a queen, and she stood far higher in popular esteem than either Margaret of Anjou or Elizabeth of York. She was of irreproachable character, devout and loving, and of dignified and gracious demeanour. After the Earl's death she was treated with an amount of cruel harshness which made the rest of her life one long misery.

Official records tell us how everything was taken from her and divided between her two rapacious sons-in-law, "as much as if she were naturally dead." For some years she was in the deepest poverty, and there are extant piteous letters from her, entreating some help wherewith to buy necessary clothing and to pay for her lodging. The poor lady was probably kept under some sort of surveillance which prevented her from applying for relief to her wealthy princess daughters. When both her children were dead and Henry VII. came to the throne, all the vast estates were nominally restored to her, but she was compelled to execute a feoffment, granting to the King and his heirs all that had belonged to her husband and herself, the manor of Sutton in Warwickshire alone being retained for her own use. The manor of Upton-on-Severn and two or three other estates were appropriated to the use of her young grandson, Edward of Clarence, who bore his grandfather's title of Earl of Warwick. They served but to pay his prison expenses in the Tower, where he was kept in most dreary captivity for fifteen years, until, from want of education, companionship, fresh air, and everything that can brighten a young life, he had become semi-imbecile. His death was made a condition of the marriage between Prince Arthur and Catherine of Aragon, and he was beheaded on a pretended charge of treason in 1499.

He was the fourth Lord of Upton who within two centuries suffered capital punishment for alleged political offences, the others being the two De Spensers and Clarence (owner in right of his wife); and on his attainder and death the manor of Upton reverted to the Crown.

It must not be thought that the only links which bound the history of our parish to that of the nation were the payment of dues and taxes, and the privilege

of gazing at the great people and their retinues. Each feudal chieftain when he went to war required men as well as money from his domains. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, as England was seldom at peace, boys and men were accustomed to the use of arms as a necessary preparation for the business of life; and when the feudal chief was about to march to battle, his agents selected the strongest and finest men from each parish. The great Earl of Warwick owed his title of King-maker not so much to his political adroitness as to the thousands of well-disciplined soldiers whom he could bring into the field to turn the fortunes of a campaign; and on every one of his vast estates there were vassals whom he kept well drilled in the use of bills and bows. Upton men, with the bear and ragged staff of Warwick on their sleeves, went cheerfully forth to die on the fields of Towton, St. Albans, Barnet, and Tewkesbury, just as their ancestors had fallen following De Clare at Bannockburn, or De Spenser at Poictiers. The great lords have their record in history, but their vassals fought, and died, and filled nameless graves, while the fishers and artisans of Upton only knew that their sons were slain when their comrades came home without them.

To return from the great feudal lords to the occupiers of the manor of Upton, we find that the Saltmarshes were succeeded by two knights of the name of De Boteler, who were probably father and son. They came of the family of Wemme in Shropshire, and the elder was, according to Habingdon, "a Knight of the Holy Voyage," which must have been the last crusade. He made a romantic marriage with Anacaretha, daughter of Griffin, "a Prince or Peare of Wales." * About this period the English and the Cymri were becoming very

* Habingdon.

friendly; the marriage of Eleanor de Montfort with Llewellyn had set the fashion of such alliances, and many a knight or baron of Norman descent found a bride of Celtic blood. Perhaps De Boteler was a comrade in some of the French campaigns with Prince Griffin, and accompanied him home to his Welsh castle in one of the intervals of peace. The noble Cambrian ladies were, if we may trust their poets, exceedingly beautiful and accomplished, and specially gifted with the national talents of poetry and song. This noble dame and Sir Thomas probably resided at the old manor-house, and we may conclude that they were joint founders of the old church which was built about this period, and must have been a stately and costly edifice, with tapering spire and windows of stained glass. Their monument was in the place of honour, between the "Paryshe's chauncell" and the "Parson's chauncell," and is thus described by Habingdon: "Under an arche curiously wrought of straunge thinges in forreyne countreys [suitable to those wch Sr. John Mandeville's book reporteth] theare lyeth betweene the towe chauncells on a raysed monument the portrature of a Knyght and Baron all armed savinge his face, his ryght hand on his swourd threateninge to drawe, on hys leafte arme hys sheylde (wheareon he beareth gules 2 barres erm. Boteler). His legs crossed showethe he was a Knyght of the holy voyage, wch expyred 4 Ed. II., defendinge Christianity against God's enimyes, and at his feate a Lyon. On his right hand lyeth hys wyfe, wth a chyn muffler (an Ensigne of honor) and her mantill wth three roes of Ermyne a badge of greate nobility, and at her feete a Talbot. On the ryght syde of the Tombe his armes as before on the shyld and her armes defaced." Habingdon considers that the knight was "Sr. William Botiler, son of Sr. William de Boteller, whose Father Rafe married Matilda, daughter of William Pandolfis,

Baron of Wemme, Salop," from whom he inherited, as shown by his arms. It may have been that the King granted Upton to his noble lady, Anacaretha, on her marriage.

This curious and beautiful monument was destroyed at the removal of the old church in 1756, with almost every other relic of antiquity; the broken pieces were used as rubble to fill up the four-foot space between the floors of the ancient and the modern church, and here the figure of the knight was found in making a vault about fifty years ago, and was placed on a raised tomb near the Holy Table. It is said that some broken fragments of Anacaretha's figure were also found, but, being too much damaged to be pieced together, they were left among the *débris*.

Several charters and deeds relate to the younger Sir Thomas de Boteler, the latest bearing date 1350. Three years earlier he had been a commissioner to collect the fine or subsidy required from every noble or knight on the occasion of knighting the Black Prince. From some armorial bearing, mentioned by Habingdon as being in the east window, it appears that a family of the name of De Seneschal had some concern with Upton, but we have been unable to ascertain more about them than that they held lands in Worcestershire, and that one of the family was seneschal of Evesham Abbey, and thence probably was derived the name.

We begin now to know something about the inhabitants of Upton who were of lower degrees than barons and knights. A deed at Ham Court (1350) concerns some transfer of land to John le Bracey from Peter le Pomeynor, whose name may mean that he was a cider-maker, or the owner of an orchard. The witnesses to the deed were Peter le Kings, John Richards, Robert Ffleming, and John le Spenser, *i.e.*, the butler. Le Bracey had, we may conclude, some capital which

enabled him to purchase land at a time when the small proprietors were eager to sell.

In 1348-9 the most terrible pestilence known to modern history had swept over England; more than half the population perished from its ravages, and it was specially fatal in towns whether great or small. At Bristol the living were scarcely able to bury the dead. Worcester is said to have lost nearly half of her people, and Upton, always liable in ancient times to epidemics, probably lost quite as large a proportion. All classes and all places suffered from this plague, but it slew its largest number of victims among the poor. The horses and cattle strayed through the fields unwatched and untended, while the fruit was left ungathered, and the harvest unreaped. In a year and a half the price of labour was nearly doubled, and there was a corresponding rise in the price of provisions. It was only by reducing the rents by one-half that the farmers could be induced to hold on their farms, while the smaller proprietors eagerly sold their lands to the highest bidder. Every part of England was agitated by the struggle between capital and labour, that earliest strike which followed on the "black death." In vain the "statute of labourers" enjoined that men should work at the same wages which had used to be given two years before the plague began, and decreed that branding on the face should be inflicted on anyone who left his own parish in search of work. In vain the great landowners endeavoured to rivet anew those fetters of villeinage which had become loosened by time and the growth of a free spirit among the people; the peasant war and subsequent risings ended in the establishment of free labour, and almost extinguished serfdom.

It was at this time that William Longland, under the name of Piers Plowman, indited his gloomy and powerful description of the evils of the day. His

vision is pictured as coming to him on a May morning on the Malvern Hills, as "he rested him on a broad bank by a burn side," looking over the fair expanse of wooded scenery, which is no less fair after the lapse of five centuries. His portraits of individuals and specimens of classes, the free labourer striving for higher pay, the "wasters who will not work but live well on alms, wandering about," the knights "who wrest gifts from the poor," the friars and parish priests, the lawyers and traders—all these may have had their originals in this immediate neighbourhood, and give a vivid idea of the national life of the times.

The list of rectors given in Nash begins in 1278 with the name of William de Sordich, who had a controversy with the Rector of Ripple concerning some ancient tenements lying within the manor of Upton, but belonging to the church of Ripple. Amongst other points, it was ruled by the Bishop, in November, 1278, that for the future the inhabitants of the houses in question should not be obliged to bury their dead at Ripple, it being impossible, or very dangerous, for them to be taken thither in flood time; and the Rector of Ripple was therefore discharged from visiting them, giving the sacraments to them, and burying them, which, for the future, was to be done by the Rector of Upton. Either this controversy or the floods must have affected the health of William de Sordich, for in 1282 he is allowed a coadjutor, Peter of Wye, who was appointed by the Bishop on account of the Rector's infirm health. We know nothing about the other rectors of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, except that one is styled Thomas of Upton, and that another, John of Monmouth, became Bishop of Llandaff. A deed of transfer at the British Museum and other deeds at Ham Court mention some names of Upton inhabitants.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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CAPTAIN BOUND'S STONE

UPTON OLD MARKET CROSS

Amongst these were Richard Whitynton, who was one of the family immortally connected with Bow bells and the cat; two brothers of the name of Lykenor, Roger Pargener, William Berkley, and John King.

The only material relics left to us of Upton under the Plantagenets are the old church tower, the figure of the Crusader, and, in the grounds of Ham Court, a cross which stood in the middle of the town, and round which the market people clustered every Thursday in the year. Nevertheless, we know exactly how the Worcestershire peasants of the fifteenth century lived and looked, for the quaint carvings on the stalls in the chancel of Ripple Church picture to us the occupation and dress of the labourers, as they went about their daily work; and the Goomstool cottages, lately pulled down, showed the sort of homes to which they returned at nightfall. These houses were erected, probably, quite at the end of the fifteenth century, and may be taken as a fair type of the dwellings of the poor. They consisted of a tiny kitchen below the level of the ground, communicating by a ladder-like staircase with an equally tiny, low-roofed bedroom, while a sort of cupboard behind the kitchen was the only further provision for domestic needs. The town was considerably smaller than at present, but was thickly inhabited, busy, and prosperous; the people were mostly fishermen, boatmen, and trowmen; the supply of salmon, eels, and other fish was plentiful, and commanded a ready sale at a time when the fasts of the Church were rigidly observed. Navigable rivers were highways of commerce before the days of turnpike roads and railways, and all western Worcestershire benefited by the Severn, on which Upton was one of the most important landing-places, being the port for Herefordshire and Monmouthshire. Down the river came great boats bearing woollen and silken

stuffs, pottery, and iron ware, while up stream were conveyed stores of spices and sugar and foreign fruits, with frequent cargoes of French or Rhenish wines. The goods, when landed, were taken on pack-horses to neighbouring halls and villages, or over the hills into Herefordshire and Monmouthshire, and it is to be feared that in those remote times Upton boatmen were not always very honest, for the Bishop of Hereford, on one occasion, made grievous complaint of the way in which his wine casks had been tapped by Upton men.

Leland, in his *Itinerarium*, mentions "a bridge of wood" over the Severn at Upton in the sixteenth century, and probably some such structure had existed here for a long period. The Lords of Hanley Castle found a bridge useful in aiding their own progresses and the business of their tenants, and, as they had inexhaustible supplies of timber, it cost them little more than the labour of their vassals to throw a rude bridge across the river, in place of one which had been swept away in a winter flood, or demolished in time of war. The English farmers had become an important class by the time of the war of the Roses. Those whose ancestors had been peasant proprietors two hundred years earlier, and who had struggled through the "black death" time without loss of life or lands, had become yeomen of good position. Several of this class seem to have owned lands on the borders of the Chase, according to the mention made of Greenfields in a deed at Ham Court, bearing date 1495. It was devised to Margaret, wife of John Boyler, by John Eastington, the builder, no doubt, of the fine old house which bears his name in Longdon. The name of "The Palace," still attached to a farm-house on the Ledbury-road, shows that it stands on what was formerly the Bishop's Chase, being a small portion of the extensive Malvern Chase. Old people

used to speak of an ancient house, pulled down some seventy years ago, which had been the dwelling of the "gentleman as governed the Chase." The chief-rangers' abodes were at Hanley Hall and Eastington, but there may have been a verderer's house on this elevated position, whence he could survey the forest between Upton and Malvern Wells.

CHAPTER III.

UPTON BETWEEN THE CIVIL WARS.

When the estates of the young Earl of Warwick passed to the Crown under attainder, stewards and bailiffs were put in charge of them, and rendered from time to time what are technically called "ministers' accounts." Some of these have been found to contain curious information as to localities and customs in Upton and Hanley, the two parishes being so intimately connected that it is often difficult to tell to which some fields belonged, or from which some payment was due. The most notable stewards and sub-bailiffs were Sir John Savage, Groom of the Chambers, and Mr. John Knottesforde. The latter was given great estates in Malvern, and is described on his monument in the Priory Church as "a servant of King Henry VIII."; he bought Holdfast from one of the Braceys, and his family held it, and probably some land in Upton, for two or three generations. It is interesting to find that many of our fields and farms have the same names as those they bore in the reign of Henry VII., only somewhat changed to suit modern speech; thus, Boy mede, Fish mede, and Hay mere have changed mede and mere to meadow, while Collinghurst, Burley, and the Park farm remain unaltered. The last was hard by le Hoke, that grassy glade where the kids browsed, in the heart of the forest. Several meadows near the river are mentioned as paying no rent, "because they are allotted to the use of the King's

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THE KINGS STABLE

TIMBER DOORWAY FORMERLY IN NEW STREET

stable." This stable is mentioned by Leland, and a building at the water-side still bears this name. It is probable that Hanley and Upton were held from the Crown, on condition of keeping this stud of horses for the use of the King. Upton was among the many estates granted by Henry VIII. to his friend and favourite, Sir William Compton, but his history belongs to that of Hanley Castle. We have been unable to ascertain who occupied the manor-house, and it may have fallen into decay and not been inhabited until rebuilt by the Bournes or Bromleys toward the end of the century. The last rector of pre-Reformation times was a prebendary named Savage, who was succeeded by Dr. William Leyson, appointed by Bishop Latimer. In his time the congregation in Upton Church first heard the Holy Scriptures read, and learned to say and sing prayers and psalms, in the English tongue.

Our only record of the work of the Reformation in Upton is supplied by the "inventories of Church goods" in the time of Edward VI. In the sixth year of his reign, 1552-3, commissioners were appointed to require the *Custos Rotulorum* and the Clerk of the Peace, together with the Bishop and his officers, to procure books and registers, and make inventories of "the goods, plate, jewels, vestments, and bells or ornaments" of all churches and chapels, and send such inventories to the Privy Council. According to Mr. Walcott's *Inventories of Church goods, &c., temp. Edward VI., from the Public Record Office*, the greater part of these "goods" was "reserved to the King's use, that is, confiscated; whilst only a few necessaries for Divine service were left to each parish." The list of goods for our parish is as follows:—

"Upton upon Syverne, Aug. 8—
j chalyse, the weyte of it xii. oz.;

A crosse of copper gylt;
iij belles;
A broken bell, the wyche doth lye in gage for casting the other bells;
A blew cope of Satan a bridges (satin of Bruges);
j sute of blew braunched sylke;
A vestment of tauny velvet;
A vestment of worstede."

This is entitled "An Inventory presented by Syr James Madew Curate Thomas Hall Wylliam Cowley at this time Church wardens Robert Savige John Sandlans which at the last inventory makynge were Church wardens dated in the yeare of our Lord 1552 the viij day of Aug."

Mr. Madew, here designated by the clerical title of "Syr," was curate to Dr. Dee, of whom a fuller account is given elsewhere. Dr. Seth Holland, who had been chaplain to Queen Mary, was appointed by her to the rectory of Upton; but at the accession of Elizabeth he was deprived of all his preferment, and committed to the Marshalsea, it may be supposed on a charge of treason, and died in prison in two years' time. Of the next three rectors we know nothing but their names, and the spiritual needs of Upton were probably supplied by a succession of curates. Our oldest register book begins in 1544, and, although much damaged by neglect and old age, is a volume of great interest; it reveals the inner life of the parish, and shows us the Elizabethan Upton liable to much the same accidents and faults, and inhabited by much the same families, as those of our own days. The names of Brick, Farley, Biddle, Weaver, Sandelands, and Cotterill meet us on every page; a poor man of the name of Griffin Apprice "was drowned one day in Seaverne, with his ass also;" and another entry is of a sadly familiar character, chronicling as it does the death of a victim of drunkenness:

"John Grabell of Bushley dyed sodenly, as some

suppose from taking over much drink, and was buried the third day of February, 1586."

About the time of this catastrophe Upton was having some share in the troubles which resulted from the changes in ecclesiastical laws. The liturgy of the Reformed Church had been in use for more than thirty years, and still a considerable number held themselves aloof from her services. It was characteristic both of Elizabeth's shrewdness and of her avarice, that she did not attempt to question these subjects of hers as to their opinions and doctrines. Their thoughts were left free, but not so their actions; for she insisted that every English man and woman should appear in his or her parish church once a month, or be fined, after due warning, in the sum of £20. Many of the Roman Catholic gentry resisted this decree until their incomes were greatly reduced by repeated fines, and at last only conformed to avoid being ruined. Some refused to pay the fine, but the result was that, when thirteen months had elapsed without their appearance in church, their houses and lands were seized and handed over to some one who undertook to pay so much per annum to the Queen. Thus it happened to Mr. Richard Hill, of Greenfields, whose house and lands were leased to Thomas Williams for the yearly payment of £2 6s., the remainder of the rent, we may hope, going to the owner. There are two entries in the register which refer to these troubles; about the same time that Greenfields was sequestrated, Mr. Pemberton, the curate of Upton, notes:—

"The body of one Roger Hill was brought for burial, but the curatt for divers reasons refused to bury him." (1583.)

It seems that the family became tired of being fined, and two years later began to conform, as the curate records:—

"William, the son of John Hill, recusant, baptized, the ninth day of August, 1585."

The whole of the Hill family had continued Romanists up to this time, but in general it appears as if it were the women who clung most tenaciously to the old ritual. In Upton, Elenor Warne, a widow, and Elizabeth, wife of John Sutton, were each fined £20 twice over, as happened also at Longdon to Dorothy and Francesca Wrenford, ladies of good position. In Ripple, two brothers of the name of Moore, fishermen, and Francesca, the wife of John Winnall, are stated to have been fined in the penalty of £40 each; we are not told whether these Ripple fishermen managed to pay a fine which may be estimated at about £250 of our present money. In Hanley, Mr. Lechmere, being, according to his grandson, Judge Lechmere, "of the Romish persuasion," was much impoverished by repeated fines, and "obscured himself in Wales" for the remainder of his life. Another gentleman of Hanley, Mr. Hugh Lygon, and Barbara, his wife, were determined neither to go to church nor to pay fines; the result was that their house and lands were sequestrated and leased to a Mr. Suffield. Other names of recusants in Hanley are Follyot, Newport, Wakeman, and Lethe. The greater number of these recusant families belonged to the Reformed Church in the following generation, but the Moores of Ripple are still Romanists, although no longer fishermen.

It is not from public documents nor from parish registers alone that we become acquainted with the Upton of this period; the deed of gift which conveyed Hall's Charity Estate, and which is still to be seen, tells us many particulars as to houses and fields, and the occupation of sundry persons in the parish. Among the original feoffees were five yeomen and two husbandmen, all of Upton, bearing the names of Cotterell, Williams, Hall (two), Branderd, Pymock, and

Sandland. Edward Hall, by a deed, bearing date the fourth day of March, in the eighteenth year of Elizabeth, gave, feoffed, and delivered to fifteen feoffees certain messuages and lands for the reparation of the parish church of Upton, for the reparation of the bridge, and for other necessary purposes within the parish. It was no bequest to take effect after his death, but a gift during his life; and it would seem that by this bounty Edward Hall reduced himself to poverty, for the only person of that name buried in Upton, within half a century of the feoffment, is "Edward Hall, a servant, who died in the house of Mr. Knottisforde (in 1580)." How he became possessed of so great a property as that described in the deed of gift there is no evidence to show; he could not have made his fortune by his learning, for he seems to have been too illiterate even to sign his name.

Among the many curious and interesting documents at Ham Court is a grant (1557) from Philip and Mary to Sir John Bourne, Secretary of State to the Queen, of Upton-on-Severn, and two or three other manors, "being part of that which is called Warwick's land, in the county of Worcester." Sir John Bourne belonged to a notable Romanist family; his brother Gilbert, Bishop of Bath and Wells, is described by Fuller as "a zealous Papist, yet of a good nature, and well deserving of his cathedral." This "good nature" was not a characteristic of either his brother or his nephew, who were successively lords of our manor. "Sir John Bourne reconciled a firm grasp of Church doctrine with a firm grasp of Church property;"* and managed to secure a considerable portion of the sequestrated estates, among which was the manor of Battenhall, in the parish of St. Peter's, Worcester, where he generally resided. He professed

* Diocesan History of Worcester (S.P.C.K.).

outward conformity with the Anglican Church, attending, as he stated before the Privy Council, his parish church "for the most part daily," but he was supposed to have mass celebrated in his own house, and otherwise to evade the law. Sir John and his son Anthony waged constant war with the Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Sandys; and, on this account, they were at last imprisoned in the Marshalsea, and only released on condition of making an apology to the Bishop. Both father and son had a bitter antagonism to the prebendaries, chiefly on account of their being married men, and accused them, amongst other crimes, of "having the pipes of a great pair of organs, being one of the solemn instruments of this realm," molten into dishes for their wives, while the case was made into bedsteads. When a servant of one of the prebendaries omitted to doff his cap to Sir John, he sent his own servant to follow him into a shop, where he smote him, so that he was dangerously injured. Anthony Bourne was of a still more violent and pugnacious character than his father. When quite a young man, while crossing the river at Worcester in a ferry-boat, accompanied by his mother and some servants, he violently assaulted two "ministers' wives," who had the misfortune to be their fellow-passengers; and a few days later he ostentatiously sharpened his sword, and proceeded to the Bishop's palace, offering to fight and slay "the Bishop's boys." There are many letters in the Public Record Office from the wife of Anthony Bourne, detailing instances of her husband's cruelty and ill-temper, which made it impossible for her to live with him. It may have been owing to her remonstrances that after her death their two daughters, who had some independent fortune, were consigned to the care of Sir John Tracey, of Toddington. Anthony Bourne had sold what he could, including Holt Castle, which was purchased by Chan-

cellor Bromley; and, being in very needy circumstances, desired to have the guardianship of one of his daughters, and thus to enjoy her fortune. To effect this, he won over a "ryder or groom" of Sir John Tracey's to undertake to bring the young lady to a certain spot, where he was to meet them, in company with Rafe Hornyold, one of the ancient family of Blackmoor Park. When the two gentlemen reached the place appointed, they found neither maiden nor groom, but three armed men; and in the scuffle that ensued Mr. Hornyold was mortally wounded, while Bourne escaped by creeping into a hedge. One of Anthony Bourne's daughters married Sir Herbert Croft, and by her husband and herself the Ham Court estate was sold to Sir Henry Bromley, on the occasion of his marriage to Anne, the widow of Mr. Knatchbull, and daughter of Sir Thomas Scot, of Scot's Hall, in Kent. Under the settlement of this marriage, Upton and other estates were purchased for £4,200, and entailed on the descendants of Anne by Sir Henry Bromley. The sum seems small, even allowing for the different value of money, as the price of a property which included Great and Little Malvern, Newland, the two Croomes, &c. Appended to this settlement are the signatures of Lady Croft and her husband, Sir Henry Bromley, and his bride; and also, among the witnesses, that of the Earl of Essex.

From the signature of Essex, and subsequent events, we gather that the Bromleys formed part of that brilliant circle of friends, who were, socially and intellectually, the foremost in England. It included Essex himself, chivalrous, impulsive, and charming; Lord Southampton, Shakespeare's best patron and beloved friend; and Lord Pembroke, who had so much of the grace and courage which characterised his uncle, Sir Philip Sidney; also Sir Henry Bromley's two sisters, Elizabeth, wife of Sir

Oliver Cromwell, and Muriel Lyttelton, wife of Mr. John Lyttelton, of Frankley. This gentleman was a zealous Romanist, although his wife and all the Bromleys were deeply attached to the Reformed Church. Shakespeare, with his exquisite wit and enthusiastic friendship, was often associated with this circle of friends; and we may believe that he drew some inspiration as to his nobler female characters from such women as Anne Bromley and Muriel Lyttelton proved themselves to be, when political troubles scattered that brilliant society.

Sir Henry Bromley was the son of the Lord Chancellor who presided at the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, and had succeeded him in the possession of Holt Castle, near Worcester. He lost his first wife soon after their marriage, and the motto "*Sol occultus meus*" on his portrait taken in the year following, probably refers to his bereavement; he shortly took another wife, who died a year or two before he married Anne Scot, and became lord of the manor of Upton. He was a man of mark in his time, and a great favourite of the Queen's, who appointed him High Sheriff of Worcestershire, and a Commissioner to investigate cases of recusancy.

In 1601 Sir Henry was implicated in what we call Essex's Plot, but which may be better described as an attempt to obtain more freedom for the country, and to secure the succession to the throne. It was chiefly concerted by the little company of friends referred to above, and Shakespeare lent his aid by bringing out the play of Richard II. to educate the opinion of the public. Two days before the head of Essex fell on the block, Sir Henry Bromley and his brother Edmund were arrested and examined on the charge of treason. The behaviour of the former was manly and dignified; although he denied all thought of treason against Her Majesty, he protested his loyalty and affection to the

Earl of Essex. His brother was of a meaner spirit, for he threw all possible blame upon Sir Henry, saying that he had done naught but take his messages, and that he would gladly have stayed in Worcestershire, being lame and of a sickly nature, "but his brother would have him away to London." His excuses were accepted, and he was set at liberty, while Sir Henry was committed to the Tower.

A more faithful friend than his brother came to cheer his captivity in the person of Lady Bromley. She took lodgings at the house of "Widow Harman, in the precincts of the Tower," sharing her husband's imprisonment as nearly as might be, and remaining close at hand in the dingy City lodgings far away from her three little children and her peaceful home in Worcestershire. Among the old books at Ham Court there is a Bible which bears Lady Bromley's initials, and contains entries of the births of her children on the fly-leaves, in her own writing. Another hand, that of her son, records the ending of her life. The order of release came earlier to her than to her husband, for in April, 1602, at her City lodgings, she expired after giving birth to a little son, and both were buried "within the church of St. Catherine, by the Tower of London." It was a sad ending to a married life which had begun in the full sunshine of courtly favour and prosperity. Divided only by prison walls and a few yards of City street, yet the husband could not watch by his faithful wife's deathbed, nor even stand by her grave. Perhaps it was some compassion for his bereavement that moved the aged queen to consent to Sir Henry's release; but, be that as it may, three weeks after Lady Bromley's death he was set at liberty. It is likely that some heavy fine was inflicted upon him, for many of the manors which are mentioned in the wedding settlement were gone before his son succeeded.

If Sir Henry had been suspected of disloyalty to the last of the Tudors, he was able to prove his devotion to the first of the Stuarts, when the Gunpowder conspiracy startled all England; and he must have been specially glad to have an opportunity of proving his gratitude to James for his kindness to his sister, the wise and fair Muriel Lyttelton. The Frankley estates had been appropriated by Elizabeth, when Mr. Lyttelton was suspected of being an adherent of Lord Essex, and the family had in consequence been reduced to poverty. Mrs. Lyttelton met the young king at Doncaster, on his progress to take possession of his kingdom, threw herself at his feet, and made such an eloquent statement of her husband's case, that he restored the estates to the family. It was two years later that the daring plot was discovered which was to destroy at one blow King, Lords, and Commons; many of the conspirators were at once arrested, but others fled to Warwickshire and Worcestershire, in which two counties, by some of the Romanist families, the plot had first been fostered. Its details are said to have been fully arranged in an old room still existing at Coughton Court, near Alcester. Mr. Habingdon, of Hindlip Hall, was known to be in favour of the scheme, and was suspected of having given refuge to some of the conspirators. Early one January morning, Sir Henry Bromley, bearing a warrant from the King, and accompanied by his brother and a band of retainers, appeared before Hindlip Hall; Mr. Habingdon was absent, but returned in a few hours to find his house in possession of Sir Henry and his men, and sentinels posted in every doorway and passage. In vain he protested his innocence, "offering to die on his own doorstep" if found guilty of hiding any enemies of the King. Sir Henry was a near neighbour and a courtly gentleman, and he must have found it disagreeable to

meet these asseverations with tacit unbelief, and to continue an unwelcome visitor at Hindlip. A careful search discovered in a hidden closet a store of vestments and missals, but no sight or sound indicated the presence of any human being beside members of the household. At the end of the fourth day a panel was slipped aside, and there tottered forth two pallid, emaciated men, Chambers and Owen, who preferred the possibility of hanging to the certainty of starvation, as they had only eaten one apple between them during their four days' captivity. The Habingdons must have hoped that these arrests would content Sir Henry, but he still waited on with unwearied patience, and watched every outlet; the most careful investigation of the massive walls failed to discover anything but a few secret closets, until the eighth day of the occupation, when from some unsuspected corner came out Garnet, the Provincial Head of the Jesuits, and Hall, a priest. They could no longer bear the closeness and discomfort of their stifling recess, although they had sufficient food: some jam and marmalade were still unused, and they had also been fed with caudle, or broth, conveyed in a reed, through the back of a chimney. The capture was of great importance, for while Garnet was at liberty the Government could not feel safe from further plots; and Sir Henry was fully reinstated in public opinion by the patience and loyalty he had displayed at Hindlip. We may be sure that the boys of Upton keenly enjoyed burning their first Guy Fawkes in the following November, and gave many an additional cheer for their squire, who had so materially assisted in foiling the conspiracy. Sir Henry Bromley had married a fourth time soon after his release from the Tower. His wife was a City dame, widow of Mr. Offley, "a merchant of the staple." She was many years older than himself, but they seem to have been

an attached couple, and when Sir Henry died, in 1615, she described him on his tombstone as "religious, a fond husband, and a lover of learning." Although she was sixty-nine when left a widow, she was married again to Dr. Thornborough, the learned Bishop of Worcester.

It may be interesting to notice what were some of the special characteristics of England at the end of the reign of Elizabeth, and the more so because the characteristics of the nation must needs be reflected in the parish. In every record of that time we find indications of the heroic endurance and diligent carefulness which we love to regard as special national qualities. English sailors circumnavigated the globe, and fought huge Spanish galleons, in vessels so small that we should hardly like to cross the Irish Channel in them on a stormy day. English soldiers fought against ten times their number, amidst every variety of hardship and danger, and conquered by sheer unflinching heroism. In every pursuit of peace or war it was a period of taking pains, and of doing thoroughly whatever had to be done. Ships and weapons might be small and inefficient, according to our ideas, but they were of the best quality and fashioned with the best workmanship; soldiers and sailors alike were drilled and disciplined with the utmost care, and lads were taught to handle weapons, and bear hard knocks and blows, as part of their education. In this reign great advances were made in the material improvement of the country; waste and marshy lands were reclaimed, new roads formed, and buildings of all kinds, from castles to cottages, were multiplied in many districts. Here in Upton, in all that is left to us of Elizabethan workmanship, there is the same excellence, both as to design and execution; the houses are still picturesque and comfortable, and their walls and timbers are as strong as ever; the bridge

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built in 1606 was a stately and massive structure, and resisted the fury of civil war and of winter floods until 1852, when it had to be partly blown up with gunpowder. The handwriting and composition of our public and private documents at this period are so good as to put most of our highly-educated young people to shame. We have been unable to find any names of gentlemen from this neighbourhood among the officers of the army at Tilbury, but we may conclude that from a market town like Upton many of the men went thither with the great contingent from the Midlands, or to some of the stations along the seacoast; many others remained at home, ready to march to the nearest rendezvous when the beacons should signal the arrival of the Spaniards. It was not until after months of expectation that, on the last night of July, 1588, Upton was awakened to see the warning flame "on Malvern's lonely height," and from many a house still standing men hurried out in the early dawn to join the ranks of those who "were willingly offering themselves" to resist the great Armada.

Two celebrated men became rectors of Upton at the close of the period of which this chapter treats. Dr. Richard Eedes, appointed in 1596, was a well-known preacher and author, and a marvellous pluralist, for he held a chaplaincy to the Queen, a canonry of Christchurch, the deanery of Worcester, and two or three livings in this county. He was a bright-natured, genial person, very popular with his friends and at court; and he must have been a man of learning, for he was selected as one of the translators of the New Testament, but died before the work was begun. His successor in the rectory, Dr. Miles Smith, was one of the best scholars of his age. The son of a flechier, or maker of arrows, at Hereford, he was sent in 1568 to Oxford, where he became a most diligent student. He was deeply read in the

classics, as well as in the Latin and Greek fathers; he knew Chaldee, Syriac, and Arabic perfectly, and was unsurpassed in his knowledge of Hebrew. He is said to have been the first and last man engaged in the translation of the Scriptures, and he wrote the preface to the Authorised version. He seems to have been as much respected by his contemporaries for his piety and kindness as for his learning, on account of which he was called the "walking library." He was also rector of Hartlebury, but Upton may have had some portion of his time while he was translating the Bible. The only indication of clerical work, however, is in the signature of "Mr. Robert Claye, Curatt," which, beginning in 1619, continues for many years. Dr. Miles Smith was consecrated Bishop of Gloucester in 1612, but held on the rectories of Hartlebury and Upton until his death in 1624. His opinions were of the Calvinist school of theology, and he was a strenuous opponent of Archbishop Laud.

A Prayer-book belonging to a family in Upton bears the date of 1676, but the engravings are in the costume of the beginning of that century; so we may take them as representing the aspect both of church and congregation in the time of Dr. Miles Smith. In one, where the clergyman is kneeling at a desk with his back to the people, and saying the Litany, the end of the Holy Table is shown, and stands from north to south, as at present. In another, which illustrates the Communion office, the celebrant is shown in some sort of dark robe at the north side of the Holy Table, the ends of which stand east and west. The communicants are kneeling at the west end, and behind the clergy on the north and south sides, and there are no rails. In neither picture is there any indication of seats, and the people are kneeling on the pavement.

Note to Chapter III.

We have received much valuable help from the careful researches of friends in the registers and parochial account books of Longdon, Hanley, and Severn Stoke; and the information thus gained has often supplemented that which we have been gleaning for years from our own books. It is curious to notice that parish books, like families, seem to have certain characteristics. Thus those of Longdon are homely and communicative, giving details not only of church furniture and excommunications, but also as to accidents, soldiers, and tramps. Hanley has kept its books with scrupulous neatness and great conciseness; it used Latin up to the time of the Civil War, but Severn Stoke continued classical to the end of the seventeenth century. Upton and Longdon used the "vulgar tongue" nearly from the beginning of their books, except for an occasional Latin sentence, which was apt to break off into the vernacular. The Severn Stoke books are, taken altogether, the best of all, for, while they are no less neatly kept than those of Hanley, they are as communicative as those of Longdon and Upton; and the parish seems to have possessed a series of officials who had "a ready wit," and who were well disposed to enliven business with a jest. They also took pains to inform posterity regarding any events of local interest; as, for instance, when the body of a murdered man was found in a field near the village, or when Ralph Tidsall was drowned in a flood, because he did not know how to manage his boat. The Upton books vary as to neatness, but are in general full of details, which have helped to illustrate the last three centuries of our history.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CIVIL WAR TIME.

In our own parish, as in most others, materials for parochial history are unusually copious during this period. Upton was fortunate in having, both as Lord of the manor and as Rector, men of considerable ability and of the highest character. In the old Court by the meadows dwelt Mr. Henry Bromley, son of Sir Henry and his third wife, Anne Scot. He was a highly-educated and intellectual man, fervently religious, and tenderly attached to his home and family. His well-worn Bible and Prayer-book and his copies of classic authors are at Ham Court, and also many of his manuscript poems and devotions; and from the latter we learn how tender-hearted and conscientious, how thoughtful and scholarly, was this first resident squire of that Bromley race which owned our manor for nearly two hundred years.

The rift in the nation, which was to widen into the great breach of the Civil Wars, had already begun before he took up his abode at Upton, and it was yawning wider and wider as his married life went on; yet his poetry takes no heed of political events, but dwells with gentle pathos on the fall of a blooming apple tree in a midnight storm, or compares the events of his own life to the uncertainties of a voyage. He married Mary, the daughter of Sir William Lygon, and of Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Harewell. There was no more nobly-descended maiden in Worcestershire, her ancestry being derived

from Guy, Earl of Warwick, the Lords of Powyke and Beauchamp, and from Joan Bracey, heiress of the family which had owned, amongst other estates, lands in Upton and Holdfast. Madresfield Court has been the home of Braceys and their descendants from the time of the Norman kings to that of Victoria. There is a door still existing which was some centuries old when Mary Lygon passed through it on her wedding morning, a fair young bride, in some such costume as is depicted in her portrait at Ham Court, taken about the time of her marriage. The jewels round her throat and in her hair are evidently of great value, and the ruff is of the most exquisite lace; the face is pretty, happy, and intelligent, with a firm mouth and clear eyes, the countenance of one who shed an influence for good, both in her home and neighbourhood.

Mrs. Bromley was a careful and tender mother, and her husband's best friend and adviser during their twenty-five years of married life. Mr. and Mrs. Bromley made their home at Ham Court with their six children. He was High Sheriff in 1627, an office then of much state and dignity. Three years later he suffered a penalty, which may have helped in attaching him to that political party which was gradually forming itself into opposition to the despotism of the King. When Charles came to his kingdom, he found his exchequer so exhausted by his father's extravagance that he was destitute of the necessary funds for maintaining his royal state, and specially for the great expense of his coronation. He therefore devised the plan of summoning all gentlemen whose incomes exceeded a certain amount to attend that ceremony, in order to receive knighthood. The fees required by heralds, as well as by the Sovereign, were so enormous that most country gentlemen preferred to remain at home and be fined for non-attendance. Mr. Bromley

must have had a friend at Court, for he was only required to pay the lowest fine, £10, equal to about £40 of our money. The same amount was also paid by Mr. Hackett of Bury-end, Mr. Hill of Greenfields, and a Mr. Rawlinge in this parish. Longdon suffered more severely, as seven of her gentlemen were fined, and one of them, Mr. Bridges, of Eastington, to the amount of £25. A great sum of money was raised in this way, and the King and Queen were crowned with due splendour, but the Englishmen of that period would not submit to lose their money unjustly, and many loyal hearts began to be estranged from the King.

In a time when many of the clergy were illiterate and careless, Upton was happy in having for its rector Mr. William Woodforde, appointed in 1625. Of his previous career we have no record, but he seems to have been a well-educated and able man, and of some note as a preacher. He lived and worked in times remote, and under circumstances very different from our own; yet we seem to know him and his people more intimately than if they had belonged to a couple of generations ago. The second volume of our registers begins in 1627, and for nineteen years no hand but that of Mr. Woodforde makes an entry in its pages. How vividly, as we turn over the discoloured leaves, filled with exquisitely neat writing and elaborate details, do we see the conscientious kindly rector rise before us! We picture the daily service in the old church, the little swaddled infant brought to baptism within a few days of its birth, the christening party detained afterwards while Mr. Woodforde carefully notes in his register the day and hour of the child's birth, the names of the parents, and those of the godfathers and godmothers. It is not difficult to ascertain what was the social position of the infant's father, and of which side in politics he was a partisan,

by studying the particulars of each christening. It is, however, in the burial registers that we get the fullest information as to how Mr. Woodforde lived among his people, concerned himself with their daily troubles, and knew of each incident which stirred the course of parochial life. "Ould father Evans" and "Good wyfe Pendocke" are given the very names by which their neighbours greeted them at church door or market place; "The wyfe of Henry Pennistone (1629), one hundred years old," could remember the church services in an unknown tongue; while "John Reynolds, fere centenarius," 1641, had grown to manhood in the troubled days of Queen Mary.

We are told how Thomas Moreton was clerk of the parish, and Mr. "Robert Claye, the Curatt," and also very frequently what the accident was which had caused the death of sundry persons. A fall from his horse on Upton Bridge occasioned that of the servant of Mr. Jeffries, of Earl's Croome; an accidental or angry blow seems to have killed Richard Hill, a tanner of Ledbury, "who was strooke by mishap so as he dyed." Mr. Woodforde also chronicles the tragedy which horrified the parish one August day, when two of the principal farmers, who had been brother churchwardens three years before, were killed by falling from a rick. Everything about his parishioners was of deep interest to the Rector: even when they were married or buried in other parishes he carefully notes the event; as for instance, when one of the Gowers was married at Maisemore, and when Mrs. Lygon, sister-in-law to Madam Bromley, died here but was buried at Branston. Nor did Mr. Woodforde allow his register to chronicle the births and deaths of non-parishioners without comment:—

"Walter Davis, a stranger of . . . in Gloucestershire, was drowned by Poole Brook, in a flood tyme, and was buried August 25, 1640."

"A strange wenche was buried ye 15th October, 1636."

In this period of political and religious strife, Mr. Woodforde was a Royalist and a sound Churchman; there are several indications of his care as to festival days, and we may be sure that he was strict in observing the rules and rites of the Church. He was not, however, one of the extreme party, for Mr. Claye, who had been curate to Dr. Miles Smith, continued to work under Mr. Woodforde; he had the power of yielding in non-essential points, as is evident from the fact that he was allowed to retain his office between three and four years longer than some thousands of the clergy of England, and only left when required to sign the Covenant. The old church by the river was still stately and beautiful; within its walls would gather every Sunday, in the earlier years of his ministry, a congregation far larger, in proportion to the population, than those of modern times; conventicles were few and far between, and all who were not very ill or very profane, went to church on Sunday morning as a matter of course. A remarkable number of well-to-do families formed part of Mr. Woodforde's congregation. Walking across the causeway fields, along the ancient roadway, came Mr. Bromley, with his fair and noble wife, and their troop of little children; a shorter walk brought Mr. Hill to church from his pleasant home at Greenfields, with his wife, a cousin of the Bromleys. Mr. and Mrs. Lygon were residing either at the Heath or the Hill, and some of the Gowers were inhabiting Heath-end. They were descended from a family that had owned estates in Worcestershire for several centuries, and among them Queenhill, which was held from the Crown, on condition of presenting one hound to the King annually on the feast of St. Michael. Mr. Rawlinge and Mr. Lingham were gentlemen of good position at this

time, and lived somewhere in the country district, as did Yeomen Cotterill and Sandilands, men whose ancestors had occupied the same lands for many generations. Among those church-goers there were many who would, each year, put themselves more and more in opposition to church ceremonies and the influence of the clergy, and who protested against them by keeping their hats on in church, declining to kneel at the Holy Communion, and agitating to have the Holy Table removed from the east end to the middle of the chancel.

Prominent among these "aggrieved parishioners" were Mr. Hackett, the wealthy lawyer of Bury-end, and Captain Bound, who inhabited the house by the Rectory-lane, round which so much superstition yet lingers. A cousin, or brother, of Thomas Bound kept the large mercer's shop at the Cross, and Upton possessed another mercer of different politics, Mr. Christopher Winbury. As to other trades, Thomas Pitt was the chandler, or grocer; Timothy Farley, the cordwainer, or shoemaker; and Mr. Morris, the butcher. The population of the town was smaller than at present, and until 1632 our large country district was nearly uninhabited. About this period the aspect of the country was entirely changed. From pre-historic times great tracts of forest land had stretched from the hills almost to the river, only broken here and there by a cluster of cottages round some village green, or an ancient hall or farmhouse nestling under the shadow of the woodlands. About a century earlier there had been several clearings, which became small commons, or were leased in lots of a few acres to peasants who were rising to be farmers.

Nearly the whole of the vast Chase was royal property, and Charles, being sorely in want of money, determined on selling Malvern, as well as other Crown lands in different parts of England, to the

highest bidder. It was a stretch of the kingly prerogative which excited lively indignation in the sturdy Englishmen, who considered that they had certain vested rights in the royal property. Their ancestors, even when serfs and villeins, had fed their swine on the acorns and beech-nuts of the forest, or tethered their kids on the grassy uplands of the Hook. These privileges were enlarged as time went on, and, on the payment of a small due from each township, the poor of the neighbourhood kept their pigs almost entirely in the woods. The styes, lurking in unsavoury proximity to the Upton cottages, were only used as sleeping apartments for the swine, which were driven to and fro, night and morning, by happy urchins who whiled away their time in birds'-nesting, or in filling their pockets with wild strawberries or hazel-nuts. Poor folk could seldom afford coal in those days, and the fallen boughs, which strewed the ground beneath the old trees after every gale, must have often replenished Upton wood-yards with the faggots which were to blaze on their hearths on the cold days of winter. The prospect of losing all these benefits caused an amount of angry feeling in the neighbourhood, which is pithily described as "much rioting and tumult." There was also strenuous opposition from the Worcestershire gentlemen, with the result that the King consented to a modification of his scheme. Only a third portion was to be sold, another third going to the lords of the manors, in parishes which had included any part of the Chase, and the remainder being given as common ground for the people. This arrangement was the sentence of destruction for the old trees of the forest, but a few being spared from the downfall. There is still at The Palace a majestic trunk of an elm, which was a well-grown young tree when the King-maker went hunting in the Chase, and near Little Mill is an oak of about the same

date, although in better preservation. With the exception of these and a few other veterans, which were allowed another century or two of life, nothing remained of our woods, and the land cleared of timber became breezy commons, or pasture and plough land. In every direction small farmhouses and cottages were built, each with its few acres or roods of land. All the older dwellings in the country district date from this period, and their first inhabitants must have had something like the experience of backwoodsmen, in felling trees and "stocking" up the hard ground undisturbed by any previous cultivation.

To many troubled hearts, the uprooting of those lords of the forest must have seemed a symbol of that more terrible uprooting of all that was most beautiful and venerable in the Church and realm of England. Before the newly-enclosed fields had yielded their first harvest, or the cottages received their earliest inhabitants, men had begun to form themselves into opposing factions, and fierce attacks were made on the liturgy and the clergy of the Church. New canons had been framed by Convocation in the spring of 1640, when the rulers of the Church made their last stand against the coming storm. One canon enjoined that the Holy Table should be called an altar, that it should be placed at the east end, and not in the centre of the chancel; that it should be fenced, and that all persons should be required to bow themselves, both in going and returning from communicating. Inquiries were to be made as to the keeping on of hats in church, and also as to the practice of going "after strange preachers, to the great disheartening of men's own ministers." It was also ruled that all ministers should preach the King's power and authority four times in a year, on pain of suspension. The immediate effect of these bold measures was to stir up the smouldering fires of theological hatred into

destructive fury. A large number of men who were still within the Church abhorred any approach to the Romish ritual, still associated, in the minds of Englishmen, with the cruelty and oppression of Papal rule previous to the Reformation. In this same summer a quantity of "Popish books," found in a house in London, were burned by the common hangman, amid the exulting cheers of the mob. In November, 1640, "the Long Parliament" met, which was to see the overthrow of Church order, as well as of the monarchy, before its dissolution, and its first action was against the episcopate. Just at this time, when Mr. Woodforde's heart was sad with the beginning of these troubles, he lost his only sister, Mrs. Warrene, who apparently lived with him; he was unmarried, and we get no other mention of his relations, unless a Mr. Warrene, to be spoken of hereafter, was his nephew. He sorely needed sympathy and tenderness in the following year, when a decree of Parliament directed all churchwardens to watch the conduct of their ministers, and report anything that was "scandalous or malignant" to a committee of the House. The Upton churchwarden invested with this odious power was Captain Bound, and on several pages of the register below the beautiful writing of "William Woodforde, Rector," there appears the firm penmanship of "Thomas Bound, junior, Churchwarden." The signatures of those two men, so near as neighbours, so immeasurably apart in opinions and character, are a living sign to us of the differences which were rending the nation at that unhappy time. The faithful parish priest and loyal subject was yielding as much as possible in non-essential matters, for the sake of peace and his people, but always, in church or out, there was a vigilant and unsparing enemy keeping watch over his services and sermons, his every-day words and actions. Many of the clergy

were deprived of their benefices for no greater offence than bowing at the name of Jesus, wearing the surplice, or making the sign of the cross, &c. As time went on, the observance of nearly all feasts of the Church was forbidden; but Christmas, with its solemn services and traditional festivities, was commemorated until 1644. It then happened to be on the same day as the monthly fast, which was taken by the Puritan leaders to be a sign of "Divine interposition, because of the superstitions and profane usages at Christmas," and an edict was passed ordering tha in future it should always be a fast, and no feast. Few things irritated the Royalists more than the abolition of their ancient festivals, and yet it must be owned that the Puritans had some excuse for sweeping them away. Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas had been the seasons of the year marked by the wildest revelry and excess, and especially of late, when the more profligate and godless of the people had ranged themselves on the Royalist side, not from any true loyalty to Church and King, but because they would not bear the stern rule of the other party. It is to be feared that here, as everywhere else, many of the Royalists drank deeply and swore loudly, in mere antagonism to the decorous lives and precise talk of their opponents. In many parts of Worcestershire the gentry were Royalists to a man, and the supporters of the Parliament were only to be found among the farmers and tradespeople; but in Upton the case was reversed. Of Mr. Hill's politics we are uncertain, and, as far as we know, Mr. Lingham was the only gentleman who, with several yeomen and tradespeople, was on the Royalist side. Among the partisans of the Parliament were Mr. Bromley and his brother-in-law, Mr. Lygon, although more from political than religious opinions; also the Gowers, and, in a lower social grade, the Hacketts

and the Bounds. In the immediate neighbourhood it was much the same: Mr. Jeffreys, of Earl's Croome, in whose house the poet Butler was then residing, the Hornyolds, and the Russells were the only King's-men, while on the other side were a large number of influential gentlemen. Mr. Lechmere, afterwards Sir Nicholas, was living at beautiful old Severn End, the home of his family for nearly 600 years; and he conferred a benefit on later generations by keeping a very entertaining journal of his life and times. His wife was Penelope Sandys, a woman of much ability and force of character. Both were on the side of the Parliament, and so also was another gentleman living close to Upton, although a parishioner of Hanley, namely, Mr. Talbot Badger, who owned Poole House, and, by his "holy and humble life," exercised much influence for good on his neighbours. It must have added many a keen pang to Mr. Woodforde's sorrows to have been thus estranged in opinions from his most influential neighbours and parishioners, and those who were of his own level as regards education and culture. There was, however, this compensation, that he was protected from much of the persecution which was directed against the clergy by the more violent of the fanatics, through the good offices of Mr. Bromley, who, from his near connection with Cromwell, had much influence in the county.

In the spring and early summer, all over England, men were recruiting and drilling in readiness for the impending strife; but it was not until one stormy day in August that the Royal standard was unfurled at Nottingham. Three weeks later Upton was midway between the opposing forces. Prince Rupert commanded a body of horse at Powick, and a large detachment of the army of the Parliament was stationed at Pershore, under Lord Essex. Our town was im-

portant as having the only bridge between Worcester and Gloucester, and across that bridge rode, on September 22nd, a strong body of Essex's troopers, in their plain armour and simple attire, grim and elated as men sure of victory. The townspeople who had greeted them with cheers or maledictions, and the excited boys who had run after them as near as they dared and as far as they could, were still talking over the sight of the morning, when the thunder of advancing horse-hoofs was heard getting louder and louder every second until, in wild disorder, Essex's troopers came dashing in from Hanley. When entangled in a narrow lane near Powick they had encountered the Cavaliers, and Prince Rupert had dashed upon them in one of those charges which afterwards so often nearly turned the fortunes of a day. At Powick he won a complete and easy victory; numbers of the enemy were shot or cut down, and the remainder fell into utter confusion. Their gallant leader, Colonel Sandys, brother of Lady Lechmere, strove in vain to rally them, but fell mortally wounded, and his men were too panic-stricken for anything but flight. The Cavaliers pursued them only as far as the Rhydd, but in their terror they still dashed wildly on, urging their tired horses with spur and rein, past the orchards and gardens of Hanley, past the old church of Upton, with its encircling houses, away over the bridge, and across Defford Common, and never drew rein until they reached the safe shelter of their camp at Pershore. This brilliant skirmish was the first affair of any importance in the war, and it had the effect of unduly elating the Royalists and dispiriting the Parliamentarians. Both parties expected that the war would have been over in a few weeks or months, and the panic at Powick was taken to indicate that the soldiers of the Parliament had not the discipline or courage to resist the Cavaliers,

when led by commanders of experience in war. Before the next summer the Parliamentary forces had retrieved their character, and shown themselves as good and true soldiers as ever fought under an English flag.

During the four years of civil war, Upton had not to endure the miseries of a siege, or the horrors of being taken by storm. Unwalled and defenceless, it lay at the mercy of any party which might choose to occupy it, and thus secure the bridge which was a necessary link on the road from East Worcestershire to Herefordshire. It had, however, its full share of the discomforts of a war which was never for many months absent from the Western Midlands. It is impossible to mention each time that the troops of either party came to the town, and one or two instances must serve for all. The Upton of those days was, as to population and appearance, not very unlike the present Upton, and it is easy to realise, therefore, the effect of military occupation in those unquiet times. In 1643 part of the Royal army under Prince Maurice, and a large detachment of Parliamentarians under Sir William Waller, were in Herefordshire. Rumours of their varying fortunes would be borne over the hills by some packman or traveller, raising the spirits of King's-men or Parliament-men in turn. Late one spring afternoon the course of life in the little town went on smoothly as usual; the housewives were kneading the flour, or stirring the plum porridge for the evening meal; the maidens had been to purchase fine lawn or sad-coloured cloth from Philip Bound, or their cherry-coloured and blue breast knots from Christopher Winbury, according to the political bias of their families; the apprentices were wearying of the counter or the workshop, and longing to put up the shutters, and get off to their fishing in the Severn or bird-snaring in the woods; the men were lounging

on the bridge, with hands deep in their leathern pockets, watching, it may be, some of their comrades towing a boat up the river, or getting their nets ready for the night's salmon-fishing.

Suddenly, everyone was startled into excitement. Some husbandman hoeing the young wheat on the Palace farm, or some herdsman tending his cows on historic Raven Hill, had seen a sight in the distance which sent him in hot haste to Upton. Glancing towards the hills, he had noticed dark masses of men moving slowly down the steep road by Little Malvern in regular order. They were partly hidden by clouds of dust, but an occasional glint of steel in the western sunlight showed that they were armed men. As they drew nearer, anxious watchers could discern from their banners and uniform that these were the soldiers of the Parliament. There was barely time for the startled Royalists in the town to hide away their plate in the coal-cellars, and their cash under a loose board, or in some garden plot where violets and gillyflowers were scenting the evening air, before Waller's detachment marched in by Ale-house Green and Stocks-yat. They were eighteen hundred men, cavalry and infantry all told; men who believed both in themselves and in the officers who had led them to victory on many a well-fought field. Sir William Waller was one of the ablest generals of his time, a good man and a gentleman, while his second in command, Colonel Massey, is equally well known for his successes when fighting for the Parliament and his failures when opposed to it. Another of Waller's officers was present, Sir Arthur Haselrig, with his famous cuirassiers, called "the Lobsters," from their supposed impenetrable armour. He had been one of the five members whom the King had endeavoured to arrest on the charge of high treason, and he was an able leader both in political and military manœuvres.

On the first tidings of the approach of the Parliamentarians, messengers had been despatched to the chief parishioners, and Lawyer Hackett would hurry in, armed with a long list of the townspeople, classified according to their opinions. By this list orders for billeting the soldiers were rapidly made out, and the house of every Royalist was soon crowded from basement to garret with unwelcome visitors; while the Puritan gentry and tradespeople received as many as their rooms would comfortably accommodate. Probably some of the troopers found their sleeping places in the church, but it is hard to imagine how these eighteen hundred men and several hundred horses found any sort of shelter in so small a town, containing but a few Royalist houses to be turned into barracks. The detachments of Sir William Waller and Prince Maurice at this period seem to have troubled themselves very little with camp equipage, but moved rapidly about the country, trusting to the enforced hospitality of the towns.

Soon after the arrival of the troops Mr. Bromley would appear on the scene, and invite the chief officers to be his guests, either at Ham Court, or at his house in Church-street, long known as the Court House. He would exert his influence to shield his Royalist neighbours from spoliation, but at the best they must have suffered much loss and annoyance. The troops of the Parliament were generally kept in good order, and restrained from the violence and cruelty which characterised earlier civil wars. It is to be feared that the Royalist soldiers were far more lawless, and this was the case especially in the divisions commanded by the King's nephews, Prince Rupert being nicknamed by his enemies "The Duke of Plunderland."* Waller's men may have paid honestly for

* "Perfect Diurnall."

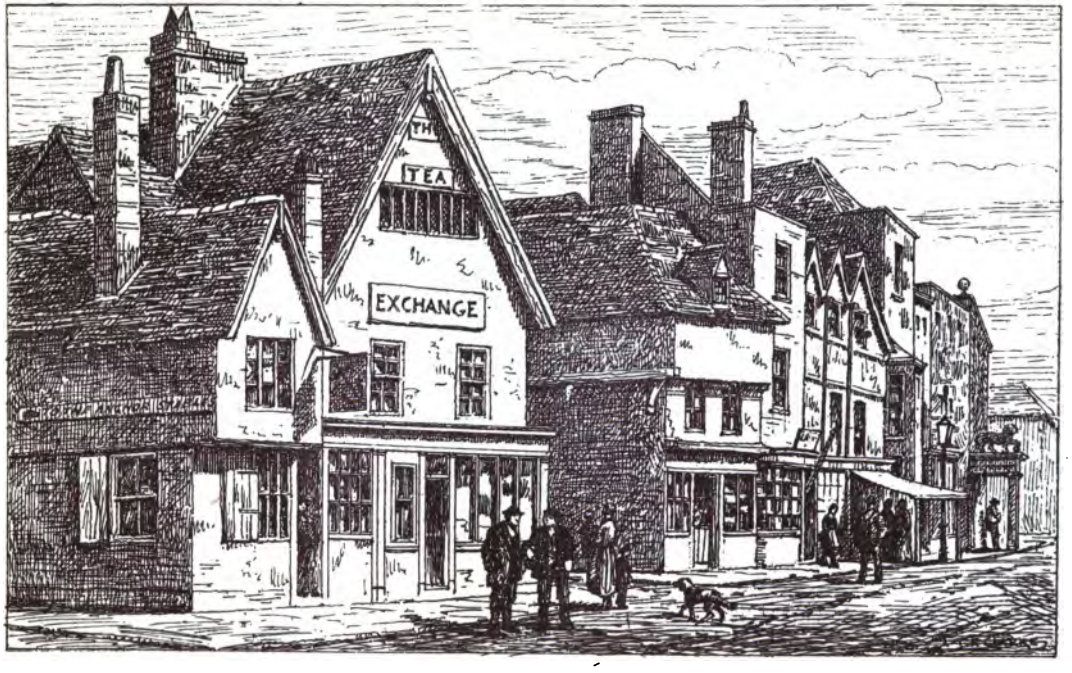
such provisions as were brought in by the country people, but they probably gave scanty payment and no thanks for what they ate and drank at the Royalist houses.

Far into the night Upton was full of turmoil and clamour, poultry and little pigs being caught and slaughtered, furniture and bedding dragged from one house to another, shops and store-rooms ransacked for bread and meat, while in every inn barrels of ale and cider were set running to supply the moderate potations of the Puritans. Waller remained in the town several days, and, if one of these days were Sunday, it is to be feared that Mr. Woodforde had a bad time of it. Many of the soldiers would prefer assembling for worship in the fields, or on the banks of the river; but others would crowd into the church, and among them would be many of those fanatics whose delight it was to interrupt and disturb the service. Mr. Woodforde was not a man to be easily intimidated, and, standing there in his black gown, the fair white surplice being now forbidden, he would speak to that hostile crowd in the solemn words of the opening exhortation. Probably one of the troopers would speedily denounce him as "a priest of Baal," and insist upon taking his place for long hours of praying and preaching. It is possible that the Puritans employed some of their week-day leisure in damaging the monuments, or breaking the stained glass windows emblazoned with the arms of many of the county families.

It was Sir William Waller's intention to break down our bridge after leaving the town, so as to check the advance of the Royalists, but Prince Maurice was "too nimble for him," and came upon him so suddenly that it was as much as he could do to clear out of Upton and march towards Tewkesbury. His troops were hardly out of sight before the van of the Royalists

appeared on the steep crest of Tunnel Hill. On they came, with waving plumes, scarlet cloaks, embroidered gauntlets, and glittering armour, those two thousand gallant Cavaliers, among them some of the most nobly-born gentlemen in England. They had made a long march over the hills to surprise the enemy, but every man sat his horse with easy grace, and looked bright and fearless. For the most part each officer commanded his own troop of tenants and neighbours, and the silken pennons bearing their heraldic devices fluttered gaily in the morning breeze, whilst over their centre flapped more heavily the massive folds of the "Royal Banner of England." Near it rode Prince Maurice, nephew to the King, and son of the beautiful Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia. He was no less brave a soldier, and a much better general, than his brother, Prince Rupert; indeed, Clarendon speaks of him as "the greatest general of his time."

They marched by fours up Old-street, filling the little town with picturesque life; and the Royalist inhabitants, who had been so harassed of late, now saw the tables turned upon their adversaries. There are four houses, depicted in the sketch of High-street, which have hardly changed since that morning. Mr. Edwards' house has been a butcher's shop from time immemorial, and from the windows in its steep gables Mr. Morris's pretty dark-eyed children may have looked down on the splendid throng below; and in those ancient buildings, now called "The Tea Exchange" and "The Anchor," crowds of troopers, with clanking spurs and sabres, pushed along the narrow passages, or caroused in the low-roofed rooms. There could hardly have been a place fit for occupation, or a mouthful of food in the dwellings of the King's-men, but mops would be twirled and brooms plied vigorously by housewives and maidens, who, when work was done, joyfully put on their prettiest



HIGH STREET UPTON ON SEVERN IN 1868

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ribbons and laces to welcome the Cavaliers. The house of every Parliamentarian in and near the town was taken possession of. Ham Court and Severn End, probably, would have their chambers and stables as densely crowded as were the abodes of the Bounds or Hacketts. It was a scene of indescribable turmoil. The clatter of many hundreds of horse-hoofs in the narrow streets, the shouts and laughter of the troopers as they forced their way to unfriendly firesides, the loud commands of the non-commissioned officers as they rode to and fro, all these sounds combined into one inharmonious din; when, suddenly, above it all, pealed out the music of the church bells. Those who pulled the ropes to welcome the Prince knew that they did so at the risk of fine and imprisonment, and, perhaps, some sturdy Cotterill or Lingham rejoiced in thus showing his loyalty. The Royalists only remained twenty-four hours, as the scouts brought in news that Waller was marching northwards from Tewkesbury. Immediately the trumpets sounded to arms, men were hastily equipped, and horses saddled, and, in a very brief time, the two thousand had fallen into their ranks, and marched in brilliant array over the bridge, and so away southwards. In Ripple Field they encountered Waller, with a slightly weaker force. Some of his officers advised instant battle, others a cautious retreat. The latter course was taken, and a party of dragoons, supported by musketeers behind the hedges, received orders to face the Prince's army, and cover the retrograde march of their comrades. But the Prince and his Cavaliers swept up to them in an impetuous charge, and the dragoons broke and fled, leaping the hedges and scattering the infantry. Sir Arthur Haselrig and Colonel Massey prevailed on their men to show fight, and so "in part took off the foulness of that retreat." The main body made their way in good order down a lane two miles long, and

when they reached the open country faced about to meet the foe. What followed will be best told in the words of a contemporary: "They only stood in a maze, and on a sudden turned about and ran flock-meale, the enemy on their backs.*" But for a detachment from Tewkesbury which met the fugitives, the skirmish would have ended in the utter destruction of the Parliamentarians. It was an affair of which their historians seem to have been somewhat ashamed, but it was one of those barren victories which brought glory and nothing else to the Royalists.

The Prince was not sufficiently strong to take Tewkesbury, and he therefore drew off, leaving this part of the country in the possession of the enemy. As far as we can tell, the troops of one party or the other were in Upton eight or nine times during those miserable four years of civil war. Twice an arch of the bridge was broken down, and speedily repaired by good Edward Hall's charity. In the winter of 1643-4 Prince Maurice had his headquarters in Worcester, and the country round was heavily taxed for the maintenance of his men. It was in 1644, the year of the King's victories in the west, and of Prince Rupert's defeat at Marston Moor, that we get the only entries in the register concerning the war:—

"Jhon Hasell, slaine by a souldier, was buryed ye 13th of February."

"William Turberville, a souldier, was buryed ye 6th of July."

Some quarrel about quarters or forage may have caused the death of the one, and some wound in battle that of the other, probably an Upton man who came home to die.

Each year more bitterness and hardness were infused into the strife; any man who fought in the

* Corbet's "Bibliotheca Gloucesteriensis."

ranks might cross swords or exchange pistol shots with a kinsman or neighbour; and poor wives and mothers at home, hearing of the death of their nearest and dearest, would often ascribe their slaughter to some former friend who had fought on the opposite side. We have no evidence that any Upton troop formed part of the Royal army; there was a Longdon troop, commanded by Captain Dowdeswell, which included many volunteers from the neighbouring villages; and there may have been another under Mr. Jeffreys or Mr. Hornyold, to which our Royalist yeomen attached themselves. It seems very likely that in the army of the Parliament there was an Upton troop, consisting chiefly of men equipped by such of our gentry as were favourable to the cause, and that it was under the command of Captain Bound.

It was a relief to the whole nation when, soon after the battle of Naseby, the civil war came to an end, and there was a respite from battles and sieges, although not from oppressions and strife. The grip of the Parliament on the Church grew tighter and tighter: the use of the Liturgy was forbidden in the summer of 1646, and an ordinance was passed enforcing on all the clergy the signature of that Covenant which was to bring the Church of England into conformity with the use of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. Many hundreds of clergy had been deprived of their benefices long before this time for some slight breach of the ordinances. There was considerable diversity as regards both opinions and fortune in this immediate neighbourhood; the Puritan element was predominant in Longdon, the parish which, forming part of our southern boundary, includes the large tract of cultivated land still called the Marsh, and formerly a wide swamp haunted by the sea-birds. It was a well-to-do parish, with its

seven gentlemen, who were of sufficient fortune to be summoned to receive knighthood in 1630; none of these were on the Royalist side, as far as we know, for the Longdon troop had to seek its commander in Bushley; but Mr. Cooke, the brother-in-law of Captain Bound, seems to have been a faithful Churchman. The vicar, Mr. Racster, and his wife, died within four weeks of each other in 1642, happy in being taken away together from the evil days that were coming; his successor, Mr. Abrall, was only able to remain at his post a short time.

Upton and Hanley have always been closely allied, owning the same feudal lord for many centuries, and sharing the like alternation of fortune under the Plantagenets and Tudors. So, likewise, at this period there appears to have been much the same restraining influence exercised by the Lechmeres of Hanley as by the Bromleys of Upton over the more fanatical parishioners, and both Mr. Woodforde and Mr. Wheeler were men who knew how to yield. The latter was not removed until the summer of 1646; he appears then to have taken his register books away with him, for the new incumbent enters a remark that he is unable to find any of an earlier date.

Mr. Salway, the Rector of Severn Stoke, had to leave that pretty village and fine old church in 1642. His successor, Mr, Wybrough, stirred up more animosity than any other Puritan divine of the neighbourhood, and was shot at while preaching by Mr. Somers, father of the Lord Chancellor.

The silvery bells of Ripple were answered back by the stronger peals of Upton across the waters of the Severn before the music of both was silenced by the Parliamentary edict; and parishioners of Ripple, living about the region of Holly Green, probably came to the nearer church at Upton for service and catechizing.

Archdeacon Hodges was rector of Ripple. "A faithful man,"* and one who believed he was doing his duty in signing the Covenant and giving up the use of the Liturgy. It is likely that he repeated many of the prayers and thanksgivings from memory, and reverently administered the Holy Communion to men and women who sat with bent heads and folded hands around the Holy Table. Mr. Woodforde remained at his work a few months longer than the vicar of Hanley; his last entry for thirteen years is as follows:

"Thos. Warner, baptized and buryed the 10th of January." (1646-7.)

There is a peculiar pathos in the contrasted lots of the little creature taken away, with the dew of baptism still fresh on his brow, and the veteran soldier of the Church compelled to lay down his arms after long and disheartening conflict. When a benefice was sequestrated by the decree of Parliament, a successor was chosen by the parishioners, subject to the approval of head-quarters. Mr. Bromley and the moderate party were in the majority in Upton, and they appointed as their new rector Mr. Warrene, who was probably Mr. Woodforde's nephew, and who was certainly like-minded with him in most respects, although he had signed the Covenant. He kept the registers in the same form, and with as much neatness, as Mr. Woodforde, who continued to reside in the Rectory with him.

Long before this the opponents of the King had divided themselves into two great parties—the Presbyterians and the Independents. The former included in their ranks many who were Churchmen at heart, and who only submitted to the ordinances of Parliament as a matter of political necessity. The Independents were gaining strength every day, and num-

* Diocesan History (S.P.C.K.).

bered in their ranks all those pitiless and prejudiced fanatics who hated the forms and ceremonies of the Church, and raised against her their terrible cry, "Down with it, down with it, even to the ground!" We get some indications as to these parties in Upton; the Bromleys, Lygons, and Gowers were glad to avail themselves of the offices of the Church as long as possible, and so late as July, 1646, Mr. Woodforde makes the following entry:—

"Eleanor, daughter of Mr. William Lygon, of Madresfield, was born and baptized on July 23rd, Mr. William Gower beinge godfather, and Mrs. Mary Bromley and Mrs. Elizabeth Bromley beinge godmothers."

It seems unlikely that a newly-born infant should have been brought to the church from Ham Court, but in those troublous times it is probable that sponsors were occasionally allowed in private baptism.* In general, however, such parents as were well affected to the Church brought their children to public baptism, with the due number of godfathers and godmothers, and among these frequently appear the names of Lingham, Cotterill, Sandilands, and Morris. Children born of such families as the Hacketts or Bounds were not brought to church at all, but were baptized privately in the name of the Blessed Trinity without any form of prayer.

Although most of the leading parishioners of Upton were moderate men, they were beaten in the long run, as generally happens, by the fanatics. Mr. Warrene was too much of a Churchman to please the latter, and a formal complaint was made to a committee of Parliament that he had been "guilty of scandalous behaviour." This may have been nothing worse than taking a walk on a Sunday or singing a ballad, but

* Diocesan History (S.P.C.K.).

his enemies prevailed, and he was ordered to resign the Rectory in favour of Mr. Ward. This mandate was dated November, 1647, a month of inexpressible grief and dismay, both in the nation and parish, and to Royalists and Presbyterians alike.

After long negotiations it was found impossible to effect a compromise between the Parliament and the King. Cromwell, at the head of the army, was determined to bear down all opposition, and the unhappy Charles, having in vain attempted to escape in the first week of November, 1647, was a prisoner at Carisbrooke.

Upton, over and above its share in the national trouble, had its own special cause of sorrow. The swollen waters of the Severn were rushing under the arches of the newly-repaired bridge, and the November gales were sweeping off the last russet leaves from the old oaks around Ham Court, where the good and gentle lord of the manor was dying. In his will, dated November 4, 1647, he describes himself as "being in much sickness of body, but of a sound mind;" he makes humble confession of his own unworthiness and happy trust in the merits of his Saviour; he leaves full directions as to the fortunes and guardianship of his children; he speaks again and again of Mary, his beloved wife, and charges his children, on his "blessing, to be dutiful and obedient to their mother, and to be directed by her." His last days must have been saddened by the party strife which estranged those nearest and dearest to each other.

His nephew, Mr. Bromley of Holt, was a devoted Royalist, and in his own home was one whose sympathies were upon the same side. A portrait of his eldest daughter Anna, taken shortly before her death, which occurred about two years later than that of her father, depicts her in the brilliant costume only worn

by Royalist ladies who did not shrink from avowing their opinions. The costly satin and gleaming jewels contrast pathetically with the wan young face, in which there is not only the foreshadowing of death, but also the traces of grief and terror. There is among the documents at Ham Court half a sheet of paper, on which is penned no formal will, but only a few lines, called "The words of Anna Bromley," and expressing the dying girl's last wishes. She bequeathed to one sister the pearl necklace, to another the sapphire jewels, both of which appear in her picture, but nearly everything else was left to Mrs. Bromley, so deeply beloved and trusted both as wife and mother. Mr. Bromley was buried on November 21, and we may hope that Mr. Woodforde was allowed to say some portion of the funeral service over his grave, although Mr. Warrene makes the entry in the register.

It was within a few days of Mr. Bromley's departure that Mr. Woodforde had also to leave Upton, not through "the grave and gate of death," but driven out from his old home by the stern decrees of Parliament. There had been long resistance to the appointment of Mr. Ward as successor to Mr. Warrene, and when, towards the end of November, he appeared in Upton to take possession of the Rectory, there ensued a struggle very characteristic of the times. If Bounds and Hacketts backed Mr. Ward, some loyal parishioners must have defended Mr. Woodforde and Mr. Warrene, for we are told that Mr. Ward's entrance to the Rectory was opposed by much force and violence, so that he had to beat a retreat. As only one side of this incident is recorded, we cannot tell what injustice and harshness there may have been to rouse a man of Mr. Woodforde's character to so unwise and hopeless a contest. He had obeyed the law in non-essential points until he resigned his benefice to Mr. Warrene, who had done all that was required of the

clergy in signing the Covenant. Their resistance was of no avail; on Mr. Ward's report of his grievances, an order was sent from London that a party of soldiers should be despatched from Worcester to put him in possession of the Rectory, and, placing Mr. Ward in their midst, with rough usage and rude words they ejected Mr. Warrene and Mr. Woodforde from their joint home. The former was young enough to earn a subsistence, as did many of the clergy, in some secular business, and he disappears altogether from our history. With Mr. Woodforde it was otherwise; here had been his home for more than twenty years, here he had been prosperous and respected, happy in his work and in his love for his parishioners; he had sympathised in the cares and troubles of the elder people, and the young men and maidens, now growing up, had been held in his arms at baptism, and had stood up to say their catechism before him on Sunday afternoons. We may hope that some of these former friends gathered round to wish him "God speed" as he went away, a homeless, ruined man, to seek shelter in some neighbouring village. Where the ejected clergy had wives and families, an allowance was made to them of one-fifth of the annual value of the living, but nothing seems to have been given to the unmarried clergy.

We now enter upon a period of utter confusion as regards parochial records. Mr. Woodforde had made no difference as to station and fortune in his careful notices of births, marriages, and deaths, but under republican rule those events in the lives of the poor were not recorded at all for six years, and very rarely for seven years longer. The leading families have a page or two apiece, and seem to have used the register much as the fly-leaves of a family Bible. Mr. Ward was in Upton only for a short time, and he was succeeded by a man of remarkable ability and of high

character. Benjamin Baxter was the son of a Shropshire clergyman, and was a near kinsman, probably first cousin, of the great Richard Baxter, of Kidderminster. Both were devout, large-hearted men, belonging to the Presbyterian, not the Independent, school of theology, and they seem to have been endowed with similar gifts of eloquence and attractiveness. Richard Baxter himself, one of the greatest preachers of the day, speaks of "never having heard a sermon from his cousin which was not worthy to be printed." He was a diligent Biblical student, a good classical scholar, and skilled in modern languages, somewhat grave and melancholy, perhaps, but tender and courteous, and in all respects far above the average of those ministers who occupied the pulpits and homes of the sequestrated clergy. Very soon after he came to Upton his eloquence and goodness won the heart of a well-born and wealthy maiden, Margaret Gower, the daughter of Mr. William Gower. Their married life was short, for she died in 1651, leaving him with one son. He married again four years later another Margaret, the sister of Luke Hackett, of Bury-end. It was a lovely home from which the grave young widower brought his bride, for Bury-end, then a new and picturesque house, was surrounded by rich meadows and fruitful orchards, and approached by a narrow winding lane, still much favoured by young couples on summer evenings.

In 1646 the Royalists fought alone against the rest of the nation, but when, after a breathing space of four years, the flames of civil war broke out afresh, Royalists and Presbyterians resisted together the rule of Cromwell and his new republic. In religious opinions they were as widely apart as ever. The Presbyterian leaders, whether Scotch or English, would do nothing towards restoring those forms and ceremonies of the Church which were so dearly prized

by the Royalists. The army of Charles II. included a great number of Englishmen of most devoted loyalty both to Church and King, as well as many fierce Presbyterians, who were mostly Scotch Lowlanders, and who hated "prelacy" and the Prayer-book quite as much as they hated Cromwell.

At first the war was confined to Scotland, but in the summer of 1651 the army of Charles made a sudden march over the border. It was hoped that all who disliked the new Government would gather around the Royal standard as it was borne southwards, but the hope was vain. Men were so weary of civil strife, and had suffered so terribly in their families and fortunes, that they would not venture again to take up arms. The muster roll of the Royalists was not much longer when they reached Chester than when they entered Cumberland. Colonel Massey commanded the vanguard, which kept a day's march ahead of the main army, in order that he, by his discretion and popularity, might prepare the way for the King. It was necessary to call a halt for some days at Worcester, for both the men and their shoes were nearly worn out. It was known that Cromwell was sweeping down from the north-east, and it seemed therefore advisable to await his attack at Worcester. Massey, however, who knew every yard of ground in the neighbourhood, represented the vital importance of preventing the advance of the enemy on both sides of the river. To avert this danger Massey was sent on, with a detachment of about seven or eight hundred men, to form a camp at Upton, and to destroy the bridge.

There were jarring and incongruous elements among those seemingly compact ranks as they marched into Upton on August 25th. Some would remember, with secret mortification, how they had fled panic-stricken from the fight at Powick, whilst others would smile

with unspoken triumph as they recognised in the red banks of Ryall and the distant hedge-rows the scene of their victory on Ripple Field. Massey's detachment numbered one or two companies of Highlanders, whose bonnets and tartans, bagpipes and Gaelic speech, must have astonished our quiet country folk. Probably Colonel Massey had sent on officials with a requisition, which would oblige every inhabitant of the parish between the ages of sixteen and sixty to aid in making the camp, or, in default, to pay a heavy fine. The golden sheaves of harvest were ready to be carried, and the earliest apples and pears were ripe for gathering; but old men and boys must lead the horses and build the ricks, and women and children must fill their baskets with the ruddy fruit, which would find eager purchasers among the hungry soldiery. The camp was in an excellent position on the left-hand side of the Hanley-road. It was protected on the south-east by the winding of Poole brook, while in front was the road to Worcester, and the broad waters of the Severn. The other two sides were defended by massive entrenchments, of which we still see the remains in the grassy, tree-crested mound on the further side of the meadow. Two arches of the bridge had been broken down on the first arrival of Massey, and planks were laid across them in the day-time to enable the country folk to bring in the necessary provisions. The weather was exceedingly hot, and on the evening of August 27th occurred a terrific thunderstorm, during which, for about the space of half an hour, hailstones fell as big as bullets, grievously interfering with the formation of earthworks and with harvest labours. Massey took up his quarters at Severn End, and probably his second in command was at Poole House, close to the camp.

Every arrangement had been made with military prudence and sagacity, and Massey felt confident that

he could defend his camp and the river against any onslaught; but, as too often happens, the forethought of the General was rendered useless by the carelessness of his subordinates. In the accounts of what happened on August 30th, we see that there was much negligence among the Royalist officers; and this was taken advantage of by Cromwell's partisans in the town. On the 29th one of the doors of the old church was left unlocked, and one of the planks across the broken arches of the bridge was unremoved. The guard was probably relieved about eleven or twelve o'clock, and the silence was broken only by the lapping of the water against the abutments of the bridge, and the distant tramp of sentries at their different posts. The latest lights had been extinguished in the town, excepting one or two that twinkled close at hand through the windows of a tavern. Perhaps the host or some guest strolled out, and suggested how acceptable and comforting spiced ale or hot cider would be, and the men, chilled with the damp mist of the river, not unwillingly left their post. One account states that they remained on duty until they needed some breakfast; but this must be an error. They evidently spent some hours in the tavern, only coming out now and then for a look around, and did not know that within a couple of miles a detachment of the Ironsides was waiting to advance on their position. Even while they warmed themselves and sipped their drink by the fire, some active spy, with bare, swift feet may have run along the bank of the river. He would slip into the water, swim across, and reach in a few minutes some picket near Holly Green, with their chargers standing motionless beside them. Shortly afterwards Lambert's detachment would be set in motion, and advance quietly on the road-side grass until close to Upton. It was between 4 and 5 a.m., and the first faint light of the coming day was flushing

the dark sky behind Bredon. All was silent in the town. Some spy, hiding, perhaps, in one of the recesses of the bridge, would give the signal that it was still unwatched. A forlorn hope of eighteen men dismounted and came rapidly up, but it was too hazardous to attempt to walk on the long thin plank, with the Severn running twenty feet below. They therefore, to quote a historian,* "mounted it, as though it were their wooden Pegasus, and so scrambled across to the opposite side." The last man was hardly over when the guard took the alarm and rushed out of the tavern, but only in time to see the enemy running up the bank to the church, which instantly became their fortress, as they bolted the doors within and fired from the windows. The careless guard seems then to have shown the greatest courage, charging up to the church, and endeavouring in vain to repair by bravery the damage done by negligence. What a morning that was for Upton! The sound of rapid musket-shots from the church awoke every sleeper. Those who lived in the houses near the water saw, in the brightening dawn, hundreds of troopers riding into the river at the shallow ford opposite to Fisher-row. As they reached the near bank, they formed into military order, and came rapidly up Dunn's-lane. Friends in the town had already re-laid the other planks on the bridge, and some soldiers were crossing that way to the support of their comrades, not, however, unopposed. The first sound of battle had roused the camp. The Royalists had hastily equipped themselves, and hurried to meet the enemy. Already, however, the serried ranks of the Ironsides had drawn up on the banks of the river to the north of the church, and reinforcements were pouring in across the bridge and

* Whitelock.

THE TAKING OF UPTON BRIDGE

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ford. In Church-street the startled inhabitants looked down on those streams of armed men meeting beneath their windows, and there struggling in deadly conflict. Massey was upon the spot in an incredibly short time. He charged into the midst of the affray, followed by numbers of desperate men. In the churchyard, as well as outside the walls, the fight raged fiercely. The magnificent discipline of Cromwell's soldiers, the suddenness of their advance, and their possession of the church and the bridge gave them the victory. The Royalists were soon thrown into utter confusion, and beaten back to their camp, the fortifications of which had only been completed a day or two before; but they did not hold it an hour longer, and each horseman took a foot soldier behind him and escaped to Worcester, leaving camp and baggage in possession of their enemies. Colonel Massey was so severely wounded in the thigh that he could only ride to Worcester upheld by two of his friends. He was in deep depression at the loss of Upton, saying he "wished his Majesty was well out of the country, for his position at Worcester was a very unsafe one;" a prediction which was fully verified on September 3rd. The sun could not have risen high before the fight was over, and those living in the country would only arrive in time to see the retreating troops pass out of sight, and to find the town in possession of Cromwell's soldiers. There was a ghastly sight in the churchyard and adjoining street, where the battle had raged most fiercely, and where eight or nine men and several horses now lay dead or dying. Great was the dismay among those who favoured the cause of the King, and equally great the satisfaction of Mr. Hackett, the Bounds, and the rest of their party. That day was not to end without further excitement. In the evening the Lord Protector came from his quarters in the neighbourhood to praise the soldiers

for their success, and see that all was secure and well ordered. "As he passed from one guard or regiment to another, he was received," says Whitelock, "with abundance of joy and extraordinary shouting," for his Ironsides loved him with all the power of their strong, rough natures, and cared more for his rarely-given words of praise than for any applause which they won from the nation. Those shouts told the townspeople who was come among them. To the Royalists he was a sacrilegious murderer and usurper; to the Independents, as a body, he was a heaven-sent leader; to both he was the most powerful man in England. Doubtless, everyone strove to have a look at him, and watched him ride by with uttered blessings or unspoken curses. Only one tradition of this day has come down to us. In a family which is descended from that of Mr. Morris, a picture is preserved of an old lady, herself a Morris, who was extremely beautiful in her girlhood. On this August afternoon she was standing at some door or window to see the Lord Protector ride by, and so lovely was she that even the stern Oliver was impressed by her charms, and, reining up his horse, paused to inquire her name. It is also stated that some relation of her's was likely to suffer for his attachment to the Royal cause, and that she obtained his pardon from Cromwell. It is just possible that the "Thomas Morris, *alias* Woodward, chirurgeon," who made a fortune in India, and left some of it to the charity which bears his name, may have been this young man. Great numbers of Royalists were exiled to North America after the battle of Worcester, and a ship-load of them may have been sent to the other side of the globe.

We know very little of Upton history during the time of the Protectorate. Mr. Bromley was as much disinclined to public life as his father had been, and

the only mention of him in county affairs is in 1652, when he was nominated as one of the Commissioners to investigate charges of scandalous or negligent conduct among the clergy appointed by Parliament. Mr. Bromley is described some years later by his friend and near neighbour, Sir Nicholas Lechmere, as "a very worthy and excellent person, of singular virtue and of rare endowments of nature." Mrs. Bromley was a daughter of Mr. Godsawe, a serjeant-at-law; she was a kind and home-loving woman, and we find one or two touching entries concerning the loss of little children on the fly-leaves of the family Bible, and also in another book some prayers and notes of sermons, which are probably in the writing of either husband or wife. Mr. Bromley's brother Thomas is better known to us than the rest of his family, from his having been the author of a devotional book, of which a few copies are still extant. "The Way to the Sabbath of Rest" was a popular devotional work when it came out in 1670, and a second edition, published in 1710, gives some account of his life: "Mr. Thomas Bromley was born at Upton of an ancient and honourable family; he was religiously brought up, and after he had gone through the learning of the schools, he became a member of All Souls' College, Oxford."

Here, to quote the memoir, "God was pleased to reveal His Son to him; . . . and henceforth he wholly dedicated himself to the service of God, and parting with all, became a minister of the Gospel, not of the letter, but of the spirit." We have no explanation as to how he "gave up all," or where he "took up the ministry." In his old age he was residing in Upton, and it seems likely that he devoted himself to spiritual work in his native parish, making his home with his mother and sisters. "Madam Bromley" was dangerously ill in 1652, and then

wrote a parting letter to her eldest son, of which we subjoin a part below, as it gives us some idea of the family circumstances and character.

It is difficult to over-rate the influence for good which was exercised by the men and women of the Bromley family, in the times of strife and hatred, over the people of Upton; perhaps no one of them all was such a power for good as Madam Bromley, and it was a parochial loss when she died in the autumn of 1658, a few days before the soul of the mighty Oliver passed away.

A few days after her remains were laid to rest beside her husband, Upton was roused to jubilant excitement in honour of the proclamation of Richard Cromwell. Minute instructions were given as to the due order of "processions, music, and shouting," and each town was to provide casks of claret and canary to be tapped at the Cross, and each man to be given "a certain measure of wine and a biscuit."

March 8, 1652.

SONNE,

I many times finde greate alterations in my flesh, soe that I have just cause to believe that the time of my dissolution drawes neare. . . . I know not whether it may please the Lord to give me time att my end to dispose of things as I desire; Therefore I have briefly sett down under my owne hand what my Will is; My deare husband left me halfe the chattells, your sister Anna by her will and deede left me her two partes of the Lease yr Father left to her and yr sister Elizabeth, of which I shall leave the greatest part to you and yrs in full confidence of your care of yr sisters when I am gone, and faithful performance of these my last desires.

My Will is you should add to the 400 pounds which your father left to your sister Elizabeth 100 pounds to make itt five, and to pay her after my death 30 pounds a year while you hold the money; if she should have occasion to call it in, I desire

she may have it, giving one year's warning, if neither of these be performed, then I leave one third of the lease that is in my power added to the third part left to your sister by yr Father. Out of the other third part I leave to your sister Mary five pounds a year during her life. The remainder of that third part I leave to my grandchild, Mary Bromley.

What gould I have I leave to Betty.

MARY BROMLEY.

CHAPTER V.

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE REVOLUTION.

THE memorable year 1660 was preceded by one in which no one seemed to think it worth while to notice parochial events. The country was weary of the iron rule of the Puritans, and all classes joyfully combined in order that the King should enjoy his own again. Early in May Mr. Lygon died, and the relations who had mourned at his funeral had to lay aside their sable garments, and join the gay throng of those who made the air resound with their shouts and cheers. Mr. Bromley was one of the first gentlemen who hastened to London to make "profession of contrition" for past failures in loyalty, and to take an oath of allegiance for the future. His pardon, dated June, 1660, is at Ham Court, and is interesting as a local record of national history. Never before or since has England passed through such a marvellous transformation as in that early summer-time. The merry-making of the 29th of May, which took the place of the wake or festival of the patron saint, still keeps up, in many of the Worcestershire parishes, the memory of that Restoration time when the diversions, which had been forbidden for twenty years, were revived with extravagant delight. Bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and dancing round the maypole were indulged in without restraint. All that was grave and decorous was scouted as puritanical, and precise speech and sober attire were as unpopular as lively talk and gay colours had been during Oliver's rule. In

some parishes the Presbyterian clergy retained their benefices for a couple of years; this was the case with Mr. Warwyke, of Hanley, who, in the spring of 1661, made his last entry followed by the comment, "Hic exit J. W." Mr. Baxter made no difficulty in giving way to Mr. Woodforde, although he was in very bad health, and leaving Upton meant poverty and hardship. His son by Margaret Gower had some property independently of his father, who would have been almost destitute but for the unwearied kindness of Lady Lechmere. He lived for a time in a house near Upton, belonging to Sir Nicholas, and supposed to be Little Mill. In six weeks after the Restoration Mr. Woodforde was at home again; and with what exquisite pleasure must he have taken possession of the old Rectory, and officiated once more in the dearly-loved services of the Church! But the joy must have been clouded by many a disappointment. He was an old man now, worn out by grief and poverty, as well as by advanced age; but he kept up his old careful ways, and, although his hand was shaky and feeble, he made the entries in the register book as fully and neatly as when he came to Upton a vigorous young rector thirty years before. His order-loving mind must have been sorely vexed by the irregular paragraphs, and the blots and smears made by untidy fingers in the book which he had kept so religiously; and there were deeper troubles to mar his thankfulness. His restored church had been severely handled in the war time, and all the fittings, designed for the Anglican Liturgy, had been altered and modified to suit Puritan services. Probably after the first fervour of the Restoration was over, it was to a scanty congregation only that Mr. Woodforde ministered. The greater part of the people had grown up estranged from the Church, and were unused to its services. They had been accustomed to the eloquent prayers and sermons of Mr. Baxter, and

they wearied of the "book prayers" and solemn ceremonies which were endeared to them by no charm of association.

Whatever the pains and pleasures of being at home again might be, they were soon over. With feeble fingers Mr. Woodforde made his latest entry of a burial on January 1, 1663, and six weeks afterwards there is this record, "Mr. William Woodforde, buried 15th of February."

His successor was a man of a very different type, and was, apparently, appointed rector as a compensation for having been heavily fined under the Commonwealth. His father was organist of the Chapel Royal, and afterwards of Worcester Cathedral; and Nathaniel Tomkyns himself was a celebrated musician, of whom it was quaintly said that "he could play far better on an organ than on a text."* He was appointed minor canon of Worcester in 1629, and rector of St. Nicholas in 1636. He was an elderly man at the time of the Restoration, when he was speedily appointed to the rectories of Hartlebury and Upton. He does not seem to have visited this parish to play either on a text or on an organ, nor is there any trace of his having taken any interest in parochial affairs. Notwithstanding the stringent provisions of the Act of Uniformity, Dissent grew and flourished in this time of clerical neglect, and two Nonconformist congregations were formed in Upton.

The registers are kept by various hands, sometimes carelessly, but for two or three years with great precision. Unhappily, portions of the pages for 1665-67 are torn out, and this is the more to be regretted because in the parts still remaining there is an extraordinary number of burials. The Diary of Judge Lechmere

* Nathaniel Tomkyns is introduced as one of the characters in the latter part of "John Inglesant."

records the great mortality from the plague in London, and he mentions that "Upton was also infected, the plague beginning in the house of Mr. Philip Surman, where many of his family died, and in divers other houses."

A new register-book was bought in 1672 by "Samuel Lynton, curatt, Philip Surman, gent., and George Pitt, churchwardens." A few entries were made from the previous year, and Mr. Lynton, so long as he remained in Upton, kept the registers with as much precision, but not with as much impartiality, as Mr. Woodforde. The names of sponsors are recorded only when the children were of gentle birth or good position. We get, however, some interesting names in this way. Mr. Hackett was family lawyer to the neighbourhood, and more than once members of the Dowdeswell family appear as sponsors for his children. The estrangement between different branches of the Bromley family, caused by opposite politics during the Civil Wars, was ended by the Restoration, and Mr. and Mrs. Bromley of Holt are "witnesses" to Mercy, daughter of Mr. Bromley, of Ham Court, in 1664. Some interesting facts are mentioned in the register of burials. In March, 1675-76, Elizabeth, the little daughter of Mr. Bromley Hill, and Anne Trigg, probably her nurse, were both drowned. The child may have been trying to gather some of the primroses that cluster round the large pool at Greenfields, when she slipped into the deep water, and she and the elder girl perished together. There is a memorial stone to this little maiden in the old church, with a long inscription, which ends with the words from Wisdom iv. 11:—

"God hasted to take her away from among ye wicked, lest ye wickedness should alter her understanding or deceit beguile her soul."

Four years later there is the mention of a darker

tragedy, when "William, the son of Mr. Richard Dunn, the lawyer, laid violent hands upon himself, but by coroner's inquest being found non compos mentis, on ye 23rd he was permitted Christian burial." Three of the elder generation of the Bromleys died about this time, and their wills contain particulars as to their possessions and relations. The sapphire jewel and pearl necklace which were pictured on the fair throat of Anna Bromley, and bequeathed to her sisters, are left by them to different nieces, and appear over and over again in family bequests. Amongst other things mentioned in these wills may be noted the following articles :—

"Imbrothered counterpane; a wroght rod and all that belongs to it;" "a silver poringer and spoon;" "great chest of drawers, little walnut table, cheney on my table, stool of my own work, a tea kettle, old, chokolatt-pot, copper;" "a 22s. piece of gold;" "cornelian knife and fork," &c., &c.

To encourage the English wool trade, which was greatly declining, an Act of Parliament was passed which enjoined that no corpse should be interred except in a woollen shroud, and that the minister should receive a certificate to that effect. Mr. Lynton's first entry under this Act is in August, 1678, and certificates are mentioned for two or three years later.

Mr. Lynton was married to a Mrs. Mary Tew while in Upton, and he did not leave when the absentee old rector, Mr. Tomkyns, died in 1681. The next rector, Mr. Francis Phipps, was son-in-law to the Bishop of Worcester, and, although he had other preferment, he resided in Upton during the two remaining years of his life. Mr. Lynton left on the coming of Mr. Henry Pantinge, the next rector. There is an amusing trace of some antagonism between these two men. Mr. Lynton, whenever he signed his name in the register, added the title of "minister"; but this is crossed out

by Mr. Pantinge, and "curatt" substituted. Mr. Pantinge had been appointed a minor canon of the Cathedral in 1660, and also held a benefice in Worcester. When he was collated to the rectory of Upton he was requested to resign his minor canonry; but he objected to this, and appealed to the King, who made a requisition to the Chapter that Mr. Pantinge, on account of his great loyalty and suffering in the Royal cause, should be allowed to hold the minor canonry as well as the two benefices. Fortunately, the Chapter was relieved from further unpleasantness by a second letter from the King, revoking his previous one, as he had been "since fully informed of the true state of the matter."

From 1682 to 1834 we have three parish books, which are invaluable for the light they throw on the manners and customs of England during this period. In another chapter the information thus obtained will be given under different headings, and we will now refer only to the earlier pages of the first book. Mr. Phipps heads the signatures at the first parish meeting recorded, and it is interesting to notice the diverse handwriting in the recurring lists of influential parishioners. There is the easy, flowing penmanship of scholarly gentlemen, and the neat, compact signatures of the leading tradesmen, accustomed to voluminous entries in their narrow ledgers; whilst other names bring a vivid picture of sturdy fingers taking a firm grip of the unfamiliar pen, and with much toil and anxiety inscribing their signatures. We find in the pages records of the varying prices of bread, meat, and other provisions; and the charges made by carpenters, masons, and thatchers. It is easy to picture to ourselves the boys and girls of each generation by the details given of the attire of the parish apprentices. There is the little lad going to his first place in his long "cote," with "horn buttons" and "leathern

pokitts," his "waskote of skynnes," his "cordrouy britches," "knitted hose," "a cloth cap," "and stout pair of shous." The clothing of the girls is still more minutely described. We see "Tomson's wenche," or "Niblett's gurle," in "linsey skirt," "lining apearn," low cut "boddice," and "neck hanckchief," her hair tucked away under the white "quaife," ornamented occasionally with a row of "filleting." The young people seem to have had a very small supply of underclothing, two shirts or shifts being the usual outfit; but these were made of stout "lining" or "hempen cloth," at 1s. 5d. a yard, and the clothing of all kinds was strong and durable. It is curious to notice that while some families kept about the same level either of prosperity or poverty, others had such varying fortunes that the substantial ratepayer of one generation has, in another, a child or grandchild clothed and fed by the parish. Among these may be mentioned the daughter of Samuel Baxter, and granddaughter of the accomplished and devout Benjamin Baxter. The family must have fallen very low in the world for this little girl to receive clothing, and to be at last buried in the little woollen shroud and cheap coffin provided by the parish.

The entries in the earliest parish books are, of course, chiefly about local business and interests, but now and then we come upon a sentence which tells us how some excitement in the nation was vibrating in the parish. When the south-western counties were undergoing the miseries which followed Monmouth's rebellion, a boat full of soldiers was seen descending the Severn from Worcester to Gloucester. The army was exceedingly unpopular for two reasons, one being its share in the cruelties of the West, and the other the national alarm at the increase of the standing army from 10,000 to 20,000 men. The Upton men standing on the bridge were roused to fury at the sight of the hated red-

coats, and proceeded to pelt and insult them as the boat made its way under one of the arches. One soldier was wounded, and the commandant sent an intimation from Gloucester which much alarmed the parish; the men concerned in the affray, as well as their fellow-townsmen, began to fear that they should be visited with some such vengeance as had fallen on the opponents of James that summer. The parish book tells us how three of the officials were sent as ambassadors "to one Captain Witcherley concerning the abuse put upon his souldiers by our towne;" and it goes on to say that ten shillings were given to the wounded soldier "to prevent future trouble." Other entries of political significance are the payment of "chimney money," the unpopular tax laid by Charles II. on every fireside, and the mention of a Royal Ayde Book, probably a register of the tax levied for the King's personal expenditure. Early in the following reign a payment of 1s. 6d. is noted for a warrant against Mr. Hackett "for harbuering travellers," perhaps some persons suspected of dangerous political opinions. On another occasion the parish pays 1s. to take "Mordecai Hudson's mother-in-law out of prison." The Hudsons have been Nonconformists during the two hundred years of their abode in Upton, and this individual, whose identity seems to have been merged in that of her son-in-law, may have been imprisoned for attending some illegal place of worship.

We have enjoyed the advantage of having the parish books of Severn Stoke carefully searched, with the result of obtaining much curious information which often supplements that derived from our own books. The following entries, with their marginal notes, are in the writing of Dr. Ralph Taylor, the rector:—

"Risum teneatis amici. 1688. Given the Ringers July 1st being the day of thanksgiving for ye birth of ye Prince of Wales, 2s. 6d."

"Laus Deo in excelsis. Given ye Ringers July 2nd being ye day ye news came of ye Deliverance of ye Bishops out of ye Tower, 2s. 6d."

"Malum omen. November 2nd for mending of ye King's arms in ye Church, 6s. 0d."

"Fausta dies. November 5th Given to ye Ringers then, 5s. 0d."

In 1688 there were many in Upton who had been grown men and women when the Civil War broke out forty-six years earlier. To these, who remembered that awful period of national strife, there was something marvellous in the ease with which the kingdom changed its rulers in the great Revolution. Yet it brought disunion among neighbours and suffering for conscience sake, and, although the Non-juring party in the Church was but a small one, it numbered some of the wisest and holiest of English Churchmen. Such were Archbishop Sancroft and Bishop Ken, and such also were the Bishop and the Dean of Worcester. Dr. Thomas and Dr. Hicks were alike learned and excellent men, who had received bitter affronts and injuries at the hands of James, but who could not bring themselves to acknowledge another king. Their example was followed by only fourteen of the parochial clergy in Worcestershire, and four of these were connected with Upton or its immediate neighbourhood. The extracts given above express Dr. Taylor's feelings as regards James, and it was all the harder for him to resign his benefice in loyalty to a sovereign whom he neither loved nor honoured. Mr. Pantinge had clung tenaciously to Church preferment seven years earlier, but now, in advanced life, he resigned both St. Martin's, Worcester, and Upton, rather than take the new oath of allegiance. Mr. Beynon had been curate in charge of Upton for some time, and was diligent and careful; he was of the same mind as his rector with regard to the oath, but went away from

Upton very unwillingly. A published letter of Mr. Richard Dowdeswell's gives some account of an expedition, undertaken in the summer of 1690, by the order of Lord Shrewsbury, the object of which was to gauge the political opinions of this part of the country, by requiring certain laymen and clergy to take the oath of allegiance. Mr. Thomas Bromley accompanied the expedition as commander of a troop of horse; to one of his religious views the creed of both James and his Queen and the profligate tone of society were alike hateful. Although in his sixty-second year and in bad health, he girded on sword and pistols, and rode from manor to parsonage, and from town to village, to assist in checking an expected Jacobite rising. Some gentlemen, who accompanied their refusal with violent and disrespectful remarks on William and Mary, were committed to various prisons; Mr. Beynon was one who thus offended, and he was sent to Worcester gaol. Of our most celebrated Non-juror, Thomas Morris, better known as "Miserrimus," a fuller account will be given in another chapter.

The proportion of laity who were avowed Jacobites in Worcestershire was even smaller than that of clergy; among them was Mr. Gower, of Queenhill, high sheriff for the year 1690. He was deprived of his office on refusing to take the oaths, and suffered severely in the matter of fines. His brother, Mr. George Gower, continued to reside at his house on the edge of the Heath, until his death from small-pox in 1695. The remainder of the gentry around Upton belonged, so far as we know, to the anti-Jacobite faction.

On a fly-leaf of our register-book there is an entry to the effect that Mr. Pantinge died in 1692, having only survived his deprivation two years. In another place it is noted that on "July 29th, 1690, Mr. Richard Smith was inducted rector of Upton-upon-

Seavern." Mr. Smith had been Prebendary of Bristol, and he was of some note as a preacher. In 1711, the Bishop of Worcester, being displeased with the appointment of a preacher at the assizes by the high sheriff, ordered that, in future, "no other clergyman be permitted to occupy the cathedral pulpit at assize time than Mr. Richard Smith, the rector of Upton." He was rector of Sedgeberrow as well as of this parish, but he seems to have constantly resided here, and to have taken an unflagging interest in all that concerned the spiritual and moral welfare of his people. He was before his age in many respects, and took great pains with the education of the poor, regulated the administration of charities, and endeavoured to bring a more orderly and healthy tone into the general state of parish affairs. On one occasion during his incumbency Upton anticipated agricultural shows, by giving "John Cuttler the sum of five shillings as a reward for his good husbandry." Mr. Smith built the oldest part of the present rectory about 1702, but whether on the site of a more ancient building or not it is impossible to say. He also presented "a large flaggon, containing at least two quarts, and a handsome chalice with a cover," to be used in the administration of the Holy Communion in the parish church. He and his wife bequeathed sums of money for the education of poor girls. The twenty-seven years of his residence in Upton were saddened by many troubles: two little children were taken away soon after he came, and many years later he lost his only son, a youth of two-and-twenty, "of distinguished character, attainments, and beauty," as his sorrowing parents described him on his tombstone. Only one daughter was now left to them, and she had been married some years to the Rev. Andrew Johnson, who perhaps was the author of the epitaphs on both his wife's parents; in any case, they are remarkable for

their scholarship and pathos. Mr. Smith died in 1717, and his widow, after three years of loneliness, was laid to rest beside the dearly-loved husband and children.

The family party of the Bromleys had undergone great changes during the last few years of the seventeenth century. Mr. Henry Bromley, the third who bore that honoured name, had married Elizabeth Lynch, the heiress of Doverdale; of their six children, three sons and one daughter died in early infancy, and William, the little heir, was but a year old when his father died, in 1685. His great-uncle, Thomas, lived six years longer, and died on Easter Monday, 1691. Among his last words were the following: "I have peace of conscience, I have lived up to my light, and loved God above all things." At his death the young squire was left to the sole guardianship of his mother, who, having been ten years a widow, married Dr. Thurstan, a Worcester physician, and turned over to him all responsibilities and rights connected with the manor.

It is his name alone that appears as ratepayer from the time of his marriage until the death of his wife in 1700, after which William Bromley, Esq., although only fifteen, takes his proper place as lord of the manor. If Madame Thurstan was the original of a very unpleasing portrait at Ham Court, she could hardly have been an amiable or gracious person; and family quarrels may have had some share in bringing about the strange marriage of her sister-in-law, Mary Bromley, to James Withenbury or Winbury. The elder sister, Dorothy, had become the wife of Mr. Witcherley, a Shropshire rector, and died a year later. Mary was left alone until she was nearly fifty, when this descendant of Bromleys, Lygons, and Braceys wedded an Upton tradesman. The Winbury family had been mercers in the town for nearly a hundred

years, and were greatly respected; and perhaps the elderly bride found a happier home in the tradesman's parlour than in the stately chambers of the manor-house. But she did not live long for either happiness or disappointment, as she, like her sister, died a twelvemonth after her marriage. Madam Thurstan's own daughter, Mercy, made a more suitable alliance in marrying Colonel Harnage, one of an ancient Shropshire family. There were fewer of the county families living in the parish at the end than at the beginning of the century, but some of that class were still remaining. Colonel Nanfan, one of the celebrated family of Birtsmorton Court, was living with his daughter Mary at Tiltridge, on the edge of the Hook district. It must have been a charming spot in those days, embowered among trees, many of them survivors of the giants of the Chase, and approached by steep lanes, whose high banks were overshadowed by fruit-trees, their pink and white blossoms making the hill-side beautiful in the spring-time. The black and white house, once the abode of Captain Bound, now belonged to Mr. Humphrey Soley, from whom came its present name of Soley's Orchard. South-end was occupied by one of the Pull Court family, generally styled in the parish books "Gostis Dowsill." The Hacketts were still at Bury-end, but they were coming down in the world, and before long they seemed to have migrated to Earl's Croome. The Hills, in as good a position as ever, were at Greenfields, and Dr. Richard Hill had married the daughter of Mr. Blandy, a Wiltshire squire. The armorial bearings of several of this family are on their tombstones in the old church. Some "gentle-folk" bearing the names of Towne and Woodward, were living on farms in the country, the latter at Talvers-end, which is in the neighbourhood of Longdon Heath.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

It is intended to take this period under four heads:

1. Treatment of the poor.
2. Medical customs.
3. Drinking customs.
4. Local history.

We hope to show under each division how certain incidents and habits illustrate the state of England in the eighteenth century, and how, as time went on, certain laws and customs were modified, and others adopted more in accordance with the spirit of the age. Some extracts will be given from the parish books, not only of Upton, but also of Severn Stoke, and these latter will be marked by the letters S. S. It should be borne in mind that money was, roughly speaking, about double its present value in the early part of the last century: the wages of an agricultural labourer in this part of the country were from 5s. to 6s. per week, and two daily quarts of beer or cider, with considerable increase both as to money and liquor in haymaking and harvest-time. The price of grain varied greatly in those days of protection; wheat and barley cost double in some years what they did in others. We find the price named as varying from 2s. 2d. to 3s. 10d. per bushel in a very short time*, and the quartern loaf ranged from 4d. to 8d.

* In July, 1884, agricultural wages are from 12s. to 15s. a week, and the price of corn is from 4s. 1d. to 4s. 6d. per bushel.

Prices were much higher at the end of the century, but then wages had also risen. In Worcestershire they are mentioned, in 1782, as being from 6s. to 9s. a week for ordinary labourers, and 10s. and 11s. for carters and shepherds. There was probably always an increase of wages in hard times, but not in proportion to the cost of bread. At such seasons even the most sober and industrious labourer had much difficulty in paying for necessary food and house rent, and he came without hesitation to the parish when he needed an outfit for a boy or girl going to service, or when there was illness in his family. Some men, but they were very few, struggled on through all difficulties, priding themselves on never having "a haporth off the parish," until they were past work. Such men, while they were able-bodied, would not even apply to the overseer for the two shillings given to any man who asked for it at the birth of a child. Some families were what may be styled hereditary paupers; their names appear regularly on the lists of those receiving relief from 1682 to the present day. The weekly pay to sick and infirm persons was from 1s. to 2s. 9d., and many had their rents paid for them into the bargain. In 1700, out of thirty-two receiving regular relief, thirteen had their cottages rent-free and obtained a good deal of extra help. Begging was a thriving trade in those days, not only with tramps, but also with those among the poor who liked to live upon alms. The aged goody who tottered up from her rent-free cottage to receive her parish pay had but to complain of the cold weather, or of her aches and pains, to obtain an order for a "draft of coles," or two yards of "flanneling," or some "white bred," or a "brest of mutton." Several times attempts were made to check the increase of pauperism, by insisting that all who received regular parish pay should wear a badge with the letter P in red cloth on their sleeves,

or, if seen without it on a week-day, be punished by reducing their pay. Their Sunday clothes were exempt from this brand, which must have greatly distressed the more respectable of the aged poor, although it could do little to discourage the habitual paupers. The rate of agricultural wages only applies to a limited number of the Upton labourers: the greater proportion of the townsmen were workers on the water, getting a certain sum for each "job." Early in the last century there was a great increase in the river traffic, owing to the development of the Worcestershire salt trade. The barge-men and trow-men made large sums during the spring and summer months, and generally spent all before the winter, flinging themselves then upon the rates or upon private charity. Great trouble was caused to the officials, and terrible hardship to the poor, by the law of settlement. Every child born in a parish was chargeable to it ever after, unless, by length of residence or term of service, a settlement had been effected elsewhere. In consequence of this law our books have frequent notices of "hors hyor and other expences," on account of taking to a distant parish some poor people who had found a home and work in Upton; whilst on other occasions the overseers go to the nearest magistrates, and make sundry journeys in the endeavour to resist the immigration of some family from another parish. A baby was a most unwelcome visitor, as a future burden to the ratepayers; and any woman, not being one of the regular inhabitants, who was likely to become a mother was unceremoniously hurried away. She might be a mere tramp, with no home and no character, or she might be a poor woman travelling from one place to another in obedience to the law. If she arrived late at night, footsore and weary, to find the shelter of some poor lodging, the overseer was generally told by some spy,

who thirsted for a quart of ale, the usual reward for such information. In general a few threatening words were enough to make the poor creature "move on;" but sometimes she was more obstinate, and a bribe of several shillings had to be given "to persuade her to go away." More than once, after a woman was actually taken ill, she was put into a cart with some straw, and hurried over the boundary into another parish. We have the history of one case which helps us to realise something of what poor women suffered from this law. In July, 1719, a widow, named Dorothy Jones, was sent from some parish in Shropshire to Upton, as the place of her husband's legal settlement, immediately after his death. She would be provided with a pass, which would enable her to get necessary food on the way, but her journey must have been mostly on foot, a weary walk for one in her state in the hot days of summer. She was taken ill immediately on her arrival, and there was something so forlorn and pathetic in her case that she was evidently treated with much kindness. During the *nine days* that her travail lasted, more than a pound was expended in providing her with attendance, and everything that was needed in the way of comforts and even luxuries; for white bread and butter and ale and wine are mentioned. All was in vain to recruit the strength that had been so grievously tried; the young widow died when her baby was born, and, wrapped in parish "muffler and cap," Dorothy Jones, a stranger, was laid to rest in our churchyard. Her little girl was put under the charge of a nurse, at a cost of 1s. 8d. per week, and she seems to have been rather a pet with the officials during her few months of life, as there are several entries about her clothes, one being:—

"For making a frock for Dorothy Jones' child of her apron, and putting more to it, 7d."

They were fond of turning dead people's clothes to

account in those days. On one occasion, when the register records that "a stranger was drownded," the parish book mentions what was paid to the tailor for making "a cote and two pair of britches of the clothes of the man that was drownded."

A great deal of time and money was expended in compelling non-parishioners to fulfil their promise of marriage to some Upton girl. One man, Joseph Fluck by name, was fetched from Deerhurst by two men, watched over in Upton by another man, "for fear he should run away," taken before the justices in Worcester, provided with a licence and ring, and finally married, all at the expense of the parish. Even then, it was not considered likely that the reluctant bridegroom would take his wife away, for three horses and a man were hired to convey the newly-wedded couple to their distant home. One of these compulsory marriages cost the parish of Severn Stoke £3 19s., and the statement of the expenses concludes with this sarcastic entry: "Mr. Jackson and myself with our horses tending on this glorious wedding, 5s." A young woman, named Bess Griffin, may be taken as a type of the character which was bringing frequent trouble and expense on the parish; for some offence not stated she was taken to Worcester gaol, and detained there a month. If she were bad when she went into prison, she was probably much worse when she came away from its evil companionship and influence. Afterwards she was constantly giving trouble to the overseers in some way or other, and was evidently one of those audacious, immoral, and turbulent women to be found even in times when much pains have been taken with the training of girls, as was the case in Bess Griffin's childhood under good Mr. Richard Smith. We have an illustration of the management of prisons in an entry some years later; the overseer notes two

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payments on behalf of an Upton man imprisoned in Worcester Bridewell; one is for refreshments "at the coffee-house in bridewell," and the other for "redeeming the man's tools out of bridewell" after he was released. The Worcester gaol was, according to Howard and others, in a very dreadful state; the prisoners were herded together, without any attempt at separating the worst criminals from the young boys and girls who had been sent in for some slight offence. A separate room could only be had at a heavy cost, while necessary bedding, and all food but the coarsest and scantiest, had to be purchased from the gaoler at his own prices. The wretched prisoners would often sell or pawn their clothes, tools, or any other possessions, in order to obtain a sufficient meal, or a heap of clean straw for their bedding.

It may be observed that part of the parochial expenditure was caused by the prevalent immorality and the stringency of the poor laws, and not by the relief of the poor and aged. Still, the thriftlessness and lack of independence among the poor combined with other causes to make the poor rates an increasingly heavy burden. In Upton they rose from £97 10s. in 1682 to £209 in 1729; but in the latter year it was a time of peace and reviving commerce, and the middle classes were thriving. A few years later, when England was plunged into continental war, and her export trade checked, the rate-payers felt the increase of pauperism to be an intolerable evil. We find several indications of this feeling in the apologetic tone of the overseers' entries:

	s.	d.
"To ould Brick being a sick family	1	0"
"To a poor reduced gentlewoman	0	3"
"To a poore woman in grate distress	0	3"
"To a poor man that fell down in the street ...	0	6"
"To a distressed object	0	8"

In 1762 occurs an entry which is partly warning and partly reprimand:

"It is ordered that the overseer doe not relieve any papor, and if he doe it will not be allowed."

In 1763 a new state of things began with the erection of a workhouse on the spot still known as Old Workhouse Yard. Full and minute accounts are given as to the dietary, clothing, and furnishing of the house, but the parish books henceforth lose a great deal of their interest from having no longer their quaint details about the every-day life of Upton. An endeavour was made to stop all out-door relief except to those who were very ill, as was "John Barnet of ye gout, not being able to get out of his bed." A few old people still received weekly pay, but the overseers were directed, as a general rule, when any persons applied for relief, "to bid them go into ye workhouse." The Severn Stoke officials were very severe as to idlers; in 1702 certain young women who refused to go to service were taken before "ye justice," and, we may suppose, were compelled to find themselves places. At another time the overseer notes two payments, one to "Will Wadley in his need, 15s.;" the other to "John Horn in his laziness, 9s."

Upton was again before the age in attempting the labour test, so dear to modern philanthropists. A plot of ground was rented, and, when any able-bodied person desired help, he was set to work under the directions of the master of the workhouse. The inmates seem to have been well fed, with fresh meat three times a week, and bread, cheese, and beer for ordinary meals; at Christmas "plumbs and shuger" are provided, and once there is a notice of 3s. being given "to the poor people by way of encouragement."

Considerable pains were taken with the many children whose only home was within the workhouse

walls; they were to be taught to read and write, to beat hemp, or to make pins, and boys and girls alike were to learn knitting, "so that they should be no more idle." There are some entertaining entries about parish apprentices, who probably, poor children, had but little kindness shown them by their masters. The great desire of the parish was to be clear of the burden of their maintenance, as in the following agreement between the Severn Stoke officials and "Chrisfer Brookbanks about Thomas Vernall:" Brookbanks is to have the boy for five years, without any charge to the parish beyond the yearly payment of thirty shillings to buy him clothes; "but if this boy should run away from him and receive damig, then to returne the money and the parish take the boy." One frequent item in the old indentures is that the apprentice "shall neither waste his master's goods nor commit matrimony without his consent."

As regards the prices of other things beside corn, we find that through nearly the whole of the century beef and mutton were from 3d. to 3½d. per lb.; cheese and butter from 3d. to 4d., and sugar 6d., while tea and coffee were luxuries unknown to the poor. Clothing of all sorts was dear; for instance, linsey and flannel were about double their present price, and boots and shoes were equally expensive.

Medical Customs.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century there were two medical men in Upton of high position and character. Dr. Richard Hill was the head of the family of Hill of Greenfields, and Dr. Evans was a scholarly gentleman, who had been a great traveller, and came to end his days in the quiet of Upton. Their patients were only among well-to-do persons, for such alone indulged in the luxury of being attended

by a qualified practitioner; excepting when a limb had to be set, or some difficult operation performed, the poor were treated by old women, or by quack doctors, who undertook each case at a certain charge. Bleeding was a favourite remedy for every variety of ailment, and was performed at the charge of sixpence. Hannah Niblett, who had a bad leg, was bled three or four times a month, with the result that shortly after the last "blooding," a parish meeting was held to consider how much should be paid to a Mr. Brown "for cutting off Hannah Niblett her legg." She survived the operation, and received parish pay and frequent donations of meat and coals for many years. Ann Barber had also an expensive leg; ten shillings was paid to a doctress for curing it, and afterwards it required more than once "brandy and turpentine to bath it." This was a favourite liniment for the back or limbs; poulticing seems to have been considered "skilled labour," and was charged for accordingly:—

(S. S.) "For white bread to make pultise for Parker's gouty legg at times ... ... 2s. 8d."
"Wid. Bernard for boyling ye white bread in milk for Parker's legg ... ... 10s. 0d."

Goody Shepherd was the "wise woman" of Upton, as Widow Bernard was of Severn Stoke; and they undertook the cure of bad eyes and sores at charges varying from two shillings to ten, and probably used herbs and flowers for their lotions and medicines. Some of these ancient prescriptions still linger amongst us. Hyssop and horehound tea are considered excellent for coughs; rue, nettle, and tansy, to be taken fasting, are supposed to be beneficial in different forms of dyspepsia; the juice of celandine and black bryony removes corns and bruises; while white lily roots, elder-flowers, and house-leek, mixed with fresh liquor or cream, make soothing ointments and lotions.

About the middle of the century Mr. Aycrigg undertook the medical treatment of the poor at a charge of seven pounds, operations and difficult cases being regarded as extras; but Mrs. Haines, of Ashchurch, appears to have been the female consulting physician of the neighbourhood, and practised surgery as well as medicine. About the end of the century, Mr. Charles Aycrigg received fifteen pounds for inoculating all parishioners who would submit to the treatment. The parochial authorities showed great wisdom as to infectious diseases; on one occasion Thomas Finch was paid, "for keeping in when he was sick, 16s.;" and, at another time, "a begging boy," who was found to have the small-pox, was removed from the town to the house of Widow Bishop in the country. The poor woman died of the disease, but her little guest, as well as her son, recovered. It is difficult to account for the pig being involved in the misfortunes of the family, as appears in the following extracts:—

"For bringing Widow Bishop's pigg to town at three times ... ... 3d.'
"For keeping Widow Bishop's pigg three weeks ... ... 8d.'

Those suffering from small-pox were treated with great liberality; one family called Pony received two pounds twelve shillings and fivepence in less than three weeks, beside such comforts and luxuries as "a hop sack, blanketts, candles, soap, and salt butter and rasons, shuger," and a mixture called "Metheridale," possibly intended for "Methridatum," an antidote against infection (Halliwell). Apparently there was great difficulty in having the corpses of victims of small-pox decently laid out and interred; two or three shillings' worth were frequently given in food and drink, in addition to the ordinary burial expenses: and occasionally there was an extra payment for "pitch to burn before ye door." The first

mention of small-pox is in 1693, when the death-rate rose from an average of twenty-three to forty-three, and in the following year to fifty-eight. During the last century this horrible disease was in Upton every ten or twelve years, and the deaths were seventy-seven in 1727, and ninety-five in 1770. In the neighbourhood it was as bad in proportion; at Severn Stoke, out of fifteen deaths in one year, seven were from fever or small-pox. In that village, as in Upton, the disease seems to have affected certain families every time it appeared, and this may have been, not so much from a constitutional liability to the disease, as from their residing in unwholesome localities. The lower part of New-street and the alleys near the river have always been favourite haunts of pestilence, and equally have they been favourite abodes with men and women who love to occupy the same house in which "grandfather lived for a matter of forty years," or "next door to one in which father's grandmother was bred and born."

As regards other matters, we find the mention of "imposthume" (*i.e.*, abscess), "spotted fever" (S.S.), and "messles" among the complaints, and "going to the bath," and a "blistrin plaster," among the remedies. Under the latter head may be mentioned some medical charms which have come down to us from remote times, and which have been practised within the last few years, such as a ring made of silver, which has been offered at the Holy Communion, to be worn as a remedy for epilepsy; and plucking nine hairs from the centre of the cross on the back of a donkey, which hairs are then put into a muslin bag, and hung round the neck of a child suffering from whooping cough. Another cure for this complaint is for the child to be taken out of doors on nine successive mornings, fasting, and never two following days the same way. This charm must have been devised by

some one wise beyond his age, who knew that the pure air of early morning was the best relief for the spasms of whooping cough. Great faith is placed in rain water which has fallen on Ascension Day as a cure for sore eyes, and it is firmly believed that this water does not become decomposed like ordinary rain water.

We have some light thrown upon the treatment of lunatics by certain entries concerning Mary Edging, in 1760. She had apparently been kept under restraint at home, in a state of dreadful misery and neglect, until it was decided to send her to Bedlam, at the expense of the parish. A wagon was hired at the cost of four pounds four shillings, and she was cleaned and clothed in preparation for the journey; two women were paid for "washing and striping her," and she was arrayed in a new "gownde, under gownde, quilted coot, under coot, stomagher, and cap," as well as fettered with a new chain and "champs," *i.e.*, fetters for the feet.

The treatment of Bedlam, with its dark cells and whips, was not more successful than the cruel restraints of home, and the poor lunatic was returned as incurable. Two or three further payments are noted on her account, but, as they soon cease, we may hope that her miserable life was not further prolonged.

Drinking Customs.

Upton, like most of the water-side towns of the Midlands, has had an evil reputation in the matter of drunkenness. That there is some reason for this opinion is shown by the fact that our town, with a population of a little over one thousand eight hundred, has at the present time nineteen public-houses. We are apt to forget, however, that the drinking habits of our people are the outcome of the customs of centuries, and especially of the customs of "treating," and giving drink as part of wages. Even now, when a

boat is unloaded, the employer gives a certain amount of money to each man, and also sends him to the nearest public-house for so much beer or cider. If a man declines the drink, he gets no extra cash, but one or two large-minded boat-owners will allow him to ask for "ginger pop" instead of alcohol. Many a reformed drunkard relapses either because he does not like to lose his rights, or because, if he goes to the tavern for the harmless refreshment, the sight and smell of liquor, and the jeers of his old companions, are too much for his resolution.

If we go back in our history, we shall find the custom of treating prevalent on every occasion of public or private life. Men were given drink for ringing the bells or for oiling them, for taking relief to the sick or for carrying a corpse to the grave; women received three pennyworth of bread and cheese and six pennyworth of beer for sitting up with a sick person, or for laying out a corpse, in case of death from small-pox the quantity of liquor being doubled or trebled. The clergyman who came to baptize a "parish baby," and the women who were present, were all treated.

"Spent in treating the Parson Jeffreys for baptizing the child, 1s."

"A quart of ale at Clinton's child Chrisning, 2d."

"Gave to make the women drink at the baptizing of Niblett's child, 1s. 6d."

Parish meetings were great times for drinking, as two or three of the following extracts will show, but the practice has not left such visible traces on our parish documents as on those of Longdon, where a discoloured circle still shows the size of the big jug from which the officials took their quart apiece during the meetings. It should be remembered that in the last century a total abstainer was a very rare creature; unless a man disliked the taste of alcohol, or found

that it disagreed with him, he took it as a matter of course. The most religious and the best-conducted persons saw no more harm in taking alcohol than in eating bread, and they drank an amount which would seem excessive in the present time. The most respected philanthropists and preachers, although they abhorred drunkenness quite as much as we can do, used then to take several glasses of wine or ale daily; the sober working man had his two quarts of beer or cider from his master's barrel, and when he went home he drank his pint of home-brewed with his supper, before he read his chapter and went to bed. The same man saw no harm in having a gallon or five quarts in hay-making or harvest time, nor in accepting "odd glasses" if sent on a message or asked to do extra work. As an illustration of the amount of stimulants used in the houses of persons of good position and character, we subjoin the bill of refreshments provided at the funeral of Mrs. Elizabeth Bromley in 1731:—

	s.	d.
10 Bottels of Wine	19	6
21 Quarts of Ale	4	6
Bread	1	0
Butter	0	3

Although not quite in the same proportion as the bread and sack in Falstaff's tavern bill, it will be seen that the consumption of drinkables is in very much larger measure than that of eatables.

The practice of "wetting the bargain," as it is called in Worcestershire, has always been a fruitful source of temptation and of lavish expenditure, as for instance:—

"For drink at selling the poor's grass, 10s."

It still seems impossible for Upton men to arrange a bargain of any kind without adjourning to a public-house in order to treat each other to some liquor.

It will be seen in the extracts from the parish books how often drink was given as a medicine in every kind of illness. A good many poor women were like Grace Weaver, who "made complaint of illness," and was presented with one shilling and sixpence "in order to provide her drink." No doubt a great increase of drunkenness was owing to the reaction against Puritanism which followed the Restoration; but it was held in check, for about half a century, by the strong religious feeling still remaining among those who had been trained by the Puritans, or by those Churchmen who had held on to their creed through all the dangers of civil strife. From the middle of the last century until a recent period, drinking habits and customs have kept their dominion over each successive generation of our people; but of late years, through the influence of Temperance societies, and from other causes, there has arisen a healthier tone of public opinion in the working-class. The result has been that excessive drinking at club feasts, treating, and drink payments are gradually disappearing, while numbers of young people are growing up to do without stimulants of any kind.

Parochial History.

When the eighteenth century opened, several families in the parish were residing in the homes which had been those of their ancestors for one or two hundred years. The Bromleys, Hills, and Hacketts were still at Ham Court, Greenfields, and Bury-end; and, in a different station, the Bound, Winbury, and Morris families were selling linen-drapery and meat in the same shops where their great-grandfathers had served customers. Upton shoes were still made and mended by a Farley, and bread and flour sold by a Baskerville; but the Cotterills and Linghams had exchanged their country life for shops in the town,

one of the former name being also an officer of excise. By the end of the century nearly every house of any importance had changed hands, the old families, with few exceptions, having left the place, or sunk into a subordinate position.

The old familiar names disappear one by one from the yearly group of signatures in the parish book. The Clarkes succeed the Dowdeswells at South-end, while Bury-end and Greenfields become ordinary farm-houses. Mr. Skey builds a large house and brewery at the Waterside, and Mr. Sheward erects another dwelling in Buryfield. Two or three comfortable houses in High-street and New-street belong to this time, when the middle class was rapidly obtaining more social and political importance.

In Queen Anne's reign, Upton had some share in the strife of religious parties which followed on the removal of penal laws against the Dissenters. A manuscript journal preserved at Hartlebury gives a curious account of an episode in the religious history of Upton. The Anabaptists of this parish had desired to hold a public conference, or disputation, with the ministers of the Church, in order to state their reasons for separating from it. The challenge was accepted by Mr. Richard Smith, and also by the Rector of Severn Stoke and the Vicar of Hanley, subject to the approval of the Bishop. Permission was freely given, and the Bishop appointed that the discussion should be held after a Confirmation, on August 1, 1704, so that he might be present himself, and see "that all should be done with all possible fairness to the Separatists, and that they themselves, keeping within the bounds of a fair discussion, should not suffer for anything they should say." The Nonconformist leaders were invited to attend as soon as service and sermon were over, and, if necessary, to continue the discussion on the following morning.

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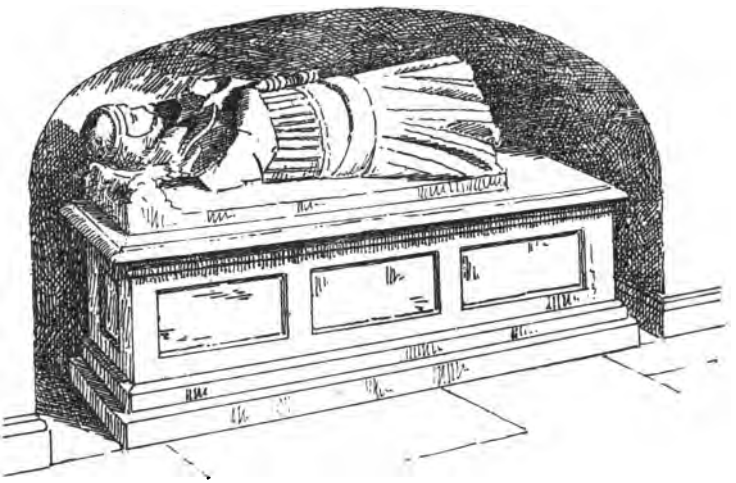
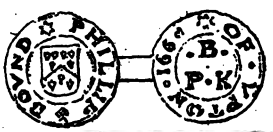
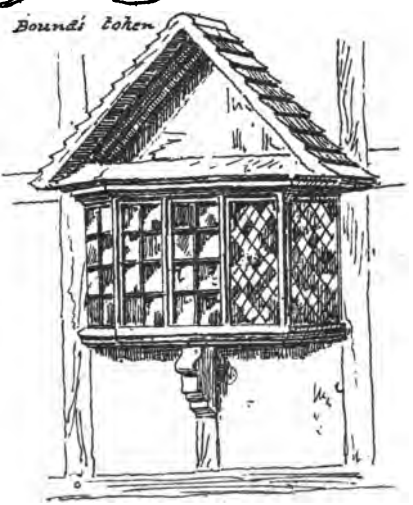




Philip Bound Cohen

Weather vane at Southend



Window at Pilys Orchard 1465

One hundred and eighty years have intervened between that Confirmation and the one held in Upton this summer; alike in some points and strangely different in others. There are the same groups of young people coming in from the villages round, the same form of prayer and blessing, the same words of promise spoken, representing in the few an earnest and abiding purpose, and in the many a solemn but fleeting impression; the differences are in outside things—in dress, in buildings, in manner and ritual. That service would not be brightened by much in the way of chanting and singing, but there would probably be sung, to an accompaniment of stringed instruments, the grand "Old Hundredth," the festival hymn of three centuries.

When the newly-confirmed had left the Church there was a pause of expectation; the Bishop sat in his great chair, to his right the tomb of the Crusader, who had waged war against the Saracen four hundred years earlier. Bishop Lloyd was himself a hero of Church history, although he had combated no infidel, but a Christian king; for he was one of the seven Bishops who went to the Tower rather than obey the decrees of James. Unlike Sancroft and Ken, Bishop Lloyd was an ardent partisan of the Whig or Government party. The year before this Confirmation, during a general election, he had used all means, fair and unfair, to prevent the return of the Tory candidate, Sir John Pakington.

In 1704 he was an alert, vigorous old man of seventy-seven, pleasant and kindly to all but political opponents. He had shown to the Dissenters of his diocese an indulgence rare in Churchmen of his day, but, nevertheless, the Anabaptists of Upton were afraid to venture on the discussion which they had in the first instance invited. Perhaps they doubted the Bishop's fairness, or were afraid to encounter the

heavy metal of Mr. Smith's learning and eloquence. How long the Prelate sat waiting, while the three clergymen stood by in cassocks and bands, and the congregation strained their eyes and ears for the coming of the Separatists, we cannot tell; but the MS. concludes by stating, "No Dissenters appeared to his Lordship in Upton."

This failure in friendly discussion may have led to an increase of religious animosity, of which the outcome was a disturbance, chronicled in a book still existing at the Baptist Chapel. Mr. Hankin, a gentleman of fortune, who rented Soley's orchard, seems to have presided over the Anabaptist congregation at Upton, which met for worship in a large room in one of the houses in Dunn's-lane. Here they were attacked one Sunday by what the record describes as "a mob of High Church furies," who endeavoured to break in the doors and seize Mr. Hankin, the object of their special aversion. Fortunately for him, he was able to escape out of the back of the house, and thence in a boat down the river. His congregation, meanwhile, valiantly defended the front, and with the aid of an iron bar snatched from one of the assailants, they kept the mob at bay until rescue arrived. The Anabaptists had formed a congregation here as early as 1670, and, as time went on, it included many of the influential tradesmen of the town, and among them the Baskervilles, Skeys, and Hudsons.

In the early part of the last century, a large proportion of the clergy were men of earnestness and learning, who exercised a considerable influence over all classes of their people. They did not work according to modern lights, as even Mr. Smith presided at parish meetings held in the Church on Sunday afternoons; while night schools and Sunday schools were unthought of. But the clergy made much of the Catechism, and required it to be said before Con-

firmation, with an accuracy such as we seldom find in modern Sunday schools. In later years very little was done in the way of religious teaching or training, and education of all kinds was at a low ebb. Between twenty and thirty girls were taught in the Charity School, maintained by Mr. and Mrs. Smith's bequest, and in 1787, an elaborate scheme was made for educating a certain number of poor boys. The girls were to be instructed in reading, knitting, and sewing, and not to begin learning writing until they were perfect in these three subjects. The boys were permitted to write from the first; but arithmetic was not considered necessary. The master was desired to be "tender" in correcting them, and to take all possible care to "prevent impiety and immorality."

There was a school kept in Upton by a Mr. Thomas Pitt, whose weekly fee was sixpence for each pupil, a large sum for men to pay out of wages amounting to six or seven shillings a week. Mr. Pitt may have been as "skilled to rule" as the learned schoolmaster described in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," but in general the masters and dames were exceedingly illiterate, making up in severity what they lacked in knowledge.

Upton had some concern in the religious revival of the last century. Philip Doddridge was a man who, by his learned and devotional writings, has exercised an influence from his own time to the present. He was married in Upton to Mercy, one of the daughters of Mr. Morris, and niece, or grand-niece, of the old Jacobite clergyman. The marriage was, we may conclude, very distasteful to the Morrises; no mention of Mercy's name occurs in any of the family papers, and it is to be feared that the young couple were seldom welcomed as guests at the old house in the High-street. We should like to think that in its low-roofed

parlour, long before it was known to the public, there sounded forth Doddridge's beautiful hymn—

"My God, and is Thy table spread," &c.

The Wesleyan movement did not affect Worcestershire as early or as strongly as it stirred many other parts of England; and when John Wesley preached at the opening of a new chapel in Upton, in 1770, he had not to encounter the dangers which beset the beginning of his itinerancy. Magistrates sent out neither soldiers nor warrants against him, and no angry mob, flinging missiles and curses, gathered around him. It is mentioned that in this county he met with special kindness from the clergy; and, as he never failed to attend the services of the Church, we may be sure that, if he were in Upton on the first Sunday in the month, he knelt to receive the Holy Communion from the hands of Mr. Baines or his curate. At that time the services of Wesley and his followers were almost invariably in the early morning or late in the evening, so as not to interfere with the morning and evening prayer of the Church. The little chapel in which he preached is now used as Mr. Richard White's workshop, and bears traces of an architectural taste somewhat in advance of the age. It must have been densely crowded on that March day when the "silver-haired, apostolic, old man" preached with all his marvellous power to the poor folk of Upton, the class he best loved to influence. The English poor were ignorant and debased to an incredible degree, and in Upton, it is to be feared, the workers on the water, with their hereditary drinking habits, were even more immoral and profane than their country neighbours. The Church had lost her hold on the people to a great extent; services and sermons were alike dull and wearisome, and the clergy were too few in number, and in many instances too inert, to visit among their

people and make friends with them. There were, no doubt, some earnest souls who loved their Prayer-books only less than their Bibles, and who found the deepest joy and truest refreshment in the Sunday services. The pictures, books, and newspapers of the day sadden us with their indications of the wickedness of all classes, but this darkness serves only to throw into lovelier relief such characters as Goldsmith's "Country Parson," or Cowper's "Lacemaker."

Perhaps some of those who gathered in Old-street to hear Wesley's preaching were men and women who had shut themselves out from all means of grace, ever since they had been old enough to choose the evil and reject the good. With them, as with the colliers of Kingswood or the miners of Cornwall, that fervent preaching and that sweet hymn-singing were the means of awakening many a hardened and evil heart to a true repentance, no mere passing emotion, but an abiding change of heart and life. To some of John Wesley's hearers that life may have been a very short one; for before the summer was over small-pox of a very malignant character appeared in the town, and upwards of forty persons died of it.

The year 1770 was also marked by the highest flood recorded in this district; it was far up Dunn's lane and New-street, and many feet deep in the Quay and Goomstool cottages. At Severn Stoke the water saturated the register books in the vestry, so that part of one volume is nearly illegible, and the stained and crumpled pages still show the traces of their immersion. In the same parish, in the hamlet of Clifton, a man and his wife found the water rising so fast in their bedroom that the man made a hole in the roof through which they scrambled just in time to save their lives, and he is remembered to this day by the name of "Rat Wiltshire."

It is stated in Green's "History of the English People," as a sign of the religious apathy which marked the time of the first and second Georges, that scarcely a single new church had been erected during their reigns. It may, therefore, be taken as a proof of a more generous spirit that the men of Upton began to build themselves a church in 1754. In the previous September, Horace Walpole described the old church as "half ruined." It had survived through four centuries of English history, and men had hurried to pray there when in deadly peril from the black death or plague, or small-pox; the Roman ritual, the reformed liturgy, and Puritan prayers and sermons had sounded within its walls; it had been marred and defaced by the fierce zeal of Reformers and Ironsides, and little care had been taken to restore crumbling stones and decaying woodwork. It is impossible to say why it had not been repaired out of Hall's charity fund, but the lands may have been let on long leases, so that the lump sum raised may have dried up the source of annual income. The walls of the old church were as strong as when they were first built, but much of the interior may have been ruinous, and it certainly must have been damp and unwholesome from the ground having risen to a considerable height about the walls. At a public meeting held in the church in December 1774, under the presidency of Mr. Bromley, it was decided that Mr. John Willoughby should undertake the demolition of the old and the erection of a new church, which work was begun early in the following spring. It seems as if no one concerned in the matter had the slightest reverence for the relics of the past, or attempted to preserve any portion of the ancient building; with one or two exceptions such monuments only were preserved as belonged to families still existing in Upton; all others were broken to pieces, and a few fragments may be seen in a wall near Pool House.

The contract, dated December 10, 1754, provides for the pulling down of "the remainder of the Parish Church and chancel . . . which is now standing," and building "a new church and chancel in the stead and place thereof," for "the sum of one thousand four hundred and sixty-nine pounds." According to a paper in the possession of the late Mr. T. Bird, out of this sum £240 was to be allowed for the old materials and for the stone brought by the late churchwardens towards the rebuilding of the church. This, doubtless, refers to the fact stated, in Rudder's "History of Gloucester," that the materials of the tower and cross of the Church of the Holy Trinity, in the old market, Westgate-street, Gloucester, which had been left standing when the church was taken down in 1698, were removed in 1750, and the materials sold for the rebuilding of Upton Parish Church. Towards the cost of the new church some donations may have been obtained, but the only one recorded is £20 from Mr. King, probably the same person as "Mr. George Kings, Islington, near London," who, in 1787, gave £100 towards establishing a charity school in Upton. A church rate of one shilling and eightpence in the pound was made, and the churchwardens bring in an extra charge on account of this levy, "being an extraordinary trouble in collecting." But the greater part of the cost was defrayed from a charity fund. There are inscriptions at the east end of the nave which are now concealed by the upper galleries and the colouring of the walls, but which were visible when Dr. Prattinton paid his visit to the church in 1820. From his manuscript notes, in the custody of the Society of Antiquaries, it appears that certain houses and lands, which evidently belonged to Morris's, *alias* Woodward's, charity, were "sold by the Feoffees of this parish . . . for ninety-nine years, determinable as under-mentioned, for the sums of £604 . . . and

£155, which were . . . applied towards the rebuilding of this church."

About the same time, John Willoughby, the builder, was authorised "to pull down the spire to the leads, and to secure the clock, bells, and tower, for seven guineas and the old materials." The spire, which was visible from a great distance, and is mentioned in sundry poems about the neighbourhood of Malvern, had to be pulled down by ropes and a team of horses, and was after a time replaced by the existing wooden cupola, which was designed by Mr. Keck, architect, and cost £275. It was at first covered with lead; but as it was constantly requiring repairs, sundry meetings were held regarding the covering of the "Doom," or "Cupelow," and it was eventually decided to cover it with sheet copper, which has proved successful and looks well. Mr. C. H. Rickards has informed us that the suggestion of copper was made by his great-uncle, Mr. George Rickards, who was one of the churchwardens at the time, and who borrowed the idea from St. Peter's, at Rome. The cupola, although an anachronism as surmounting the fourteenth century tower, is not without architectural merit, and, when it was proposed in 1875 to rebuild the church on the old site, Mr. Blomfield thought the lines of the cupola so good that he desired to preserve it, with slight modifications.

A temporary building, styled "The Tabernacle," was put up in the churchyard, and the services were held there until the new church was completed. Levelling the ground outside the building was an expensive process, as it involved the smoothing away of all the mounds which marked the burial-places of many generations; and among the churchwardens' accounts appear the following items:—"Remouving the human mould," and "remouving the sile." As expenses increased, the authorities bethought them of

articles which they could sell, and, unfortunately, "the old plate" was sold for £2 3s., being the chalice and cover of 1571, which would have been of much interest in the present time.

The church of 1756, which is yet standing, mainly consists of a nave 62 ft. long by 41 feet wide. At the east end, by way of chancel, is a shallow recess, 10 ft. deep by 20 ft. wide, flanked by an inside porch or lobby on the south side, and by a vestry on the north. The style is of a would-be classical character, the walls are nearly 30 ft. high to the wall-plates, and support a vaulted ceiling. The interior, from its height and clear span of more than forty feet in width, must have possessed a certain kind of dignity while undisfigured by galleries; but first on the north side, and afterwards on the south, a pewed gallery was erected; and, in 1824, when an earnest curate, the Rev. James Furnival, had attracted large congregations by his preaching, additional sittings were obtained by putting up another tier of gallery on either side just under the ceiling. From first to last the church accommodation was very inadequate. Before the side galleries were erected there could not have been more than 250 sittings, and after the last addition was made the number could not be reckoned at more than 506.

There was from the first a small gallery at the west end, used for the singers. They were accompanied by sundry instruments, of which the bassoon was the most important, and a frequent charge to the parochial funds in the matter of repairs. There were high square pews for the Squire and the Rector, and high narrow pews for every one else, excepting a few small square ones under the windows. The authorities who made these arrangements do not seem to have regarded kneeling as a proper attitude during worship, and the dimensions of the pews rendered it

scarcely possible. However much we may find to dislike in the architecture and arrangements of the eighteenth century church, it was in accordance with the taste of the age, and Upton people were gratified when some topographical dictionary described it as "a neat and handsome structure."

Bell-ringing was an important institution in old times, and in the parish books of Upton and Severn Stoke we find a series of links connecting parochial with national history in the payments for ringing. When telegraphs were not, and newspapers were scarce, at some time of public anxiety the sound of the church bells gave the first good news to the surrounding neighbourhood. The cheers of the London crowds around the Seven Bishops, and the thunder of British cannon at Quebec and Trafalgar were echoed by the joyful sound of our parish bells, which pealed out also for many another event of great importance to the Englishmen of those days. The amount of ale given to the ringers would seem to have been regulated by the extent of parochial satisfaction; on ordinary occasions, such as the anniversary of the King's birthday, or of his accession, only three quarts of ale were allowed for each man, but sometimes the ringers received double that quantity; the largest amount expended on the ringers is fifteen shillings after the victory at Trafalgar. Every now and then the parish, amongst other economies, determined that no more money should be paid "on the usual rejoicing days," and only ten shillings a year be paid for the Sunday chiming. Bells, however, were too popular to be easily silenced, and in a few years they were sounding out as frequently as ever.

Among the curious notices in our old books are some entries concerning briefs during Mr. Smith's incumbency. These briefs were letters of request to parish officials all over England to make collections

for various purposes. They were granted by the Sovereign, and were generally obeyed, although their frequency must have made them a heavy tax on the congregations of smaller parishes. In some years only three or four briefs are mentioned, but in others they were more frequent; in 1712, for instance, there were eleven collections in Upton, the smallest amount received being one shilling and twopence, and the largest fifteen shillings, "for the slaves in Mechan," which was probably some place in Barbary, unknown to modern geography.

Of Mr. Smith's successor, Mr. Walter Jones, and of Mr. John Benson, who came after him, we know very little. Their signatures are found two or three times in the parish books at the beginning of their incumbencies, and then disappear altogether. They must have held other livings and have left this larger parish to the care of a single curate. Mr. Benson is described in a parochial lease, as "of the City of Worcester." To him, however, we are indebted for the only known terrier of the rectory glebe, tithes, and other property, and also for a careful list of the church plate, as it existed in his time. With the exception of that which was sold at the rebuilding of the church, all this plate is in use at present. Mr. Benson died in 1768, and was succeeded by Mr. Thomas Baines, nephew to Dr. Johnson, Bishop of Worcester. He was an active, energetic man, but some dispute as to tithes, which were then paid in kind, caused much ill-feeling between him and his parishioners; and to settle the difficulty the Bishop presented him to another living, and collated a younger brother, Mr. Robert Baines, to the Rectory of Upton.

The living was held by these two for sixty-three years, and it used to be a saying amongst our old people, when they wished to indicate that some event

had occurred in pre-historic times that it was "afore Mr. Baines." Mr. Robert Baines married when young, and had a large family. Even in our own time there has been a vivid recollection of the pretty faces and merry ways of his daughters, and of the gay parties at the Rectory. Three of those bright young lives came to a tragical ending: the eldest daughter was burned to death whilst on a visit to London; her sister, Mrs. Deverell, a lovely young woman, was drowned, with her husband and three children, in the wreck of the *Abergavenny*, off Portland; and their only brother met with a similar fate in the familiar waters of Severn, having been drowned while bathing at Sandy Point.

Mr. Baines considerably enlarged the Rectory, and he let it at one time, when long absent from Upton, to Dr. James, the head-master of Rugby. It was also let during the latter years of Mr. Baines' life, as he then had taken up his abode in a house in Old-street; he died in 1825, in extreme old age, having survived all his family but one daughter. There are some curious notices in our books relating to ecclesiastical affairs in the long period of the incumbencies of these two brothers :—

	£	s.	d.
"Paid the Rev. Mr. Baines for writing the transcripts for seven years	2	11	6
Hors hyor for Mr. Baines		2	6
To a bottle of port wine for the parson		5	2
To taking out of the Churchwarden for Mr. Baines	1	9	6
A book of the Homilies..		15	0
For getting stains off table linen and two lemons...		1	6
For reading three prayers to the Bishop		12	0"

We have many indications in the old accounts of laws and customs now passed away. "Whitsun farthings," a payment from each parish church to the cathedral, are mentioned several times; and a sum of five pounds, being half the penalty "for shuting

hares on a Sunday," is entered to the credit of the parish. The picturesque custom of "processioning," or beating the bounds of the parish, is still remembered by a few old men, who were among the "gallus boys as runned along by the gentlefolk's horses," taking their chance of being soused in a boundary ditch, or thrashed at a boundary hedge, and counting upon some coppers afterwards. The following entries refer to such occasions:

	£	s.	d.
"Expencis in going too dayes a pozethening to survay the bounds of the parish	1	8	0
Possessoning with Ripple	0	13	6
Partal possessoning	0	3	6"

Towards the end of the century, when war and revolution were filling the minds of Englishmen with constant apprehension, great pains were taken to increase the number and the efficiency of the militia. The block of buildings called the Depôt was used as militia barracks for some years, and many a soldier lodged in them must have been one of the heroes of those wars which made the end of the last and the beginning of this century so glorious and so terrible. The parish was charged with the rent of these barracks, and also paid now and then for a substitute for some parishioner who was "drawn for the militia."

There were great changes at the manor house in the last half of the century. Mr. Bromley died in 1755, before the new church was completed, and he left one daughter, Judith, the last of the Bromleys of Ham Court. She and her mother quitted Upton soon after Mr. Bromley's death, and resided for some years at Tewkesbury. When the heiress returned, it was as the wife of Mr. John Martin, one of a family long established at Overbury; they rebuilt nearly the whole of the present house, and also formed a valu-

able library, and an extremely good collection of pictures. Mr. Martin was a great power for good in the parish, and took special pains to discourage pauperism, and relieve only the aged and sick. There is an interesting portrait of Mrs. Martin by her friend, Angelica Kauffman; it represents the lady of the manor with a fine figure, and a kind, clever face, having something of the characteristics of the later Bromleys. The picture of Angelica Kauffman, painted by herself, is in the same room, and preserves to us the pure and noble face of one of the most charming and most unhappy women of her time. Mrs. Martin was long remembered for her good sense, and for little acts of kindness, less common in her days than in our own. She would stop her carriage in order that she might inspect a poor boy's attempt at drawing, and she would herself assist in making a poor woman's bed and setting her room in order. Mr. Martin died in 1794, and the lady of the manor married again, her second husband being Colonel Bland, who died in 1808, a year before herself. She bequeathed all her property to the nephew of her first husband, the Rev. Joseph Martin, whose grandson is our present lord of the manor.

It is worth while to notice the curious changes in Christian names during the 300 years of our registers. In the times of Elizabeth and James children were frequently baptized as Christopher or Anthony, Marjory, Joan, or Anice. Afterwards came a number of Old Testament names, Ezra, Nehemiah, Zechariah, Mordecai, Hannah, and Rebekah, and these again were followed by our modern names. William was a very rare name up to the time of the Revolution. Mr. Bromley gave it to his son in 1685, when a large proportion of Englishmen were looking to William of Orange as the coming deliverer, and from that time it has been in general use. It would not be difficult

to trace the Royal family of England by the names of Upton children. Thus we find George, Frederick, Caroline, Amelia, and Charlotte, in the last century, and Adelaide, Victoria, and Albert in our own time. Some names have been given at the baptismal font time out of mind; John and Henry, Thomas and Edward have played and shouted after the manner of boys, whilst Elizabeth, Mary, and Anne have minded the babies of the period. Perhaps no more unusual and significant name was ever given than that of a Hill Croome bachelor, who wedded an Upton maiden on June 13, 1716. His surname being Lyes, he was given the Christian name of "Tell-no;" and it is to be hoped that, with this perpetual memento impressed upon him, he did tell no lies throughout his life.

EXTRACTS FROM PARISH BOOKS.

	£	s.	d.
"To Williams' child a shift and mantia	0	1	4
For mending young fellow his shoes...	0	1	6
For 2 yds. and 3 qrs. of flanning to make Widow Hallings ir wench a cote	0	2	9
To a poore woman, whose name is not desired to be known, 4 yds. and half flannell	0	4	10½
For making Widow Oliver a maud	0	2	3
A pair of shuse and whitols	0	5	0
Cleving and Halling the poor's Hood			
Expense for the Dutchman when ye cam to bind him	1	7	0
Thomas Pritchitt for odd things, and for sugar, candles, and bread, now two have the small-pox	0	2	6
A person sent to know what condition they are in...	0	0	4
Brown bread, white bread, and drink	0	1	6
Sugar, flowr, white bread	0	0	8
Sack for Pritchitt's company	0	0	3½
At Widow Oliver's funeral, paid the women for laying her out	0	2	6
In drink...	0	4	4
Bread and cheese	0	1	8
For blooding ould Griffin and necessaries	0	1	6
Old Brick to bury his wife and subsist ye rest of his family	0	16	0
Coffin, bell, grave, bread, cheese, drink for Lippitt's girl	0	8	0

	£	s.	d.
"Dr. Harbert, for cutting off Lippitt's arme, and what he applied to him before his arme was cut off ...	7	10	0
For cutting off the boy's leg	5	0	0
For ten weeks pay to the boy and man	3	3	6
For dyates	1	19	10
Linen cloth, burying the leg & arme, charcoal, bringing the old man & boy to town	0	5	0
A shin of beef for Lippitt & his boy	0	0	6"

"Resolved, at a parish meeting, held 4th of May, 1714, that no more than two shillings be spent at any one meeting, if held at a Public House."

(S. S.) "Allowed so much per annum, those underwritten, and the overseers not to give one farthing more without consent of the Rector and two or three neighbours, with estates of their own, upon no occasion whatever, upon forfeiture of paying the same out of their own purse, from 22nd of April, 1694-5."

(S. S.) "To a petion for redeeming slaves out of Turkey	0	0	6
(S. S.) Gave Mary Lowe when she was amiss ...			
(S. S.) Paid for a warrant for ye window men ...	0	1	0"

(S. S.) "1686. Payd to Mr. Walker, the Archdeacon's official, the summe of six pounds one shillin ten pence three farthings collected for the French Protestants by me, who gave forty shillins of the foresaid sum.

RALPH TAYLOR, Rector."

(S. S.) "For going to Upton to return the names of the Papists	0	1	0
(S. S.) 23 Aug., 1687. Given to ye Ringers, it being ye day wn. his Maty. King James 2nd came to Worcester	0	6	0
(S. S.) Victualls, lodging, and carriage to Crombe to a dysracted man	0	2	0
(S. S.) For my troble of taking Will Wager to Aschurch to Mrs. Hains, and once to Twxbury to have her advice of him...	0	4	0
(S. S.) Mary Joynes shoes and ye care of her, being bitt with a Boare	0	2	0
(S. S.) Charges on Easter Tuesday in ale agot consent	0	2	0
(S. S.) Paid the Earl of Coventry's Huntsman for 2 Foxes	0	4	0"

(S. S.) "For six young urchins and an old one ...	0	1	2
(S. S.) Paid Thos. Scriven for 7 foxes	0	14	0
(S. S.) Charges wn. Berwick and Foxes sheeps were replevin'd	0	1	0"
"To a numberalow	0	15	0
To biskes and cakes for the Bishop	0	1	6
To fruit for him...	0	1	0
For Court fees, 2 Horse Hiear, and expencis at ye Vizetersion	0	11	0
Some drink for ye Cleaning of ye walks	0	1	0"

Note I.

"Metheridale" is clearly the same as "mithridate" in the following passage, where Kiteley, fancying himself poisoned, cries—

> "I feel me ill; give me some *mithridate*,
> Some *mithridate* and oil, good sister, fetch me."
>
> Ben Jonson's "*Every Man in his Humour*," A. iv. s. 6.

Note II.

Bull-baiting was a custom of the eighteenth century, and was kept up in the early part of the nineteenth. Persons not long dead used to say that bulls were always baited before being killed, and that it was a rule that the flesh must be sold by candle-light; so that, even if sold at noon, the lighting of a candle was a necessary part of the transaction. The baiting seems at one time to have been enforced by law, probably with the purpose of making the flesh more tender, for in the *History of Southampton*, by the Rev. J. Silvester Davies, it is mentioned that in 1696 a butcher was fined four loads of faggots for killing a bull that had not been baited.

CHAPTER VII.

UPTON IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Upton was, on the whole, far more prosperous in the early part of this century than it is at present. It then possessed two or three small trades, such as the making of candles, chairs, and hats, and these helped to give some employment to those not engaged in the river trade or in agriculture. The traffic on the water, as mentioned elsewhere, has been considerably lessened by steam-tugs and railroads. Severn salmon has much diminished in value since the importation of the cheaper fish of Ireland and America. As in the country generally, so in this parish, the farmers are finding machinery cheaper than men for every variety of agricultural work; and in consequence many industrious and honest men are often for days and weeks without employment, and only a few on each farm are kept on, "wet or dry." The labourer who has regular work at present ought to be far better off than the working man of eighty years ago, with his wages of 6s. or 7s., and bread occasionally at famine prices, as in 1800, and again in 1820, when the best corn was from 20s. to 22s. per bushel. In the latter year it is remembered that on Christmas Day the sheaves of wheat were still standing in the fields, grown together in one tangled mass. The poor could not afford good flour in the times of scarcity, but had to be content with that made from this "grown wheat," which made very unwholesome and unpleasant bread. A

loaf of that winter is thus described: "He was that wet that if you throw'd him again a wall he'd stick there till you pulled him off." The one item of household expenditure that was cheaper in those days was meat, beef and mutton being from 4d. to 6d. per lb. Everything in the way of grocery and clothing was much more expensive. Old men and women are very severe as to the extravagance in dress of the young people of the present time. "What times is coming to I don't know, with girls a buyin' three or four frocks every year, and payin' seven shillings apiece for makin' 'em. When I were a girl, Mrs. Patty Skey gave the five as was best in the Sunday-school a new frock every Christmas Eve, and I were one of 'em. There ain't a girl in Upton now as 'ud put that frock on her back, for he was of blue linsey and as straight as straight; but I were that proud of him I used to keep on a-fingerin' him over in church time, and a-thinkin how nice I looked."

Secular education made but little progress during the first quarter of the century, but much good work was done in Sunday-schools, both of the Church and of the Nonconformists. Many old men and women speak of having acquired their power of reading a chapter in the Bible entirely from their Sunday-school teaching; the girls were marched to church in white tippets and caps, and the boys were looked after by a man who received 10s. a year for keeping them in order. The entries in the parish books mark the gradual change in the manner of conducting Church services: singers become important people, they have a curtain to their gallery, and are provided with music, and entertained occasionally with a supper at the Lion, at the cost of £3. In 1812 the stringed instruments are superseded by an organ, and a little later a parish meeting is held to discuss the lighting of the church for evening service. In some respects Church

affairs were at a low ebb during the first twenty years of this century. The Holy Communion was celebrated only three or four times in the year instead of monthly, as had been the custom for centuries, and the week-day services were reduced in number.

In 1825 the Rev. John Davison was appointed rector; he was a learned scholar and a most diligent parish priest. It was said by his contemporaries that he had an equally intimate acquaintance with the concerns of his people, and with classical and Chinese literature. He was the author of sundry publications, of which his work on prophecy is the best known. Mr. Davison raised the roof of the rectory, and otherwise improved it. A room at the top of the house is still called by the name he gave it, the "Malvern Study," and here he daily spent many hours, reading and writing at a table drawn close to the window, from which, whenever he raised his eyes, he could see the lovely outline of the Malverns. Canon Davison left, beside his learned works, some little poems of much grace and sweetness. Among these is an epitaph on the walls of the old church, in memory of a poor woman, who died from an exquisitely painful disease, under circumstances of great misery; and there is another in the cathedral to a young lady.

Canon Davison died in 1834, and was succeeded by the Rev. Henry Joseph Tayler, who was rector for thirty years; he concerned himself greatly with the education of the people, both religious and secular, and was instrumental in procuring the erection of the schools.

The Rev. Robert Lawson was collated to the rectory of Upton in 1864, and to an honorary canonry of the cathedral in 1874. He was also made rural dean of the deanery of Upton in 1878, and received each of these appointments from the present Bishop of Worcester.

Upton did not take much part in the agitation which preceded the Reform Bill of 1832, but some of the boatmen were at Bristol on that memorable Sunday, October 30th, 1831, when the mob in its drunken fury was plundering and burning both the public and private buildings of the city. Among the boatmen whose vessels were lying in the river, and who took part in these outrages, were three of our men. They had left home poor, and returned rich; they bought houses and boats, and on more than one occasion their neighbours caught sight of valuable jewelry, and a "quart measure full of sovereigns," the spoil of some plundered dwelling in Queen's-square. To Upton minds it still appears an illustration of sundry old proverbs that none of these three men prospered in later life, and their families were left in poverty.

Two other incidents are mentioned which illustrate events that were agitating the nation; one being the illumination of the town in honour of the acquittal of Queen Caroline; the other the exhumation of some corpses in Hanley churchyard, which were hidden in the Anchor Inn, at the time when the atrocities of Burke and Hare were horrifying the country.

Among parochial events of the present century we must not omit to record that the award for the inclosure of common lands and open fields was confirmed by the Inclosure Commissioners on August 28th, 1863; that the Tewkesbury and Malvern Railway, on which Upton has its own station, was opened in May, 1864; and that in 1879 repairs, renewal, and extension of the town pavements and footways were made at the cost of £910, of which the sum of £650 was obtained from the "Necessary Purposes Fund" of Hall's Charity.

The public buildings of Upton almost entirely belong to the present century, the exceptions being the old

church tower near the river, with the church attached to it in 1755-6, and the Baptist chapel.

Of the former parish church some account has already been given at pp. 117 to 120.

The Baptist chapel is a brick building with stuccoed front, a few yards retired from Old-street. In the same inclosure is a school-room, which was formerly used for vestry purposes, and there is a small disused burial ground at the back of the chapel. The buildings were erected in 1732, and in the following year among those "licensed for Anabaptists" appears, "a newly-erected house at Upton mentioned in the certificate of R. Baskerville and Thomas Skey." About the same time a residence for the minister was built, chiefly at the expense of a Mr. Morris, of Worcester. In 1863 the chapel was enlarged and the vestries converted into a school-room, at the cost of about £600.

The Town Hall and Market House were built in 1832, under a special Act of Parliament. The markets were intended to be held on the ground floor, underneath which cells for prisoners were constructed, and the floor above was used for Petty Sessions, the Savings Bank, the County Court, &c. But no market has been held for more than twenty years; the County, in 1863, erected a building elsewhere for the Sessions and the custody of prisoners; the County Court was transferred to Malvern in 1867; and in 1883 it became necessary to close the Savings Bank, which had been established in 1819. The principal use of the building now is for public meetings, concerts, and other entertainments.

The Union Workhouse was built in 1836, and was considerably enlarged by the addition of an infirmary and extra wards in 1870. The buildings are of brick, and afford accommodation for 150 inmates.

The Roman Catholic chapel of St. Joseph, with

a residence for a priest, was built in 1850, and consecrated on October 3rd in that year. The building is of brick with Bath stone dressings, and, exclusive of the site and materials given and hauled, the cost was about £200. The architect was C. Hanson, Esq.

The old bridge was built at the expense of the County in accordance with James I. iii. cap. 24, and, having been partly destroyed by floods, and being considered an obstruction to the navigation of the Severn, was removed and replaced by a new bridge in 1853. A drawbridge formed a portion of the structure until 1883, when a swing-bridge was substituted for it at the cost of about £1,500, of which £600 was paid from the Bridge Fund of Hall's Charity.

A Mechanics' Institute was built in 1853, and during some years was used for classes and discussions, lectures in connection with it being given at the Town Hall. It is now used as a subscription reading-room. The building is of brick, consists of a single room with a porch, and stands on land belonging to G. E. Martin, Esq.

The Town National Schools were built on a site given by the late Major Martin in the year 1859, and in 1872 a girls' class-room was added. They now consist of boys' school with class-room, girls' school with class-room, infants' school, and teachers' residence. The material is of brick, with Bath stone dressings, and the architect was G. R. Clarke, Esq.

An order in Council for the closing of all burial-grounds in the parish having been issued on March 31, 1865, a cemetery was formed, and two chapels with a central tower and a keeper's lodge were erected thereon. The site allotted at the inclosure was only an acre and a half, and, after allowing for the room taken up by buildings, roads, &c., the ground sufficed

for only 1,183 grave spaces. Of these there were assigned to the Church 964, and to other religious bodies 219; and during the eighteen years ended with 1883, the burials in the Church ground numbered 736, and on the other ground 68. The former ground was consecrated on December 22nd, 1865. The buildings are of blue lias stone with Bath stone dressings; the architect was G. R. Clarke, Esq., and the builder Mr. Griffiths, of Eldersfield.

The Chapel of the Good Shepherd was built in 1870 at the Hook, on a site provided by an arrangement between Mrs. Attwood and the late Major Martin, and was intended mainly for the benefit of some eighty families, the nearest of which live at more than a mile and a half from the parish church, on the Hook-road, the Ledbury-road, and about Brotheridge-green and Gilver-lane. It is built of Charlbury stone with Bath stone dressings, consists of a nave, chancel, vestry, porch, and bell-cot, and contains 124 sittings. The architect was G. R. Clarke, Esq., and the builder Mr. Griffiths, of Eldersfield. This chapel-of-ease was consecrated on September 20th, 1870; the name given to it was considered appropriate to a church built upon what is still known as a "common," and to a population until then remote from pastoral ministrations in a consecrated fold. The cost, including the value of the site and fittings, was about £1,400. All the seats have from the first been free.

The Hook National School was built near the Chapel of the Good Shepherd, on a site given by the late Major Martin in 1872. The buildings are of brick, dressed with Bath stone, and consist of a school-room, class-room, porch, and teacher's house. The cost was about £620; the architect was G. R. Clarke, Esq., and the builders Messrs. Bell and Wridgway, of Upton.

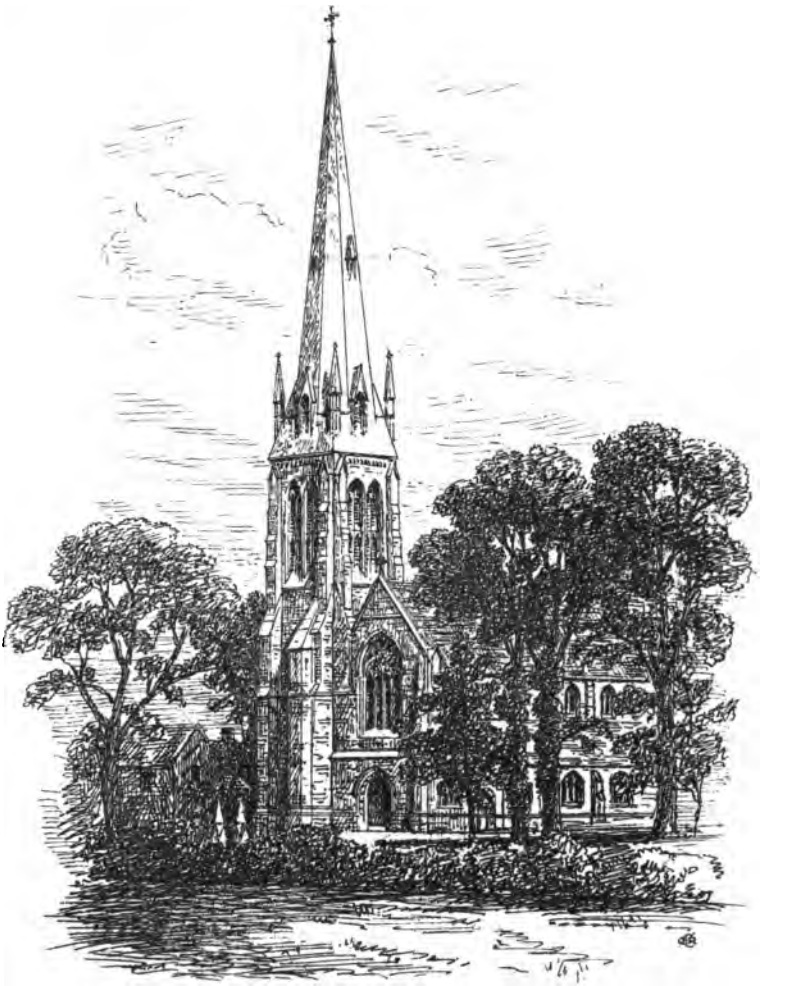
The new parish church, as being of greater importance and beauty than any other building in Upton, demands a fuller account than the rest. The movement in favour of more adequate provision for worship began in 1875. It was shown that, while by the census of 1871 the population was 2,664, the existing church, even with two tiers of gallery, provided only 506 sittings; and that 114 of these were in the topmost tier, where anything like devout worship was almost impossible. Mr. Blomfield, the well-known architect, was asked to examine and report upon the building, with a view to its enlargement and improvement, but it became so evident that no satisfactory result could be obtained in this way, that the large meeting assembled to receive his report decided in favour of building a new church. Mr. Blomfield furnished plans for a handsome church, to be built on to the old tower; but, when the lines of it were marked out with pegs and string, it was realised how much of the churchyard would be included, and how many graves would be disturbed, by the new walls. Hence arose among the parishioners a strong desire for another site; and, eventually, Mr. Martin purchased "Elmsleigh," and gave so much of the garden as would suffice for the site of a new church.

Owing to many unavoidable delays, the building was not begun until November, 1877; the "memorial stone" was laid by Mrs. Martin, on February 15th, 1878; and the church was consecrated on September 3rd, 1879. The preachers in the morning and afternoon were the Bishops of Worcester and Exeter, and the amount of offerings on the day, including those at a farewell early service in the old church, was £207 18s. 9d.

The church is in the geometrical decorated style, and the external facing is of coursed Stanway rubble with Bath stone dressings. It is rectangular in plan,

consisting of a clerestoried nave and chancel, aisles, north chancel aisle, south transept, and vestries, with a square tower at the N.W. angle, carrying a broached stone spire with moulded pinnacles at the angles. The lower part of the tower forms one of the principal entrances, and the belfry above is intended to receive a peal of bells. There is also a south porch, and a door at the west end and in the north chancel aisle. The seating was calculated to accommodate 703 persons, and all the seats are free and unappropriated. The area is more than double that of the former parish church. The height of the tower is 78 feet; and the spire, being from the ground to the top of the finial cross 183 feet high, is an ornament to the landscape for many miles round.

The total cost, including site and fittings, was nearly £13,000, and of this about £6,000 was contributed by Mr. and Mrs. Martin, of Ham Court, and their relations. As may be supposed, it was very difficult to make up the balance of nearly £7,000, especially as "hard times" had set in; but "Hall's Charity" supplied £1,050, the Church-building Societies granted £510, and the strenuous efforts made by some within the parish called forth much kind sympathy and help from many outside. Thus within a year from the consecration a balance-sheet was presented, showing that the entire cost had been defrayed and a small balance left in hand. Since then, in 1884, about £500 has been expended upon filling the east window with painted glass, representing our Lord in glory, and on the decoration of the chancel roof, the amount having been raised by unsolicited donations from many persons. The dedication of the new, as of the old, church is in the names of St. Peter and St. Paul; and the two single-light windows on the south of the chancel have been filled with painted representations of those saints in memory of Samuel Kent, Esq., and



THE NEW CHURCH AT UPTON ON SEVERN

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
B

Owen Kent, Esq. The architect was Arthur W. Blomfield, Esq., the builder Mr. T. Collins, Tewkesbury, and the artists employed for the windows and other decorations were Messrs. Heaton, Butler & Bayne, London.

In the Diocesan History of Worcester (S.P.C.K.), Kidderminster, Pershore, Bromsgrove, Malvern, and Upton are mentioned as "notable instances of church restoration in the diocese."

CHAPTER VIII.

DR. JOHN DEE.

Some mention has been made of the Rectors of Upton in the course of the History, but Dr. John Dee, layman and conjuror, although he has no connection with religious affairs, is yet deeply interesting from a historical point of view, and so must be given a chapter to himself. This remarkable man was of a Welsh family, but born in the city of London, where his father was a wealthy vintner, A.D. 1527. He received some preparatory education in one or two of the city schools, and subsequently at the grammar school of Chelmsford. He was but fifteen when he became a student of St. John's, Cambridge, and threw himself with extraordinary ardour into the studies of the place. During his five years of residence he maintained, with unflinching strictness, the self-imposed rule which allowed him but four hours out of the twenty-four for sleep and two for meals, while the remaining eighteen were given to study and devotion. With such industry, and an intellect of unusual power and keenness, he became a scholar of vast knowledge and accuracy; but, unsatisfied with what he had learnt at Cambridge, he left the University in 1547, and passed some time in Flanders. The object of his visit was "to speake and confer with learned men, and chiefly mathematicians," *

* Dee's "Compendious Rehearsall."

and he made acquaintance with Mercator, Frisius, and other celebrated Flemings. On his return to England, he was chosen to be a fellow of King Henry's newly-erected College of Trinity, and was also made under-reader of the Greek tongue. He gave much of his time to mathematical and astronomical studies, assisted in the former by some rare and curious instruments; and in the latter by "a pair of great globes and an astronomer's staff of brass," which he had brought from Flanders. He was frequently trying chemical experiments, and was a mechanic of considerable skill, as he manifested in the performance which led to his expulsion from Cambridge. He got up a Greek play, the comedy of Aristophanes called *Εἰρήνη*, and introduced into it, according to his own account, the "Scarabæus or Beetle, her flying up to Jupiter's palace with a man and his basket of victuals on her back: whereat was great wondering, and many vaine reports spread abroad of the meanes how that was effected." Probably it was but a clumsy performance, not half so pretty or clever as a transformation scene in a modern pantomime; but then it seemed too wonderful to have been accomplished by merely human agency. Dee was accused of alliance with the evil one, and so reviled and suspected that he had to fly from Cambridge.

This suspicion of sorcery was never afterwards removed; and although he began with denying supernatural powers, he was rather pleased at being supposed to possess them. Any great learning seemed "uncanny" at a time when astronomy in popular estimation meant astrology, and chemistry was thought to be but attempted alchemy. Dee, great genius and scholar though he was, had much vanity and egotism in him, and was easily swayed by public opinion. He learned, from the mingled horror and admiration of his fellow-men, to take their view of his own attain-

ments, and soon became as much self-deluded as deluding. Throughout his life he denied any attempt at dealing with the powers of darkness; but he gloried in his supposed intercourse with good spirits and angels, and in the glimpses of futurity revealed to his prayers. He never ceased to study and to try experiments, and he was certainly aware of one or two optical and chemical secrets which have been considered discoveries of the present age. But his imagination was always overruling his science, and he looked upon these successes, not as the result of patient labour and acuteness, but as supernatural revelations granted to encourage him in his mystical studies.

Dee must have been a singularly attractive and pleasant person in his earlier years. Wherever he went he made friends, and had many admirers and pupils. So when he left England, somewhat under a cloud, and went to Lorraine for a couple of years, he was visited and consulted by men of the highest rank and station, and received the title of Doctor of Laws from the University. When he went thence to Paris, there was a very frenzy of admiration for him; his lectures on Euclid's Elements were so fully attended that the mathematical school could not hold all the eager auditors, and they clambered up at the windows and listened at the doors as best they could. He had several offers of good stipends and honourable offices, including a mathematical lectureship, with an income of 200 crowns. But he preferred England, whither he returned in 1551. His good fortune and the fame of his learning came with him, and he at once took as good a position here as abroad. He was presented by Secretary Cecil to the young King, who speedily bestowed upon him a pension of 100 crowns per annum. This was soon "bettered," Dee says, by "his bestowing on me the rectory of Upton-upon-Seaverne,

and a sufficient testemonie of His Majesty's presenting me to that rectory, lyeth here, with an authentick seale annext to it, A.D. 1553, 19 Maii." It seems that he never received Holy Orders, and yet he was considered rector of Upton, and of another living, Long Lednam, in Norfolk, probably given to him also by Edward VI. At the latter place a stone, inscribed with his name, and with sundry mathematical figures, has been found, indicating that he at one time lived in that parish. It is possible that Upton Rectory also may have been a convenient country residence when the accession of Queen Mary made it expedient that he should absent himself from Court. At that time Bonner held the living of Ripple, and some estates at Bushley; he was a native of Hanley Castle, and kept up a constant intercourse with his friends there. If he and Dee ever inhabited their Worcestershire parsonages they were near neighbours, but they never could have been friends. Bonner was hard and unscrupulous, given to cruel jests and more cruel deeds. Dee was visionary, unpractical, and sensitive, while both were men of great ability and restless ambition. Their opinions on religion and politics were utterly opposed; and the death of the young King, which for the time crushed the hopes of John Dee, was wonderfully good fortune for Bonner. The former was in disgrace before the new reign had lasted many months. He was accused of correspondence with Elizabeth's servants, and of compassing the death of Mary by enchantments. After some imprisonment he was brought to trial on the charge of treason, and acquitted, but only to be sent to the custody of Bonner, on suspicion of heresy. He was released after six months' detention, on entering into recognisances "for ready appearing and good abearing for four months longer." While he was thus detained this rectory was bestowed upon

another, one Seth Holland, who was also made dean of Worcester, and rector of Fladbury. He was a zealous Romanist; and Bonner seems to have kept Dee in captivity, in order that he might have the disposal of his preferment. He never acknowledged that the rectory had passed from him; and fifty years later considered that the parsonage and tithes of Upton were still his own.

When Elizabeth succeeded to the throne, Dee was in the full sunshine of courtly favour again. Lord Dudley, by the Queen's desire, consulted him as to a fortunate day for the coronation; and, as the day he selected was an eminently prosperous one, it became the fashion to consult him, and he was visited by all who were rich enough to fee him for horoscopes and other astronomical information. The Queen frequently invited him to Court, and held many conferences with him. She was full of hopes that the genius and learning which had done such wonders already would effect yet more, and penetrate the two great mysteries—the elixir vitæ and the philosopher's stone—those secrets which would endue her with perpetual youth, and fill her treasury with inexhaustible wealth.

Elizabeth could well appreciate a man of Dee's intellectual power, coupled as it was with much eloquence, and a peculiar charm both of person and manner. Twice she appealed to his scientific knowledge to calm the superstitious fears of her courtiers at strange heavenly phenomena. In 1572, when a new and brilliant star appeared for a time in Cassiopeia's chair, and then faded away, and three years later, when a great comet terrified all England, the Queen summoned her favourite philosopher to explain these marvels, which he did, "giving lectures for many evenings together, on the nature and properties of the heavenly bodies." When Elizabeth was in

bad health, she dispatched Dee to confer with foreign philosophers (or astrologers) concerning her case; and when, on his return journey, he became dangerously ill in Lorraine, she sent two English doctors to attend him, and "divers rarities to eat to encrease his health and strength." There is a curious account of the Queen, "with many of her lords and nobility," journeying to visit Dee, and see the library in his house at Mortlake. But they could not enter, for his wife had been "within four hours before buried out of the house." The Queen would not, however, depart without seeing the most celebrated of Dee's treasures. He says in his journal: "She willed me to fetch my glass so famous, and to show her some of the properties of it, which I did;" and he goes on to describe how her Majesty was lifted down from her horse by the Earl of Leicester, and went, followed by her noble company, into the churchyard, where, against the wall of the church, she was shown the reflection from the wonderful mirror, "to her great contentment and delight." It is supposed to have been some sort of convex glass, so managed as to show the reflection of different figures and faces. The Queen visited Dee on another occasion when the shadow of death was over his house, for his mother, who shared the house at Mortlake with him, had expired a few hours before the arrival of the royal party. This time Elizabeth seems to have come less to please herself than to comfort him, after his having received some rather harsh treatment from the Lord Treasurer. Elizabeth had affected to have doubts as to her right to rule over the strange countries which were then being discovered by her gallant sea-captains, and to ease her scruples she desired Dee to give her a full account of the newly-found regions. He produced in a few days two large rolls, in which not only the geography but also the history of

English colonies throughout the world was given at length. He must have drawn largely on his imagination to produce such a work, and Elizabeth could hardly have looked upon his account of Virginia, or Florida, or Newfoundland as trustworthy history. But she wished to believe it, and expressed her gracious approval of the manuscripts, much to the disgust of the wise Burleigh. He expressed his disapproval in the Queen's presence; and afterwards, when Dee attended at his house, refused to admit him, and when he came forth, would not speak with him. Perhaps the cautious Lord Treasurer thought it best not to keep up a quarrel with one whom the Queen delighted to honour; or, as Dee represents, he was convinced of his truthfulness by further examination of the writings. The object of the royal visit to Mortlake was to tell the mortified philosopher that Burleigh had brought the two rolls back to the Queen, and greatly commended his "doings for her tittle which he had to examyn," only two hours before she and her attendants had started for the palace. The Lord Treasurer, apparently to make their friendship more sure, sent to Dr. Dee a haunch of venison three weeks afterwards; but the scholar's fear of the minister was not quite removed, judging by a dream which he records one night in the following year: "I dreamed that I was deade, and afterwards my bowels were taken out. I walked and talked with diverse, and among other with the Lord Threasorer, who was come to my house to burn my bones when I was dead, and thought he looked sourely on me."

We come now to that portion of Dee's long life, which is illustrated by his private journal, edited by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps. It was written in a small and illegible hand on the margin of old almanacks, and was certainly never meant for publication. Of his outside life, of his labours and rewards, his suffer-

ings and hardships, we have his own account in the "Compendious Rehearsall." This, however, which is an autobiographical sketch of himself from his boyhood to his 66th year, was written on purpose for the Royal Commissioners, and is, therefore, far less interesting than the informal desultory journal. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps has given us such an insight into Dee's private life and real character as we can seldom gain about historical personages; and no one can study the journal without being deeply interested in the strange, yet simple-minded, writer. There are a few notices of persons who consulted him about casting horoscopes in earlier years; but he does not notice his private life until 1577, when he makes sundry entries about visits of great people to his house; his falling upon his "right nuckul bone," his "hyring the barber of Cheswick," to keep the hedges and "knots" in his garden in good order for five shillings yearly and meat and drink; how he borrowed £30 of a friend to be repaid in a year; and how one William Rogers, of Mortlake, "cut his own throat by the fende, his instigation." Early in the following year he married for a second time, when he was fifty-one, and the bride but twenty-three, years of age. She was the daughter of Mr. Fromonds, one of his chief friends and fellow-workers in alchemical experiments, and seems to have been a shrewd, managing woman, of whom her learned husband stood in some awe, although she could not influence him sufficiently to restrain his lavish expenditure on books, manuscripts, and rare scientific instruments. Her temper was irritable and passionate; once there is an entry in the diary; "Jane most desperately angry in respect of her maydes;" and again, "Katharin" (the eldest little girl), "by a blow on the eare given by her mother, did bled at the nose very much, which did not staye for an houre or more: afterward she did walk into

the town with nurse; upon her coming home she bled agayn." *

Both these entries belong, however, to a later period, when poor Jane Dee had undergone enough to sour the sweetest temper. She had frequent illnesses, many children, and constant difficulties in getting sufficient money for the needful expenses of the household. Dee spent nearly £3,000 on his library, an enormous sum for a private individual of small income, considering the value of money in those days. He was also quite reckless as to the amount he laid out on experiments and on the salaries of his assistants or mediums. He constantly received large presents, but as constantly lived far beyond his means; still, he might have prospered had it not been for a disastrous friendship which he formed in 1581 with Edward Kelly. Until that time he had devoted himself mostly to science and literature, and had brought out some works of profound learning, especially a treatise on "The Reformation of the Calendar"; but from the beginning of his intimacy with Kelly he laid aside every pursuit that did not aid him in his alchemical and magical studies, and rapidly degenerated into the necromancer and adventurer. We are sorry to think that Kelly was a Worcester man, for England has seldom produced a greater rogue; his artfulness in making falsehood look like truth, and his power of ruling nobler and wiser men have seldom been equalled. He made Dee his dupe, and persuaded him that he had the gift of seeing and hearing the "spirituall creatures" who would not let themselves be seen and heard by Dee. There is a whole volume full of their dealings with

* On one occasion Dee puts up a prayer to the angels that Jane may be cured of some malady, so that she may "be of a quieter mind, and not so testy and fretting as she hath been."

spirits; * they generally appeared in a black stone or crystal, which Kelly asserted had been brought to him by the angel Uriel, in order to reveal to him things invisible. Dee looked upon these magical proceedings as part of his religion; when an incantation was to take place, the sacred crystal was placed on a sort of altar before a crucifix, with lighted candles on either side, and an open psalter before it; and prayers and ejaculations of the most fervid description are intermingled with the account, taken down at Kelly's dictation, of the dress and hair, as well as the sayings and movements, of the angels. For a time nearly all their fancied revelations had reference to researches for the elixir vitæ and the philosopher's stone, and every experiment recommended by Kelly was tried, however costly. In two years' time the Dees were so short of money that, when the Earl of Leicester proposed dining with them, and bringing Count Laski, a noble Pole, in order that he might make their acquaintance, Dee had to explain that he could not give them a suitable dinner without selling some of his plate or pewter to procure it. The difficulty was at once mentioned to the Queen, who sent him, "within an hour, forty angells of gold." This visit of Laski was a crisis in the life of John Dee. The Pole was fond of "occult studies," and was altogether captivated by the English alchemist's eloquent talk and profound belief in the mystical world. For some months he was constantly visiting him, and engaging with him in new experiments of greater cost than before. After a time, when his finances ran low and he had to leave England, he suggested that Dee with his wife and children, and Kelly with his wife and brother, should accompany him to Poland, where,

* Casaubon's "Relation of Dee's Conference with Spirits."

undisturbed in his castle, they could carry on their researches for the great secret.

Dee was, by this time, out of heart about getting any regular pension or preferment from the Queen. She had given him an occasional present, and a great deal of notice and flattery, and had tried to make him Dean of Gloucester, but this was objected to, because he was not in Holy Orders, and nothing eligible seemed to be ready for him. So he was willing enough, hampered as he was with debts, to try his fortune abroad. The Dees and their large party left Gravesend in 1583; and it was six years before they sailed up the Thames again. Those six years were full of alternations of fortune; one patron after another became weary of supplying Dee and Kelly with money, in order to make the gold which never appeared; and all the time Dee was sinking lower and lower under the influence of his iniquitous friend, who made him regard much that was blasphemous and vile as the teaching of angels. After countless experiments, the two found themselves able to coat the baser metals with silver, having, apparently, discovered the secret of electro-plating. A piece of an iron warming-pan thus coated was sent to England, in order to convince Elizabeth of their powers as alchemists. About the same time Dee and Kelly, after many violent quarrels, finally separated, Kelly contriving to carry off the greater part of the books and instruments which had been their joint stock in the business of alchemy. Elizabeth was pleased with the reputation Dee had acquired on the Continent, and, being sanguine as to his having discovered the philosopher's stone, sent him friendly messages, which had the effect of bringing him back to England. The Count Rosenberg, his last host, was delighted to facilitate the departure of Dee and his family with a present of money and great promises for the future,

for he found that they were troublesome and expensive guests.

They made slow progress homewards, lingering at sundry towns on the way to practise divination and other mysteries. It was shortly before Christmas that they landed in England; and they found their once comfortable home at Mortlake half-wrecked and desolate, as it had been attacked by a mob, soon after their departure from England, on account of the report of Dee's sorcery. The assailants had ransacked the whole place, but had vented their chief fury on the library. The precious books and manuscripts, which he had been collecting for forty years, had been carried away or left in charred fragments; the great globes and compasses, the watch which measured the 360th part of an hour, and the "many rare and exquisite instruments mathematicall," had been "barbariously spoyled, and with hammers smitt in pieces." A few of his books were recovered through the kindness of friends, but the loss was still an enormous one in money value, and a very painful one to a bibliomaniac like Dee. It was a fortnight after they landed before they established themselves at Mortlake; and a miserable coming home it was for poor Jane Dee, with her five little children, and her husband, now an elderly man, fretful and unhappy over his losses and his failures. They had to borrow money as soon as they landed, and were full of annoyances and mortifications. There could not be a more irregular and uncomfortable household than that of the Dees after they came to England. There are frequent notices of servants' "unthankfulnesse and unseemly dealings," or their "leaving suddenly without due cause;" and the children were mischievous, high-spirited little creatures, who sorely worried their delicate mother, and kept their loving old father in a constant state of anxiety. They did not receive much

education during their Continental wanderings. Once Dee engages a John Basset to share their dwelling at Trebona, and be paid seven ducats a quarter for teaching Arthur grammar. But he did not get on very well, apparently, for in four days there is an entry, "Basset, his hurly-burly with Mr. T. Kelly," and in a few months, "he conveyed himself away," under pretence of making some purchases in the neighbouring town. More than a year and a half passed before another attempt at teaching is recorded; and then Dee mentions his giving a Mr. Lee, at Mortlake, his cottage rent free and 40s. yearly for schooling little Katharine and three of her brothers.

John Dee was a most tender father, never too busy to doctor his turbulent little people in their numerous accidents and sicknesses, and to record the symptoms in his diary. There, among high-flown passages about astrological mysteries, or dealings with the Queen and the Court, appear these entries, and many others of the like purport:—

"January 1st, 1588.—About nine of the clock, afternone. Michael going childishly with a sharp stik of eight inches long, and a littell wax candell light on the top of it, did fall on the playn bords in Marie's room, and the sharp point of the stik entred the lid of his left eye towards the corner next the nose, and so persed through; insomuch that great abundance of blud came out under the lid; the hole outside is not bigger than a pin's head; it was anoynted with St. John's oyle. The boy slept well. God spede the rest of the cure!"

"August 4th, 1590.—Theodore had a sore fall on his mowth at mid-day."

"August 5th.—Rowland fell into the Tems over head and ears abowt noone, or somewhat after."

"June 27th, 1591.—Arthur wounded on his hed by his own wanton throwing of a brik-bat upright, and not well avoiding the fall of it agayn. The half brik weighed 2½ lb."

"July 6th, 1594.—Michael became distempered in his hed and bak. July 13th, in ortu solis, Michael Dee did give up the ghost after he sayd, 'O Lord, have mercy upon me!'"

Little Michael was the only one of Dee's children

who died young; but we know nothing of the after life of any of the other seven, except Arthur, who became celebrated enough to be chronicled in Wood's "Athenæ." When he was about seven years old, and at the time when his father found that Kelly was failing him as a medium, he initiated the child, with solemn ceremony and devout prayer, into his own mystical pursuits. Arthur had been, from his cradle, with those who believed implicitly in spiritual appearances and revelations through the wonderful crystal, and he must have enjoyed with childish importance the notion of being the messenger between his father and the unseen world. When first allowed to gaze into the glittering depths of the enchanted stone, he shaped its flecks and spots into strange forms and figures; but he was not sufficiently insincere or fanciful to play the part of a medium. It says much for Dee's fatherly love, as well as for his truthfulness, that he speedily released the little boy from his office, and never attempted to employ him in this capacity again. He was sent to Westminster School when thirteen years old, and is spoken of as "a youth of exceeding great and haughty spirit, and naturally ready to revenge rashly." The others received education by fits and starts. For two or three years after their returning home, the Dees can hardly find money for necessary food and raiment. Their little store of plate, together with Jane's "jewells of gold, rings, bracelets, chains, and other our rarities, are under the thraldom of the usurer's grip, till *non plus* is written upon the boxes at home;" and what with loans thus raised, and debts contracted with friends and shopkeepers, and "by skore and talley," their liabilities amounted to nearly £4,000 of present money. They were incredibly tormented for want of "meat, drinke, fewell, cloth," &c., &c., and Dee announces to the Royal Commissioners that, unless

speedily relieved, he must sell his house and "step out of dores, I and myne, with bottles and wallets furnished, to become wanderers as homish vagabonds, or as banished men to forsake the Kingdom."

Before his affairs had come to this deplorable state, he had been constantly applying to the Queen, or to some of the Court officials, for a pension or some lucrative office; and he struggled hard four or five times to have the parsonages and rents of Upton and Long Lednam restored to him. Over and over again he makes entries about these two livings; once he expects to obtain a dispensation for them, and is bitterly aggrieved when Archbishop Parker finally refuses to have anything to do with the matter. Fifty-three years after his imprisonment at Hampton, and Seth Holland's presentation to our rectory, John Dee records his receiving "a letter about the sute from Upton, and of the Lord Archbishop and his hard dealing."

Elizabeth sent Dee £50 two years after he returned to England, "to keep Christmas withal;" but, as she had led him to expect £100, he was not very grateful. Other friends gave him great presents; sometimes a "hogshead of claret wyne;" sometimes "fish against Lent," or some grocery stores for Jane; sometimes money—it might be a few shillings, or it might be £10 or £20. He must still have been courtly and attractive, for he was asked to visit some of the noblest in the land, and received frequent visits in return. But his fame as a philosopher and man of science was fading away; people cared little for his revelations and the great undertakings and marvellous discoveries which he was ever devising. He became querulous and importunate, and the tiresome egotism of old age was increasing on him. The Queen gave him the Chancellorship of St. Paul's, but he was still dissatisfied; and when (1595) she appointed him

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Doctor Dee.

warden of the College at Manchester, she evaded a parting interview, and was, probably, rather glad that he would be removed to a distance from the Court. In the previous year Dee had been vigorous enough to arrest a cut-purse who was robbing him in the streets of London; but he has had several attacks of illness, and now his strength seems failing; very often "his hed doth ake and is heavy," but still he continues intent upon his studies with unfaltering diligence, although constantly annoyed by finding that he has been deceived by some cunning fellow who has pretended to be a medium.

The nine years at Manchester formed, apparently, the most wretched portion of his life. He had slipped away from the courtly circle to a lower social level, and, instead of being associated with such men as Walsingham, Raleigh, and other keen wits of the time, he was thrown into daily contact with rough and ignorant townsmen, who reviled and opposed him at every turn. He was in constant quarrels either with his curate, or the students of the college, or his tenants. After a year or two the money difficulties were nearly as bad as ever, although some of his friends were quaintly generous. Count Laski sent him "twenty-three barrels of Dantzic rye," and his kinsfolk in Wales seventeen head of cattle. He pawned some of his books and plate, including a silver tankard given to his daughter Frances by her godmother, Lady Hertford.

Dee became more and more unfriendly with his neighbours the longer he lived in Manchester. On every side he was assailed with suspicions of sorcery; and in 1604 he petitioned to be brought to trial, and so cleared from the charges of his assailants. His royal patron, the great Elizabeth, was dead, and her wary and niggardly successor would have nothing to say to him. Soon after the rejection of his petition

he quitted Manchester, and once more took shelter in the house at Mortlake. His diary ceases in 1600, and we know little of the end of his life, but that little is sad enough. His health had broken down; the friends of former years had died or forgotten him; the wise and the learned of the new generation censured or despised him; and he was so poor that he had often to sell one of his beloved books to procure a meal. He continued his alchemical studies to the last, and shortly before his death wrote several papers, relating interviews with the angel Raphael, which are still preserved. By death or estrangement he had lost all but one of the large family party once assembled at Mortlake. There is no mention of his wife, the busy, shrewish Jane, or of Madinia and Frances, his younger daughters, or of any of the sons but Arthur, whose continental travels are referred to. The one of Dee's children who clung to him to the last was the once mischievous, merry little Katharine, now a woman in her thirtieth year. We have no trace of her later history, nor of that of any of the family except Arthur. He was a physician of much celebrity, and practised in London and Manchester, and afterwards for many years in Moscow, where he was Court physician. On his return he obtained the like appointment from Charles I., and again enjoyed a large practice. He married a lady of good family in Lancashire, and left six daughters, all married, and four sons, who were merchants in different parts of Europe. It is recorded that Arthur Dee, when himself an old man, spoke with full trust in his father's goodness and truth, and affirmed that he had, in his childhood, seen enough of the result of his experiments to feel sure that he had discovered many marvellous secrets, which he was unable, through poverty, to make available.

It was in the old house at Mortlake, at the age of eighty-one, that John Dee expired; a worn-out and

disappointed man, the wreck of one who, fifty years before, had been pre-eminent for learning and eloquence. Nothing but a careful study of his diary, and his "Compendious Recitall," and of Casaubon's "True Relation," will convey an accurate idea of his deeply interesting character; and it would be difficult to rise from such a perusal without a mournful recognition of a noble life wasted. There was much of the child about him, for he was tender-hearted and trustful, quick to take offence, but quick to forgive; absorbed in his favourite schemes and pursuits, and eager for approval of and sympathy with them. He may sometimes, under the pressure of great want, have resorted to unworthy artifices, made the most of his good deeds, and ignored the sins and follies into which his ruling passion had led him. But we must not judge him by the standard of our own day. In his age the most devout and learned believed in the influence of the planets upon human destinies, and in the possibility of summoning spirits by certain incantations and prayers. Half a century after his death Dee was blamed, not for believing in spiritual manifestations, but for so trusting in Kelly that the good angels left him and devils appeared in the crystal, tempting both to destruction.

There are two or three portraits of Dee in existence, and from one of them an engraving has been taken. It represents him in old age, but still vigorous and alert, with a grand forehead and finely-formed face, of which the intellectual refined expression is somewhat marred by a lurking cunning about the small dark eyes.

CHAPTER IX.

"MISERRIMUS."

FEW strangers visit the cloisters of Worcester Cathedral without pausing to look at the small flat gravestone whereon is the one word "Miserrimus," and when they pass on, it is often with minds haunted by the brief pathos of that epitaph, and full of pitying curiosity as to the history of "the most wretched one" whose bones are crumbling below. County biographies and guide-books have identified him as the Rev. Thomas Morris, or Maurice, who died in 1748, at the age of eighty-eight years, and who had, nearly fifty years earlier, been deprived of his preferment, the perpetual curacy of Claines, in consequence of his refusal to take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary. So much is fact, but there is fiction in the further assertion of these histories that he was dependent on the charity of the wealthy Jacobites, and was in such extreme poverty in his old age that he desired the misery occasioned by his destitution to be recorded on his grave-stone. It has been generally felt that this was an inadequate explanation, and that some deeper cause than straitened means must have wrought the old man's unhappiness; and so one generation after another has formed theories and hazarded conjectures as to his life and character. He has been supposed to be a sinner of the deepest dye, or the victim of some appalling calamity. His imaginary crimes and woes have been worked into a highly sen-

sational novel by the late Mr. F. M. Reynolds, bearing his epitaph for title, and at least three sonnets have been written about him, one by the late Poet Laureate, Wordsworth. From old papers and from traditions of Thomas Morris, yet fresh in the memory of those who are descended from his brothers, we know that neither destitution nor criminality caused his sorrows. He was a well-conducted and reputable man, possessing a comfortable private income, and many relations for whom he cared and who were warmly attached to him.

The family were in Upton towards the end of the sixteenth century, but we know nothing except their name, then spelt Maurice, until the tradition, mentioned in Chapter IV., of the beautiful girl who was admired by Cromwell, and who may have been the aunt of Thomas Maurice. He was born about nine years later, but no entry of his baptism is to be found in the register. If his birth took place at the end of 1659, or early in 1660, there was little chance of its being registered. The kingdom was changing rulers, and Upton was changing rectors, and all matters national and parochial were in a transition state. In 1670, a Thomas Morris, alias Woodward, described as being a "chirurgeon of Motchlepatam, in the East Indies," bequeathed £185 to purchase lands in Upton for the benefit of the church and poor of the parish. It is conjectured that this home-loving Indian surgeon was of the same family; and his name-sake Thomas, then a child of ten years old, may have derived from him some of the little fortune which seems to have given him a better education, and placed him on a higher social level than his brothers. They were far above the rank of the poor, but not touching that of the gentry; men who throve and prospered in their different trades, but who seldom filled any parish office, or were of any special importance among their

fellow-townsmen. Thomas went to one of the Universities, received Holy Orders, and became perpetual curate of Claines, near Worcester, and, it is said, also a minor canon of the cathedral. He was, according to family tradition, "a beautiful preacher," and very diligent among the poor. He was much noticed and esteemed by the neighbouring gentry, and was likely to receive some valuable preferment, when the Revolution of 1688 ruined his fair prospects.

It was in the summer of 1690 that the oath of allegiance to William III. and his Stuart queen was tendered to all the prelates and clergy of England. Their acceptance of it was made the condition of retaining see, or benefice, or cure; and, according to Lord Macaulay, but one-thirtieth refused the test. And in this small minority there were few who had not, two years earlier, indignantly protested against James' oppressive measures towards the Universities and the Bishops. But now that he was gone, his tyranny was forgotten and his bigotry forgiven by the most devoted Churchmen; to them he was "the Lord's Anointed" and still their rightful king, and any other monarch was a usurper and a rebel. Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, was one of the eight prelates who refused submission to the new rulers. He was preparing to quit the palace, when his long-failing strength gave way, and he died, still at home, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. The Dean, Dr. Hickes, also declined the test; he was one of the ablest and most learned of English divines, and he had a deep private grievance to incline him against the banished king. His brother was that John Hickes who was executed, with hardly the pretence of a trial, by Judge Jeffreys, after having been concealed for a few hours in the house of Lady Lisle. For the offence of having given him shelter the noble old woman was tried, the jury were bullied into the verdict of

"guilty," and she was beheaded. The influence of the Bishop and Dean must have been strong with some who were wavering in their allegiance in and around the cathedral city. It has been mentioned that four of the Non-juring clergy belonged to this parish and neighbourhood; and into what poverty and contempt they fell, we have some idea from history. Deprived of their homes and their work, living, in most instances, on the alms of Jacobite laymen, or reduced to the meanest offices, cast out, as it were, both from Church and State, scoffed at and suspected, they yet, in a lukewarm age, kept true to their principles, though their constancy involved life-long misery. They formed a Church among themselves, and two of their most eminent members were consecrated Bishops by Sancroft, the deprived primate; and wherever it was possible, in private chapel or dwelling-house, the Non-juring clergy held their services. Such congregations were illegal, but were seldom punished. It suited better the policy of the cautious Dutch king to consider these devoted servants of his father-in-law as but one of the many sects of Nonconformists then tolerated in the kingdom. In his old age, Thomas Maurice constantly refused to take any part in the services of the Church or to preach, even when earnestly desired to do so. It could only have been tolerated that he should officiate publicly on condition of his naming George of Hanover in prayers, where his lips would never utter any name but those of the exiled princes of the House of Stuart; and perhaps this tradition refers to some private services which his relations may have had the opportunity of attending. Whether he officiated at such services in his earlier manhood or not, and whether he was or was not concerned in any of those numerous Jacobite plots in which most of the Non-jurors were sooner or later implicated, we

cannot now decide. His brother's children told to their sons and daughters many a tale of their uncle's later years, but very little about the time when they were young children, and when Thomas Maurice had not lived through a quarter of his half-century of trouble. He probably spent much of his time in Upton, where he had two houses and some fields, and where he was always a welcome visitor to his nephew, and nieces. He was a loving-natured, attractive man, "very pleasant in his ways" with the children, taking an interest in all their affairs, and assisting to pay for the boys' education. He was "very good-looking" as an old man, and must in his youth have been remarkably handsome. He was never married, and if there were any story of disappointed affection, any romance concerning the love of his youth, it has not come down to us. The summer of 1690 found him in circumstances which might well give good hopes of a happy and honourable future.

Energetic and popular, eloquent and accomplished, with pleasant manners and a handsome person, there was nothing to prevent his prospering, could he only have brought his conscience to take the required oath of allegiance. We do not know what disappointments and mortifications, what slights and insults, accompanied or followed his withdrawal from Claines. For fifty years he was a priest without a parish, a devoted Royalist, yet subject to an alien king. It would have seemed intolerable could it have been foreseen, but the Jacobites would not believe that the Stuarts were banished for ever. They hoped that, as in the Civil Wars of the last generation, there would be a "happy restoration" before many years were passed, and that, although the wary William of Orange could not be displaced, the Princess Anne would decline the crown which belonged to her father. The unfortunate James died shortly before William, and his daughter

had little scruple about keeping a brother, whom she scarcely knew, from a kingdom in which he had never resided. At her death, the Jacobites were not strong enough, or they had not sufficient unity, to secure the throne. The anti-Romanist and anti-despotic feeling was too powerful, and, with hardly a struggle, the Elector of Hanover became king of Great Britain and Ireland.

If the Jacobites had disliked the sovereignty of William, reigning by right of his sweet-mannered and clever wife, and that of the kindly-natured Anne, a Stuart also, much more did they loathe the monarch who succeeded them. He was a thorough-bred German, who could hardly speak English, who took no pains to conceal his dislike to the country which had welcomed him, and who seemed to have inherited, with his claim to the throne, all the worst faults of the Stuarts without any of their generosity or charm of person and manner. Once during his reign, and again during that of his son, the long-smouldering hatred to their rule broke into the fierce blaze of rebellion. When the first outbreak came Mr. Maurice, although of advanced age, had good reason for hoping that, with the restoration of the royal family, he should regain the clerical work and honourable position in which his youth had delighted. That rising in the North was put down with a strong hand, and with a loss to the Jacobites of their best and noblest leaders. Twenty years more passed, and hardly one without some rumour of a scheme for bringing the Stuarts home. Hope grew more and more strong in the hearts of their adherents, until it burst into triumph when, in 1745, under the popular young Chevalier, the Whig troops were defeated in Scotland, and Charles Edward, with his gallant but ill-disciplined army, marched into England. Throughout the country there prevailed in one party panic and dismay, and in the other exulting joy. And to no

one could the tidings of that triumphant march have brought more gladness than to Thomas Maurice. He was living in a small house near Worcester Cathedral, and seldom going out but for the daily service. He was eighty-five years of age, and about the last of the original Non-jurors. In his extreme old age, after countless disappointments, the desire of his heart was almost fulfilled. But another victory or two, but a few days' march, and James III. would be proclaimed in London; "the King would enjoy his own again," and he, aged and infirm though he was, might yet minister in the congregation. There was but a brief period of joy for him; for the Jacobite army advanced no further than Derby, and returned to Scotland dispirited and broken. Then came the great defeat at Culloden, the savage cruelties to those who were conquered, and the long wanderings of Charles Edward among the faithful Highlanders, ending, after many months of peril, in his escape to France. Any lingering hope cherished by his adherents was extinguished during the following year, when, by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, the King of France withdrew his aid from the exiled princes, and their cause was lost for ever.

At the same time, with the extinction of the last glimmer of hope for his beloved cause, life died out in the old clergyman at Worcester. His niece Jane was much with him, and so was his nephew William, from whose grandchild we have learnt most of what we know concerning that sad old age and death-bed. She remembers hearing her mother repeat William Morris's account of how the old man gave minute instructions as to where his grave should be made, and how the six girls who were to bear the pall should be dressed, "all in white, with rosettes of a particular fashion,"* and how it was by his express desire that the one word of

* Probably the "white cockade" of the Jacobites.

epitaph was inscribed on his grave-stone. In his later years he was "mostly melancholy," his relations say; he was always pining about the state of religion, and longing for the return of him whom he considered the rightful king. His family had a high opinion of his goodness and his claims on the Stuarts; and they have passed on this little story about that time in their uncle's life which preceded the last great Jacobite rising. His old housekeeper, Kate, used often to say in his nephew William's hearing, that "master would be a Bishop yet;" and she was gently chidden by the old man with the words, "Kate, Kate, thou talkest treason." The phrase was quoted by those of the next generation, who loved to talk of Thomas Maurice, and their children caught up the words and made a household proverb of them; and when brother or sister was saying that which might involve others in disgrace or difficulty, "Kate, Kate, thou talkest treason" was the half-playful threat or warning used. That brief sentence, coming to us through children's sports, but first spoken to check the perilous predictions of his affectionate old servant, seems the clue to his misery. All that we hear about him gives the idea of his being a fervent, enthusiastic, and keenly sensitive man: loyal with a loyalty which to our age seems incredible, unflinching in his self-sacrifice, yet feeling acutely each pang which that sacrifice brought. It had been very hard on him in the full vigour of his youth to have every avenue of success closed against him; to be cut off from all the pursuits in which he had delighted; to be excluded from all clerical work and usefulness. And if it were hard in youth, it did not seem easier when year after year passed, and for half a century there were but those few words of the oath between him and prosperity. His mind was naturally a morbid one, and in his forced inactivity it preyed upon itself; he thought of all he might be if

the Stuarts were restored, and dwelt with increasing gloom on his own and the nation's wrongs. There could be neither peace nor joy for him while the detested House of Hanover ruled, and his loyalty was counted treason. His one hope for fifty years was for the Stuart restoration, and, when that hope was shattered, he sank altogether. He was too feeble to do more than affix his mark to his last will, of which we have seen a copy; but his mind was clear enough to settle a long list of annuities and weekly payments to be charged on his personal property and on the rents of his houses and fields in Upton. One of his nieces had married a Lingham, and to her and to her brother Samuel he left £30 apiece. A niece who married Mr. Hackett received only fifty shillings, and each of her three children the same. His sister-in-law, Humphrey Morris's widow, was to have an annuity of £6, while his brother Luke's widow had a legacy of £50. Seventeen other nephews and nieces received legacies, varying in value from £1 1s. to £100. His servant, Catherine Lewis, was to be paid 4s. weekly for the rest of her life; and all his "books, his table-cloth, and a large pair of sheets" were left to his niece, Margaret Beetenson. His niece, Jane Maurice, was to have all the "messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments," which had belonged to her uncle in Upton; and she and Margaret Beetenson were to be residuary legatees of the real and personal estate. The houses in which Mr. Edwards and Mr. Hartland now live are supposed to have been those to which the will refers; and it is conjectured that the house now known as the King's Head was also his property. Considering the money legacies, and the other bequests to Jane Maurice, it is evident that the old man must have had a very good income. The will is dated July 29, 1748, and was proved in Doctors' Commons on October 8. In the cathedral register there is this entry:—

"September 18, 1748.—The Reverend Mr. Thomas Morris buried in the cloisters by Mr. Meadowbank."

Of the numerous relations whom he remembered in his will, Thomas Morris, a linen-draper in London, is the only offshoot bearing his name. The last Morris of the family in Upton died in 1867. He was a carpenter by trade, and a very well-mannered and intelligent man, fond of dwelling on the connections and doings of his family, and especially fond of speaking about "Miserrimus." He had an old copy of the "Book of Martyrs," said to have been the property of Thomas Maurice, while the grand-child, or great-grand-child, of one of his nieces possesses his Bible, a massively-bound volume, with many quaint engravings. Our best informant is the grand-daughter of William Morris. He was a man of some ability and learning, and was for many years schoolmaster at Birts Morton, where Mr. Huskisson, afterwards a Cabinet Minister, was his pupil. He is believed to have had many letters and papers belonging to his uncle, but they all perished in a fire, which consumed the schoolmaster's house. His daughter, born in 1768, had learnt from him such love and reverence for Thomas Maurice's memory, that she used to speak constantly to her children about him, and order them to remember, when they were grown up, that they must never be in Worcester without "making time to go and pay their respects to the stone in the cloisters." There was a picture of Thomas Maurice, reported to be a good likeness, in the possession of one of the nephews of Jane Maurice, who inherited so much at his death. It was put into the sale by his widow, and bought by the late Mr. S. Kent, who gave it to a friend near Worcester. This gentleman died some years ago, and all efforts to discover the lost portrait have proved unavailing.

All the property which he bequeathed in Upton has

passed from his family. Even a sum of £100 left by his great-niece, Elizabeth Morris, to supply coal to "the poor residing in the town" was lost by the insolvency of a trustee. Thirty or forty years ago there were those still alive who could have given a much more complete biography than we have been able to gather from the little still remembered of Thomas Maurice. It is enough to identify him, and to throw some light on his story. There is nothing tragical or exciting in it, and yet it is as mournful as if he had been the perpetrator of some great crime, or the victim of some romantic calamity. It was utter disappointment, the heart-sickness of deferred hope for fifty-eight years, which made him use his latest breath in dictating his epitaph. Had there been a Stuart restoration, his name might have been carved as that of honoured priest or prelate; but, as it was, there needed no inscription to tell either the name or age of a worn-out and despised old man; there was only to be the one word of sorrow. We wish that we knew more; that some indication had come to us that the life which had been so gentle, and charitable, and blameless, was not in its ending utterly forlorn. We can but hope that the shadow, which has rested on his grave-stone, darkened only the earthly side of his life, and that within there was a brighter gleam, of which it concerned him not to speak to the world, but which, notwithstanding trouble and disappointment, lighted up his departure from it.

CHAPTER X.

THE CHOLERA.

Upton has been, in general, a healthy town, with a low average of deaths. Of late years, the only period of which we can judge fairly, it has been singularly free from consumption, that scourge of most English parishes, and many have died at a far advanced age. But every now and then, twice or thrice in a century, the general healthiness of Upton has been counterbalanced by some severe epidemic. Although the town is on gravel, and thus escapes the cold damp of a clay soil, yet its low situation on the banks of the Severn exposes it to the frequent mists and occasional floods from the river, affords inadequate natural drainage, and renders artificial drainage a difficult and expensive matter.

There used to be many narrow alleys and airless yards, and little was known formerly of the sanitary precautions which alone can make dwellings in such places clean and wholesome. We are told of an open ditch down New-street, and earlier still there is remembered a slimy pool in a field adjoining New-street, called the "Goomstool," which received all the drainage of that unlucky region, and diffused horrible odours over it when westerly winds were blowing. So, when some infectious disease came to a town thus fitted to receive it by natural situation and long-continued neglect, it did not hastily take its departure, but lurked among the cottages for

many weeks and months, slaying numbers of men, women, and little children, and leaving many fresh graves in the churchyard, and a long list of burials in that year's register.

We know little of the sanitary history of the parish until we get within reach of the memories of our old people; and no special time of illness, except fever and small-pox now and then, is remembered until that visitation of fifty-two years ago, the terrible cholera of 1832. For more than a year previously there had been rumours of a new and deadly pestilence, named "cholera morbus," which, having left its birth-place in Eastern Asia, had travelled across that continent into Southern Russia, and had thence extended itself through Turkey into Austria and Italy.

Before the summer of 1831 was over, it had established itself in nearly the whole of Northern Europe, and it was extremely fatal in many of the coast and river towns of Russia and Holland. It was from one of these that a vessel, with sick men on board, brought the new plague to Sunderland. Englishmen had been hoping that their island would escape, although the continent was stricken, and that the sea would be their safeguard against this most fearful invasion; and they could hardly believe for a while that the disease was among them. For some weeks there was little to excite alarm; it did not spread rapidly nor show itself in its full strength until the winter was half over. Then it extended itself through the length and breadth of England, gaining vigour with the increasing warmth of the spring-time, and every week, almost every day, fastening on some fresh field of slaughter. It passed over some counties entirely, and avoided some large towns. It touched some villages or parishes lightly, whilst others, separated by only a few fields, were heavily stricken. Hardly

a sea-port town escaped, and up almost every navigable river it made its way. Some time in April it was ravaging Bristol; very soon there were cases at Gloucester; and then it was at Tewkesbury. Boatmen coming up Severn from these towns brought startling reports of the numbers taken ill, and their strange sufferings; and while some were doubting the danger, but more dreading it, cholera had really come and slain its first victim, a young man who was ostler at one of the inns. He was little known or cared for, and, although some who saw him at last wondered at his strange looks and symptoms, his death seems to have caused little alarm. For another week the disease held off from Upton, although every day brought worse and worse accounts of the havoc it was working in other towns. There is a long narrow passage called Lapstone-alley, running from Dunns-lane to the banks of the Severn, and now, with its flagged pavement and large-windowed houses, a pleasant and cheerful place enough. In 1832 it was unpaved and drainless; and the fishermen, who mostly dwelt in it, were in the habit of leaving all sorts of evil-smelling refuse from their nets before the entrance of the alley and their own doors. In one of the cottages lived a young couple named Allen and their six-weeks-old baby. The wife, Jane Allen, was a bright, pleasant, little woman, and had been a nurse in Worcester Infirmary, where, however, her experience of sickness had not made her courageous. She was especially nervous and timid about this new disease, and "quite taken up" with hearing of the death of some one she had known at Tewkesbury. It is believed that she had been ailing for some days, but no one about her knew of what deadly significance were those premonitory symptoms, until one July evening, when she was seized with the cramps of cholera. Those who were her neighbours remember

how they crowded into her room, and fled from it again in horror at her distorted face and limbs, and the pain which nothing could remove or even lessen. They heard her cries almost ceaselessly through the night, and at times they were so shrill and piercing, that the further off neighbours in Dunns-lane could not rest, but came to their doors and windows, full of pity for the poor young creature, and of terror at that which might be coming on themselves. Towards daybreak those agonising cries ceased, and Jane Allen lay all blue and shrunken, but free from pain, till death came some time in the morning of July 24.

That afternoon, a strong vigorous hay-trusser, William Halford, landed from Gloucester. He looked much as usual, but complained of feeling not quite well; at midnight he became fearfully ill, and although doctors were with him directly, and they and his family knew what the symptoms meant, and tried every means of relief, they could not save his life, nor mitigate the tortures which, in this case, seem to have been unusually severe. His son, a healthy lad of seventeen or eighteen, was aiding doctors and nurses with apparent self-possession, when he suddenly fell down in an epileptic fit, which lasted for some hours. It was the first of a series of similar attacks which, beginning thus in distress and horror at his father's death-bed, became more frequent as years passed on, until they destroyed reason altogether, and he died in a lunatic asylum in 1867. His father's sufferings did not last long; he died in twelve hours after the cramps had seized him, and was buried that afternoon. Before the grave closed on him there was another case. Susan Oakley was the daughter of a widow living in Dunns-lane, and she was one of the beauties of Upton. Her contemporaries never mention her now without some admiring notice of

her "noble figure, her beautiful eyes, her colour just like the rose," and the curls of her dark hair. She was a dressmaker, quick and skilful in her work, and "as good as she was pretty." She was helping her mother in some fruit-preserving, and turned from it for a while to go to the door as Jane Allen's funeral passed by. She looked at it until it turned from the lane towards the church, and then drew herself back into the house, saying that she felt she was "struck." In a few minutes cholera had her in its deadly grip, and she was gone before morning. Her brother John was returning in his barge from Gloucester when the news of Susan's dangerous illness reached him, and he hastened on, but did not reach home till two hours after her funeral. He had been tenderly fond of his beautiful sister, and was overpowered with grief at her death; he could not stay long to be comforted by his good wife, and have his thoughts diverted by the troop of children in their home near the New-street turnpike. His barge was moving up the stream, and he joined it at Severn Stoke, his wife walking so far with him. In a few hours came the news that he was taken ill in Worcester, and the poor wife left home in the middle of the night, and walked the ten miles before morning, only to find him sinking in the last stage of cholera. He died in his boat, and his wife, with the aid of one or two friends, had a coffin bought and conveyed on board, for the idea of his being buried away from home and kindred was intolerable to her. The corpse was put into the coffin, and "at the edge of night" they stole away, and slipped down Severn towards home. But as they voyaged on through the silence and darkness, illness, brought on by fatigue and sorrow, seized the unhappy widow, and before the barge reached Upton she had prematurely given birth to a still-born child.

One of the boatmen had come on before to make

preparations, and some neighbours were waiting by the trees above the bridge. The early twilight had not passed into sunshine when the barge drew to land, guided by one vigorous young boatman, and bearing as its ghastly freight a dead man, and a woman who looked almost as lifeless. "A sight to break one's heart," we are told it was, to see the husband and wife carried from the waterside to their home. Oakley was buried next day, and his wife hovered between life and death for many days, and did not for some months recover from the effects of that night's voyage.

Meanwhile, cases had appeared in several parts of the town, although the disease all along was chiefly fatal in Dunns-lane and the New-street, with the alleys adjoining, these being the two neighbourhoods which the deaths of Jane Allen and Halford had, as it were, marked out as congenial haunts of pestilence. Fear grew into panic, which weakened bodies as well as minds, and made them all the readier to receive the poison which was circulating in the atmosphere around. As with Susan Oakley, so with many others, illness seemed to come in some sudden shock of fear or disgust, whilst others, with stouter hearts and nerves, went from one horrible scene to another without a qualm. By the end of the first week in August there had been eighteen burials, and the whole place seemed covered with the shadow of death. There was the frequent carrying of coffins and passage of funerals through the streets; and the almost constant tolling of the bell announcing the passing away of another soul, or the conveyance of another corpse to the church. People watched from afar that spot to the north of the chancel where lime was shovelled on to the coffins, and the faces of the bearers and the white robes of the clergyman looked "unked" in the flickering glare of the pitch burned by the grave,

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when, as happened two or three times, the burial took place after the long summer day had faded into darkness. It was soon decided to forbid further interments in the churchyards, and a piece of the field called Parson's Field, about half a mile from the town, was at once set aside and enclosed. This was a necessary and wise arrangement; but for the time it deepened men's alarm and dismay. The English poor love to treat their dead with a certain respect and tenderness; however scantily they are clothed themselves, they will, if possible, procure some decent garment for the corpse's last attire, and beg or borrow some respectable mourning in which relations or friends may follow it to the grave. In the cholera time all these old customs were set aside; the last breath was hardly gasped out before the coffin was sent for, and in a few hours the corpse was on its way to the new graveyard. Sufficient bearers to carry it in the old decorous fashion could not be procured in that time of panic, and the coffin was put into a hand-cart, and pushed along by some man who smoked constantly to keep off infection, only pausing now and then to take a draught from the flask of rum which was carried in his pocket. One of the first persons buried in the country was a woman by the name of Church, and the man who conveyed the body remarked, as he turned homewards, that "folk need not fret now about there being never a Church in Parson's Field, for he had put one in himself." He was attacked that evening, and was almost the next corpse interred; his wife following him in a few hours. One or two similar cases are mentioned in which men or women, probably to disguise their fears, indulged in some such ghastly jestings. It jarred too keenly on their neighbours' overstrung nerves to be easily forgotten or forgiven. Even now the poor foolish jokes are

related, with the swift punishment that followed them. No such scoffer, it is said, escaped either death or very dangerous illness, for "the Lord would not let those alone who made fun of the cholera."

As the cases of cholera increased, and the fear and peril grew from day to day, the means to counteract them grew also. Clergy and laity met daily to plan fresh precautions, and to grant relief in the most liberal and abundant measure. In a few days a temporary hospital was fitted up in some empty buildings at the back of New-street, and thither, whenever removal was possible, the sick were taken on the first symptoms of illness. Abundant supplies of bedding, food, and restoratives were sent, and one or other of the medical men was constantly in attendance. But the poor creatures who were brought in would have been very badly off but for the untiring devotion of some non-professional nurses. We have met with no account of those fearful three weeks without hearing one name mentioned with unfailing gratitude and affection—the name of a young solicitor, the late Mr. T. W. Walker, who came at all hours of the day or night, not only to the hospital, but into the miserable cottage rooms, fetid with the sickening breath of the pestilence. He stayed by wretched patients, whose friends, worn out or terrified, could not do the requisite nursing, and he shrank from no task, however hazardous or loathsome, which could lessen pain or give a chance of life. One can hardly tell how great was the benefit of such courage; how it lifted people up from their depths of gloom and misery to find that one who had, as they say, "no call to be good to them," came from pure kindliness, and passed unhurt through the worst dangers. There was a poor woman who was as brave as he; neither before nor after this period did she bear a good name, but then she forgot all but womanly self-devotion and

tenderness, and was a most unwearied nurse, doing that for which hardly any one else had sufficient nerve or strength. There were one or two women besides, quite young girls, who gave themselves to the perilous tasks of tending the sick and laying out the dead; and one of whom, at least, was brought to the very brink of the grave from an attack of cholera.

They needed no common courage who could brave the disease then, when its strangeness doubled its terrors. Other epidemics had prevailed once or twice in every generation; and small-pox may have been more repulsive, and the suffering in scarlet fever more protracted; but people knew the symptoms of these diseases, could apply their simple remedies to them, and could speculate as to the number of days which must pass before the turn for death or life was reached. Now it was all new; there was the livid blueness of the skin, the visible shrinking and wasting of the body, and, above all, the cramp, which hideously distorted the face and limbs, and caused the most exquisite agony. In some cases there was added to all these symptoms raging delirium, which lasted till the moment of death. No wonder that people were frightened as they had never been by sickness before, and all the more when every remedy was tried and failed in turn; for here, as throughout England, doctors were quite undecided as to the nature of the disease and its proper treatment. In almost every case large quantities of brandy were given, and thus, occasionally, the fast-sinking strength was revived when hope was nearly gone. In other cases almost two pints were swallowed in a few minutes without the slightest effect in deadening pain or restoring circulation.

After the hospital was fitted up people were, in most cases, saved from having the actual death in their houses; but there was, instead, the horror of

seeing those who were taken ill borne through the streets. One poor girl is mentioned who was carried by in a cart, so contorted by cramp that one knee was drawn up to the ear, and the body so unnaturally twisted that "she was in no form like a human being." In the night the sick could be taken away unseen; but all say that the nights were harder to bear and worse than the day. That August set in with intense heat and close sultriness; frequent bluish mists hung over the meadows at twilight, the nights were dark and chilly, and there was seldom any freshness in the air except at early morning, when occasionally sunrise brought a pleasant breeze. Those who lived in the parts of the town which suffered most had seldom undisturbed sleep through a night. They were awakened, sooner or later, by the hasty opening of door or window, and frightened voices calling helpful neighbours to aid them with some one who was "took bad." Then there would be the hurried steps running to fetch the doctor, and very soon the shrill cries of pain would sound from the house, mingled, perhaps, with the wailing of poor little children, awakened out of their sleep to find the terrible cholera among them.

The tolling of the bell was stopped in a few days by the rector's orders. It was found not only that the healthy were depressed by it, but that the sick, who heard its mournful clang, and thus learnt that cholera had taken another victim, at once lost hope, and with hope lost strength to endure the suffering and the danger. About the same time measures were taken to fit up a sort of hospital in a barn on Tunnel Hill, and to erect tents and sheds on Hook Common for those remaining in houses where death had been. From the day that these were used the plague was stayed. Those who came terrified and ailing, and who might soon have sickened in their unwholesome

cottages, grew strong with the liberal diet allowed them, and fresh and bright with the pure breezes of the beautiful common, where nothing checks the free circulation of air between Bredon and the Malverns. And in the town matters were mending too. Although in the lower part of New-street and Lapstone-alley a strange dreariness and silence prevailed, since almost every door was locked, and every shutter closed, and hardly a creature passed by, it was better so than when there had been the frequent cases of illness, and the constant dread of fresh calamities.

There were three deaths on August 15th, and the next day only two; one an infant, the other a poor woman, who had lost her husband and four children in a week. The following day passed without a funeral, although there were many cases of illness. On the 18th a man died, and then there were two days without a death, and the sick began rapidly to recover. One more died, and then for a week cholera relaxed its grip, and finally passed away, taking one little child, on the 27th, as its last victim. From Jane Allen's death to August 20th was little more than three weeks, and in that time thirty-six deaths were entered in the church register, beside those of one or two persons who were buried in the Baptist grave-yard, and a couple more which are mentioned in a private list kept at the time. The general impression is that the number was between forty and fifty; and it is quite possible, when funerals were so frequent and so hasty, that some names of children, perhaps unbaptized infants, may have been omitted. But even the recorded number is a very large one to have been taken from a town of 1,900 inhabitants in three weeks. We can form no idea as to the number of cases of cholera; at first very few recovered, while during the last ten days many rallied after extreme suffering, and there were numerous slight cases.

Throughout, the disease in Upton was of a malignant character, more horrible in its symptoms and more rapid in its destruction than in any other Worcestershire town. The mortality was not so large in proportion to the population as in some of the closely-inhabited manufacturing parishes; but here each case was known throughout the town, and each death was more or less a grief to numbers of old friends, or neighbours, or relations.

There are many who were young married people, or girls and lads, at that dismal time, and who describe it as if it had happened but a year ago. Of the general progress of the disease they knew little or nothing, but they tell us of what they themselves saw and suffered so graphically, that we seem to be taken back fifty-two years, and to know those long-dead towns-people, and feel an intense pity for some specially pathetic cases. We are shown the house and room where this or that person died, and are told the while sundry particulars about him or her: at what hour the cramps came on, what doctor was sent for, what remedies were tried; and, beside this, we always have some quaint description of the difficulty in getting the hot bath or warm flannels, or of the room in which the poor sufferer lay as "an onaccountable tidy place," or "a forlorn room, with a poor mullock of a bed." And there is often added some mention of personal appearance or way of speaking, or some long-disused nickname. Thus, we almost seem to see one poor young woman, who died under most painful circumstances, as she lay at the last, "with the great drops of sweat standing like beads on her poor, pinched-up face; and her hair, as black as ever was a sloe, all undone and streaming over the pillow."

Then there was an elderly man, who all his life had been a fisherman, and who, in death, "was hanker-

ing after Severn," so that, when nearly gone, he crawled out of bed and tried to get on some of his clothes, muttering the while that he must go to his fishing. His terrified wife called in a neighbour, one of the courageous young nurses mentioned before, and they tried to lift him into bed again. But his weight was too much for their united strength, and so, while the worn-out and distracted wife wailed and mourned, the girl sat down, supporting the grey head of the dying man against her knee. In a few minutes more, still murmuring that it was time for his fishing, with his last thought on the river by which he had lived and toiled, the poor old fisherman drew his last breath and lay dead on the floor.

It is mentioned, as a sign of the gloom and alarm which hung over the town, that for many days no men stood on the bridge. To anyone who knows Upton, and how our "bargees" congregate on the bridge from early morning till darkness interrupts their conferences, this avoiding of their usual place of resort shows, more than anything else, what a shock to their ordinary habits, what a break in their rough lives, was caused by that time of pestilence. And it is always spoken of now with solemnity and a certain awe, as of some special judgment, and no ordinary illness.

Much good came to the town from the terror of that period. Not only was there a kindlier feeling between rich and poor, drawn together as they were by the liberality and consideration shown on the one hand, and the suffering and hardship borne on the other; but there was also such a desire to improve and purify the place as had never been displayed before. Throughout Upton the poorer houses were whitewashed and repainted, and in the more unhealthy parts entirely fresh drainage was effected. Partly owing to this, with the exception of a sickly period

now and then, when there were a few deaths from small-pox or fever, Upton had a very low rate of mortality for more than thirty years. Perhaps the towns-people had grown careless from this long immunity, for when, in 1864, scarlet fever appeared amongst us, it spread with alarming rapidity, and many parts of the town were found to be in a very bad state. Something was done that autumn in the way of purifying, but it was not until the following year, when small-pox succeeded fever and attacked numbers of the poor and a few of the rich, that any considerable sanitary reform took place. Since then, any epidemic which has appeared has taken no hold upon the town, but has exhausted itself in a small number of cases. With a view, however, to avert possible danger in the future, a "Parochial Committee" was appointed in 1883 by the Rural Sanitary Authority, under the Public Health Act of 1875, and, additional powers under that Act having been obtained, a large outlay has been made upon the cleansing and ventilating of drains and other sanitary improvements.

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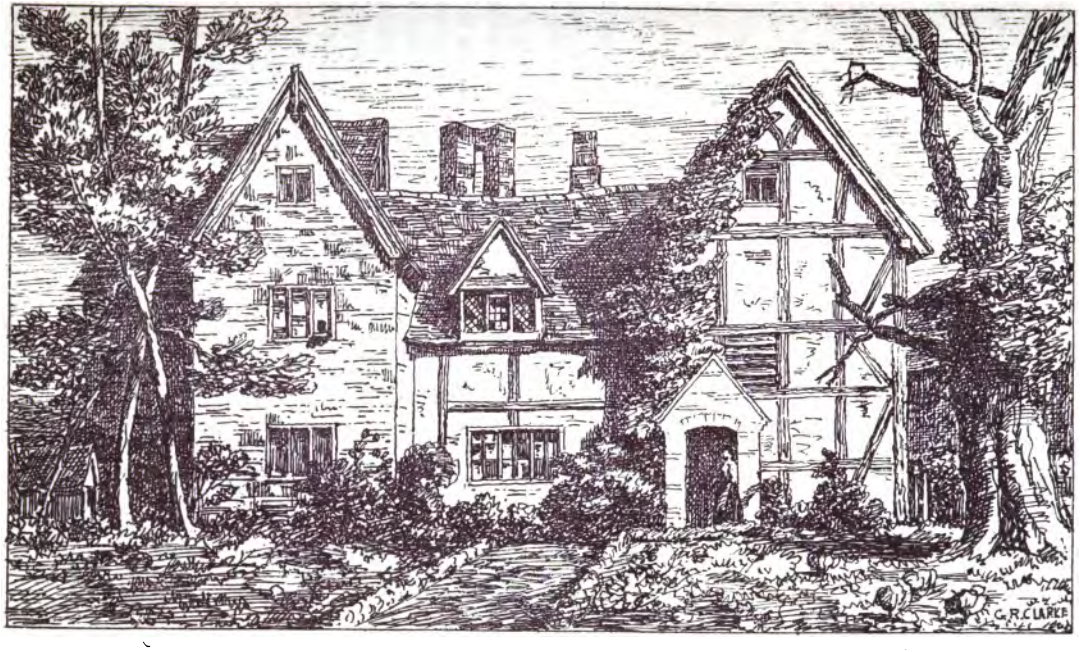

SOLEY'S ORCHARD
1860

CHAPTER XI.

OUR GHOST.

A GREAT many people take delight in telling and hearing ghost stories, but very few have any idea how valuable these tales may be from a historical point of view. We have no desire to discuss the vexed question as to whether it is possible or impossible for the spirits of the departed to make themselves seen and heard by those still living on the earth. But it will generally be found that there is a core of fact beneath the exaggerations of an ordinary ghost story. When we get beyond the traditional part, we arrive at the crime, or tragedy, or bit of biography on which the tale was founded; but this is only to be attained by much patient hearing of old folk's tales and diligent searching of contemporary records. There could hardly be a better instance of the history which may be gathered from the traditions of the people than the story of Thomas Bound. We first heard of him twenty years ago as a grim presence, supposed to make the Rectory-lane unsafe for timid people on dark nights. There was so much of picturesque detail in the accounts given us of Captain Bound's proceedings, both while he was in the flesh and even since his death, that we set to work to gather information about him from the registers and parish papers. We will first give the traditional Thomas Bound, as far as possible, in the words of the narrators. It is

well to mention that these old people had no idea of any written evidence concerning him, nor of the date of his life on earth; on the latter point they would only say, they "reckoned it was a very long time afore Mr. Baines," this being, as stated elsewhere, their method of designating any pre-historic period.

"Captain Bound was a desperately wicked man, very cruel, and covetous, and hard to the poor. He had some land in the Ham, and he used to ride down there on a grey horse, when folk were not about to see him, and remove the land-marks, so as to get more ground for his self. He was married to three wives, but the poor creatures had a hard time of it, and he made away with two on 'em. He lived for a good bit at Soley's orchard, and he had some fields nigh the house, but he wanted more. There was an old lady who lived at Southend, and owned the farm, and it ought to have come after her to some relations who were in poor circumstances. When she was a-dying Captain Bound was there, and he watched his chance, and as soon as she died he put a pen into the hand of the corpse, and guided it so as her should sign a will which left all to him. Then he went and took up his abode at Southend; but the old lady's ghost appeared there very soon, and, what with that and, it may be, things going contrary, he grew so miserable that he could not wait for the Lord to send him death, but he went and drowned his self in the pool by the Causeway (the raised path which connects the Rectory-lane and Southend)." So far for the traditional hero; we will now give an account of him according to facts. Thomas Bound was one of an old Upton family, probably descended from Philip le Bond, the emancipated serf mentioned in the tax-gatherer's roll of the fourteenth century. The Bounds were people of importance in the parish, and, as far as we know, inclined to the Puritan side in religion

and politics.* "Captain Bound" was born some time in the reign of James I.; his father, another Thomas Bound, was churchwarden once or twice soon after Mr. Woodforde came to Upton, and his too celebrated son held the same office in 1640 and 1641. His writing is remarkably clear and good, the elaborate curves and twists of the capitals being made with great firmness and skill. He was married thrice: the first time he went courting to Longdon, and married Mary, the daughter of Mr. Cook, of Chambers Court, a gentleman of good position and fortune; but she died in the following year, four days after her two-months-old baby. At this time he had evidently taken a decided part in politics, and his title of Captain points either to his having held a commission in the army of the Parliament, or, which is more likely, to his being Captain of an Upton volunteer corps which fought on the same side. He had no leisure to marry again until the war was over, in 1646. Then he again rode over the heath to Longdon, and succeeded in winning another Mary, the daughter of Mr. Higgins. She and her baby died within ten days of each other, in the April of the following year; and it says something for the courage of the maidens of that era that he found a third wife ten months later. Her name was Margaret Batherne, and she had a much longer term of married life. Of her five children two died in infancy, and she followed them when her youngest was but three months old. In ancient deeds and papers there are several notices of the way in which Captain Bound added "house to house, and field to field," including the farm-house of Southend, which he obtained on a lease from Mr.

* Some time before the Civil War began, a work on "The True Doctrine of the Sabbath," by Dr. Philip Bound, had stirred up the Sabbatarian controversy. He was probably of the same family as the Bounds of Upton.

Bromley, and also some meadows which he bought near the Causeway.

Tradition does not fully account for Thomas Bound having been so greatly feared and detested, but it seems likely that he headed the fanatical party in the parish which succeeded in turning out Mr. Woodforde and Mr. Warrene. It is still more likely that it was he who, when Upton was occupied by the King's troops in 1651, arranged the very clever scheme by which the bridge and church were captured. The last seven years of his life must have been very uncomfortable, as all services were prohibited but those of the Church of England; and, unable to hold any public office, unless he took certain oaths and received the Holy Communion, he was cut off from all power in the parish and neighbourhood. Probably some of the quarrels of those latter days helped to deepen his unpopularity. A curious tradition belongs to the supposed manner of his death. It is asserted that, on an evening quite at the end of July, some persons have been fortunate enough to meet in Minns-lane the shadowy funeral of the Captain going from the town to the Causeway pool. One lady still living declares that, in her childhood, she met this phantom array, a coffin covered with a black pall, and three or four men following in black cloaks; that she thought it was an ordinary funeral, and only marvelled that it should be going from, instead of towards, the church. The register, while it contradicts the assertion that the Captain did not receive Christian burial, verifies the date of his death by recording his funeral on August 1.) So far, history and tradition have only 1667 concerned themselves with the doings of Thomas Bound in his lifetime, but it was after his death that he became the terror of the neighbourhood. The legends about him are very graphic and vivid; they tell how his awful presence haunted Soley's orchard

and Southend, his two homes, and the lands and fields which had best known him in life, and how people became so scared and terrified that they persuaded the minister to "lay" him under the great stone which formed part of the little bridge by the pool. According to the legend, "the minister said some prayers, and, when he had done, an inch of lighted candle was thrown into the pond, and as it dropped into the water, the spirit was ordered to keep quiet under the stone till that candle was lighted again. It was confidently expected that this strange spell would quiet him altogether, but the charm was too weak for so turbulent a ghost. He was soon "loose again," and, to quote *verbatim* from a very pleasant informant, "grew that strong and forward, that he used to ride along the lane on his grey horse in the broad daylight. Folk were so terrified and put about, that they could not bear it any longer; and so three parsons were had to lay him." At Soley's orchard he had been especially troublesome, and the second attempt at laying him was made in the cellar of that house. One sees through these fantastic traditions some traces of the ancient forms of exorcism used against evil spirits and apparitions in far distant times. The three parsons stood holding hands in a ring, using their mysterious adjurations, but, to quote again an old friend, "one of them was a bit careless, and had his foot outside the ring, and that gave the spirit power: and all at once there was a whiz, and somewhat went by and hit him on the cheek, so that the whisker never grew on it, no, not to his dying day. But they managed to settle the Captain, and laid him that deep in the Red Sea that some folk say he has never been seen since." There are a few old people still left who have doubts as to the security of that Red Sea bondage. They affirm that their fathers and mothers used to relate how the spectral form of the

Captain was wont to appear sitting on the stone by the Causeway, or riding up the Rectory-lane on his white horse, with the chain he used in his nefarious land-measuring clanking behind him. Two old people born towards the end of the last century gave other thrilling experiences: one recounted her mother's attempt in girlhood to pick sticks on the west side of the Rectory-lane; she could do it right enough on the Rector's side, but when she tried to pull them from the opposite hedge (formerly the Bound property), she "could find of the Captain a-following after her, and he made her drop the sticks one by one, until she had got right away from his land." Mr. Clarke, who died in 1873 at the age of ninety-two, used to describe his childish terror when gathering darkness overtook him as he was going along the Causeway from school in Upton to his home at Southend. He used to fly in alarm, never looking behind him, for fear he should see the awful figure sitting upon what is always called "Captain Bound's stone." The name of a heroic carpenter, Benjamin Lane, is recorded as having performed an almost incredible feat of valour. The cellar at Soley's orchard was bricked up after "the laying," and it was supposed that the dreaded ghost had some awful power over it. A little dog of Lane's crept in through an aperture, and he, unwilling to lose his favourite, enlarged the opening, and so got safely in and out again. His friends admired, but blamed, his courage. "'Twould have been better to let the animal starve than risk disturbing the Captain." Some asserted that the apparition was occasionally seen in the house at the Cross, formerly inhabited by his respectable cousins, the Philip Bounds. Also he was seen at early morning on the banks of Severn, to the great terror of the fishermen. One aged lady mentioned, as a rumour current in her young days, that in a room at Soley's orchard there

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had been seen the spectral forms of three women, the two Marys and the Margaret, whose lives had been shortened or embittered by his cruelty. Close to Soley's orchard there is the trunk of an old elm, which was a vigorous young tree when the Bounds lived beside it. Its shadow must have fallen at even upon the picturesque white gable, with its broad, black timbers and fertile garden, the supposed scene of so much crime and misery. If the old tree could but find a voice we should know the rights of that story, and learn whether the two Mary Bounds died by murder or by mischance, and whether Margaret was ill-used and oppressed, or lived a contented wife and mother; we should know, too, whether her little children crept about the garden in terror of the father's step and voice, or ran merrily to meet him when he came home. But the only voices which speak about that home come to us through few and scanty records and vague and wild traditions, and from them we must form an estimate of the character of Thomas Bound. He was so dreaded and hated by his neighbours that they could not let his evil deeds rest, but transmitted them to memory, embellished by ghostly terrors, to the little children at their fire-sides; and these, when parents and grand-parents themselves, passed on the tales, with less of fact and more of fiction, to successive generations. The railway has cut through what was formerly his garden, and skirts the once shady lane down which his grey horse bore him to those acts of removing land-marks, for which he is held in such abiding execration. His house at South-end is pulled down, and Soley's orchard has been so far modernised as to have lost much of its old beauty and picturesqueness. Our buildings and our politics, our customs and our fashions, are all changed since 1667; but the remembrance of this middle-class, middle-aged Puritan remains unaltered.

He was no commonplace man who can thus be seen, though but as a dim and shadowy image, through the mists of more than two centuries. He so crushed down opposition that men were afraid to resist him, until his death set their tongues free to revile him as much as they liked. There was a certain grim pleasure in picturing their tyrant as a miserable ghost, shivering on a wayside stone, or roaming about the lanes and fields where they had met or avoided meeting him. All the tales which superstition and fear have told of him seem to indicate the same sort of character. A man of little conscience and indomitable will, hard, unscrupulous, and obstinate, he seems to have burnt his memory, as it were, with so black a scar into the mind of the parish that, a hundred and fifty years after his death, people believed in the power of his malignity and craftiness to work them harm.

The weird notion that his funeral may still be seen in the earlier part of a summer night, the cloaked mourners moving along and up-bearing the heavy pall, between the high hedges of the ancient road, must have come from the belief that he was refused Christian burial. He was not, however, interred near the little Causeway pool, in which he is supposed to have drowned himself, but his body was laid in, or near, the chancel of the church. In making a vault about fifty years ago for one of the Beale family, the masons first found the statue of De Boteler, and beneath it the grave-stone of Captain Thomas Bound. The bones of the grim Puritan were cast forth to make room for those of Mr. Beale, and the stone was subsequently replaced in the floor of the church, near the east end, where it may still be seen. Upton people cared nothing for the noble old "Knight of the Holy Voyage," but were deeply interested in gazing at the remains of the "Captain," whose phantom was

still a dread to them. Probably many households took possession of a bone or two, but we only know the fate of the skull: it was taken by a tradesman, who occupied the house at the Cross formerly owned by the Philip Bounds, and by him it was turned into a drinking cup, and was occasionally used at supper parties.

CHAPTER XII.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE parish of Upton-on-Severn is, with the exception of some few acres, situated on the west bank of its river. The town is at one corner, as it were, of the parish. Hanley and Ripple come to within five hundred yards of the bridge, but it is a three mile walk thence to the boundary between Upton and Welland at Gilver-lane, and nearly as far to the Anchor Inn, where we pass into another part of Welland. Longdon comes to within a mile and a half of the town, and Holdfast is nearer still, and claims part of the gardens and shrubberies that encompass Ham Court.

At the last census the population of the parish was 2,490. Of these about 1,500 reside in the town, while the remainder are scattered over the large country districts. There is no village, and hardly anything that can be called a hamlet, for there are not more than a dozen cottages in the largest cluster. Our country people live in tiny groups of whitewashed houses, nestling beneath the shadow of elm and pear trees, or in unpicturesque, though comfortable, red-brick dwellings skirting the highways across the recently enclosed commons. In the reign of Henry VIII., Leland, as quoted by Nash, described Upton as "a townlet on the western ripe of Severn." The quaint old traveller's term is as applicable now as it was then. It is above the rank of a village, possessing as it does a town-hall and petty-sessions, as well as a

weekly market and an occasional fair, although both market and fair are, unfortunately, of the minutest possible description. It can hardly vie with the borough or manufacturing towns of Worcestershire, yet some of them were mere hamlets when Leland rode through our streets. They have expanded into greatness, while Upton, a "townlet" in the days of the Tudors, is a "townlet" still, but little changed in form and size, although shrunk in importance during three hundred years.

The alteration of the Tewkesbury and Worcester roads, the building of bridges between this and Gloucester, the use of steam-tugs on the river, and to some extent the Tewkesbury and Malvern Railway, have combined to divert the stream of business from Upton.

Our chief streets bore the same names in the reign of Elizabeth that they bear now. There is no house which is more than three hundred years old existing at present, but within this century many ancient dwellings have been pulled down. The Gate House, which stood near Fisher-row, and some cottages within the churchyard must have been erected before the Wars of the Roses.

It is said that our earliest recollections are generally of some great terror or pain which distressed our childhood. So in Upton, the names of "Stocks-yatt-lane," and the "Goom-stool Cottages" carry us back to scenes of disgrace and misery in times far distant from our own. There must have been some sort of entrance or gateway to the town where the lane now is which bears the former title, and here were the stocks, with their then usual accompaniment, the pillory. In modern times the stocks were in the Pig Market, and the punishment had become more ludicrous than painful. A couple of hundred years earlier it was no light matter for thief or vagabond to

suffer durance at the Stocks-yatt for several hours, with neck, and arms, and legs miserably cramped, while any idler or enemy could throw unsavoury missiles at the defenceless face. The other name recalls a far more degrading punishment, that of the ancient Cucking-stool, or, as it was called in Worcestershire, the Goom-stool or Gum-stool. Since parish accounts existed, some cottages at the bottom of New-street have been styled the "Goom-stool Houses," but they were taken down in 1882, as unfit for human habitation. A pool close by, which has been filled up only of late years, was the "Goom-stool" pond, the scene, doubtless, of much mob-justice and great misery. An illustration shows the instrument of punishment, which was in frequent use for vixens and slanderers until the beginning or middle of the eighteenth century. The poor wretch was strapped into the chair at one end of a long beam, which was worked by a lever, so that she could be ducked into the water over and over again, while her tormentors stood on dry land. When these cottages were new, their inhabitants must have had a good view of these scenes of riotous vengeance; perhaps their doors may have been opened to receive the wretched woman when she crawled away from her degrading punishment, half drowned, and too much exhausted and terrified to reach her own home.

Another obsolete penalty is remembered by persons still alive. A gipsy was "whipped at a cart's tail through the town" some seventy years since. He had been convicted of stealing bacon; but one of our informants considered that the flogging was nothing very terrible. "The man, he screeched pretty well, but I watched him, and 'twas all make-believe; I'd have had as much, and welcome, if any man would have given me a pint of ale afterwards."

Chas Cattermole.

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The Severn, or, as all true Uptonians would say, Severn, occasionally inflicts great damage on the town, to counterbalance in some degree the constant benefits derived from its neighbourhood. Although the river trade is far less than it used to be, the fortunes of Upton are still influenced by the state of the water. In dry seasons the river is too low for the salmon to pass the weirs at Gloucester and Tewkesbury, and spring floods put a stop to the fishing at the most profitable season. A high flood fertilises the water-side meadows by the deposit of rich mud which it leaves behind, but in other ways it is very mischievous. The floods begin gradually; the hitherto invisible ditches in the Ham appear as intersecting watery lines, and in two or three days the huge green meadow is turned into a muddy lake, out of which trees and hedge-rows peer dismally. It seems for a time to have nothing to do with Severn, which is rolling down an hourly-increasing body of water, but is separated from the Ham by so high a bank that it is only the mightiest flood which can cover it altogether. There are, however, lower places here and there, and by these the swollen river at length finds an outlet, and sweeps along, a turbid, but majestic stream, full half a mile broad, and ten or twelve feet deep, over the level meadows. In the town, the water creeps up, inch by inch, until in one cottage after another the floors are covered, and still the yellow stream rises, until it puts out the fires and mounts half-way up the staircases. The cottages at the bottom of New-street, and those on the Quay, are the first to suffer, but in the flood of 1852 the water was up to the corner of Dunns-lane and High-street, and half-way up New-street. Men boated to the bar of the Star Hotel; Upton was, for the time, an island; and, in houses which had been thought to be out of flood's way, the muddy waves surged against the window-sills, filled the

cellars, and bubbled up through the stones of the kitchen floors. This flood, which destroyed the old bridge, rose with extraordinary rapidity. A woman who lived in one of the "Goom-stool" cottages assured us that "the water was but got to a couple of doors off when I went to the bakehouse and to do some arrands; they said on the bridge as Severn was coming on onaccountable, and I ran home, and to be sure he was half-way up the kitchen, and my chayney ornaments was swum off the dresser into the back yard."

A great flood is a fine sight, and would be an enjoyable one but for the present discomfort caused by the invading waters, and the legacy of sickness which they leave behind. The walls and floors of the inundated houses are not thoroughly dry for months, and the inhabitants suffer from severe coughs and inflammatory attacks, or, perhaps, life-long recurrence of rheumatism or sciatica. The flood of February, 1881, was the highest since that of November, 1852, which seems to have been unsurpassed since that of 1770, when the Severn probably attained a greater height than it had done for three centuries. At that period, during the terrible inundation known to history as "Buckingham's Flood," Holinshed asserts that whole villages were flooded, scores of human beings were drowned, and infants were seen floating in their cradles over the submerged fields.

Four lives have been lost in this immediate neighbourhood by floods during the present century. Many years ago, a Mr. Fothergill, a clergyman, who lived at Pool House, was returning from performing the service at Longdon. It was after dark, and the water was over the Hanley road. He was within a few yards of home when his horse stumbled into a disused sawpit, and there both rider and steed were drowned. The melting of the deepest snow known for many years caused a very high flood in February, 1881,

OLD UPTON BRIDGE AFTER THE FLOODS OF THE YEAR 1852

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Three men-servants belonging to the Rhydd Court, in returning from Upton across the flooded meadows, were drowned by the upsetting of the boat.

Our river has always taken a heavy toll of the population of Upton. Whenever the registers have mentioned violent or accidental deaths, the entry, "Drowned in Severn," occurs frequently. There are few families among the poor which cannot recall the loss of a relation, or, it may be, one or two, from some false step on a barge or on the river's bank, or from cramp or exhaustion while bathing. Old people tell us of the upsetting of a pleasure boat, by which five men perished, and of "the unkedest sight which the men on the bridge can see," viz., the swollen, disfigured corpse of some long-drowned man who has been missing for weeks, in village or town far away up the river.

There has been in Upton a remarkable absence of great crimes, such as murder or burglary attended with violence. There have been one or two cases in which foul play was suspected, and many of savage quarrelling and of pilfering. But, as far as we can learn, Upton has not contributed any atrocious criminal to swell the list of those who figure in the *causes célèbres* of Worcestershire; and none of our people have suffered capital punishment since the days when, the parish being part of Malvern Chase, doubtless many an Upton man expiated his offence against forest law upon the gallows on the hills.

There may have been many incidents which were full of pathos and horror to those who saw them, and which would, did we know them, invest many an old house and many a country lane with unexpected interest. But with the exception of Captain Bound, who has been detested for two hundred years, local tradition does not stretch further than two or three generations. An old boatman defined the grasp of

parochial memory by thus prefacing some tale: "I heard it from my father, and he said as how, when he were a little lad, old Bill So-and-so told he." The poor have generally a chronology founded on some event in their families, as, "That was when my father bought me a sweet pretty gownd with blue roses on him, and 'twas the first as I had made long;" or, "that ere happened when our John, him as is married up the country, was about cutting his first tooth." It was in that vague era known as "afore Mr. Baines," that a suicide is said to have occurred in the pretty lane which has since borne the name of "Cut-throat." To the same period may be assigned the story of a girl's death not very far from this lane. She was sitting at her knitting on the branch of a tree which overhung a small, deep pool by the road-side. The ball of worsted rolled from her lap, and, in trying to recover it, she slipped into the water and was drowned. The double tragedy which gave an evil fame to Tiltridge is of more recent date, although now there are only a few grass-covered ruins and some "garden flowers grown wild," to show where once was a substantial house in a lovely situation. The farmer who rented this and an adjoining farm, nearly a century ago, was a harsh and violent-tempered man. He and his wife lived on very bad terms with each other, and she was seen several times in the garden of this house crying bitterly, and with her apron thrown over her shoulders to hide the marks of his blows. One day she was found drowned in the well, which was an exceedingly deep one. When the corpse was drawn up into the daylight one of the shoulders was swollen and livid, and the neighbours conjectured that some recent cruelty had driven her in a frenzy of terror or despair to self-murder. Public opinion excused her madness, and laid the blame on her husband, who was supposed, thence-

forth, to be liable to "visitings" from his dead wife. Passers-by declared that she could be seen hovering over the well or about the garden paths, and always with "the apron lapped round her poor shoulder as when she was drowned." The old house was, after a time, forsaken, and fell into decay, but while part of it was yet standing it was the scene of another tragedy. A wretched girl, who feared disgrace more than the supposed horrors of the spot, found shelter within its crumbling walls and a burial-place in the old well for her new-born infant. Thenceforth a deeper shadow hung over the ruins; fifty years ago few people would have ventured within them after nightfall, but now both house and tradition have almost disappeared, and only a few old people can recall the particulars of the gloomy old story.

One more sensational story is remembered. A young man, who worked for the occupier of Soley's Orchard, became attached to a girl who was a servant in the house. Their history must be given as it was told to us, in words and phrases which were common enough half a century since, but which are fast dying out before the advance of the conventional English of education. "This girl was a very pretty girl. She'd the beautifullest colour, and eyes just like a hawk's. She and the young fellow kept company, and there was talk of their being soon married. But keeping company is a cazu'lty thing, and somehow they dropped out. It was only a bit of a quarrel, but he got quite angry over it, and determined to do for both of 'em. He got some poison, and put half in her mug of beer and half in his'n. A young chap who worked along with her thought there was something curious agate, and, on the sly, poured the stuff away out of the girl's mug, and gave her some wholesome liquor. The other fellow never guessed at this, so he watched the young woman have her supper, and he

took his'n, and started to his home up on Longdon Heath. But the poison soon overcame him, and he got into a shed which was kept fettled for the colts, and laid there in the biggest agony. Early in the morning a woman who was passing heard a dismal groaning, but durst not go to the shed, because it was in Captain Bound's neighbourhood. So she fetched some of the Ham Court servants to go along, and they found him close upon death, and he was gone very soon. He did not know but what the girl was done for, too. If he had not got so crazy over keeping company, there wouldn't have been no harm in the poor fellow."

There is neither record nor tradition of any great conflagration in Upton. A shop or a house has been consumed now and then, and some years ago a soap-boiling establishment was burned down. Nor have there been any riots or street-fighting worthy of mention since the attack on the Anabaptist meeting-house in the reign of Queen Anne.

We cannot add much to that which has been already said concerning the old families of Upton. Of those who were gentry or trades-people a hundred years ago, only four have descendants of their name in the parish at the present time. Those of more ancient well-to-do families have quite disappeared, with the exception of two or three poor women, who are the only representatives, but no longer bear the name, of the once wealthy Hills, of Greenfields. Our boatmen and fishermen are the people of really ancient lineage. There were Bricks, Farleys, Biddles, and Halls in Upton in the reign of Henry VIII., and, it is likely, for many centuries previously. Leland may have seen some of them working on the water, or on the "bridge of wood," waiting for a job; and ancestors of theirs may have so worked, and so waited for work, in the earlier years of Plantagenet sovereignty.

Many of the ordinary games of English children are of considerable antiquity, and at Upton a peculiar form of words is attached to marbles, and a peculiar rhyme to "obbly-onkers," or "conquer-nut," both of which are given in the Appendix. The merry drama of the "Knights of Spain," now fallen out of general use, is still enacted by our children, and is probably based on some bit of sixteenth-century romance concerning the Spanish gallants who came over in the train of Philip. We miss, however, a game of much historical interest, which was in favour with the children of Offenham, a village near Evesham, thirty years ago. In this a party of children armed with short sticks, supposed to be knives, attacked another party with the question, "What d'ye say for your life?—a bit of bread and cheese or a knife!" "Bread and cheese," was said in various grotesque ways, and then ensued a general skirmish, in which the assailants endeavoured to capture and stab as many of the enemy as possible. This is clearly a memory of Wat Tyler's insurrection, 1381, when the foreign merchants of London were objects of special animosity to the mob, and suspected persons were required to say "bread and cheese" as a shibboleth, and were stabbed if they did not pronounce it with a proper English accent.

We are not rich in folk-lore, but the following weather rhymes and sayings are still in vogue:—

"When Bredon Hill puts on his hat,
Men of the vale, beware of that."

"Come Easter early, or come it late,
'Tis sure to make the old cow quake."

"If the oak be out before the ash,
There'll only be a little splash;
If the ash be out before the oak,
Then there'll be a regular soak."

Two sayings belong to June 26, which is Pershore Fair-day. Rain is always expected on that day "to christen the apples," and the cuckoo is supposed to attend the fair for the purpose of buying a horse and riding away thereon. If his note be heard after that day, which is unusual, it is concluded that the fair has not supplied him with a horse to his mind.

To have a hen that crows like a cock, and to transplant parsley, are both omens of ill-luck to our people; but in the former case the immediate slaughter of the bird may avert the impending calamity.

We greatly believe in the influence of the moon, not only upon tides and weather, but also upon domestic events. For instance, a pig must not be killed "in the wane of the moon," otherwise the bacon will not take the salt.

It can scarcely be considered a piece of history, national or parochial, that one of the scenes in "Tom Jones" is said to be laid in an Upton inn; but more worthy of note is the fact that Mrs. Siddons acted in a large room either at the back of "The Lion," or in Dunn's-lane.

A curious specimen of "tomb-stone literature" has long been reported to have existed at Upton, and the fame of it has extended so widely, that an inquiry about it has reached me from the Antipodes. Shortly after the appearance of "Records and Traditions" in 1868, at least two aged and credible persons assured me that, within their own recollection, the following epitaph was to be seen in the church-yard:—

"Here lies the landlord of the Lion,
Who died in lively hopes of Zion;
His son keeps on the business still,
Submissive to the heav'nly will."

In bringing these chapters on Upton to a conclusion, I am painfully conscious that my work has

been of slight and imperfect character, and might have been done much better by some one possessing more leisure and good eyesight. The book has been put together in the midst of a busy life, and under many discouragements and hindrances, but, such as it is, I venture to hope that it may be of some interest and use to present and future inhabitants of Upton.

SUPPLEMENTAL CHAPTER.

HANLEY CASTLE.

A FEW hundred yards to the west of the road leading from Upton to Hanley, there stands a substantial manor-house, which specially bears the name, now given to the whole parish, of Hanley Castle. It occupies the site of a dwelling, than which few in the Western Midlands have been more associated with mediæval history, and none have more entirely disappeared from the sight of man. Of most historic buildings there remains some portion of wall, buttress, or gate-way, or, it may be, some grass-covered mounds, to mark their former outlines. At Hanley, with the exception of part of a moat, and a walled excavation supposed to be an oven, there is no trace of the existence of a castle; its very stones have gone, and are only to be found built into the walls of some of the village houses, for the ruins were used as a quarry for some time after their demolition. The earliest owner of Hanley of whom we have any record is mentioned in Domesday-book as "Celmar the Englishman," but we have no indication as to how he was displaced to make room for a Norman owner. Perhaps he fell at Senlac, or he may have fled from his enslaved country to seek his fortunes in foreign lands. His home was given to Gilbert, the son of Turold, probably one of the gallant soldiers who followed William in his terrible campaign (1071), after the mercenaries of Anjou and Bretagne

forsook his banner, scared at the order to march from York to Chester in the midst of winter. Those who were loyal to the Conqueror through the starvation and dangers of that campaign, were richly rewarded with grants of land and honours; but each man, when he knelt and took his oath of fealty, with his hands within the King's, had to undertake some condition of military service, as well as some special duty with regard to the country. Two Normans had grants in Hanley, the founder of the house of Lechmere, who may have watched the safety of the river traffic from Lechmere's Place, and Gilbert, son of Turold, who probably undertook to erect one of those castles destined to keep in check the turbulent Cambrians of the Welsh marches. From Domesday-book we get a good idea of Hanley as the Normans found it. There were two villages of ten and eleven houses each; a forge kept by an "alien" or foreigner, probably one of the former Celtic inhabitants; a wood half a mile long, in which were 100 pigs; and also two salt-pits. The castle built by the Norman Gilbert was a quadrangular structure, with towers at each corner, and surrounded by a double moat, which widened at the northern side into a small lake. We have no record of its having been the scene of warfare, but it may have been taken and re-taken over and over again, while Worcestershire was being desolated by the wars of the twelfth century. Hanley Castle, however, could never have stood a long siege, because it was commanded on two sides by higher ground, within a few hundred yards of its walls.

In the time of Henry II. the house of De Bello Campo owned Hanley, and exercised feudal lordship over Upton; it seems probable that Baron Walter De Bello Campo was less fortunate than William of Saltmarshe, and did not have his Hanley estates returned to him after his appearance among the rebel

barons. In the year before the signing of the great Charter, King John was at Hanley, and the assizes were held at the sessions room, a large building on the site of the present grammar school. The castle continued royal property until the time of Edward I., when it passed into the possession of Gilbert De Clare, Earl of Gloucester. Something has been said concerning this "Red Earl," and many other owners of Hanley, in the chapter on Upton history, and we will now only speak of such events in their home lives as were connected with the Castle. De Clare greatly improved and enlarged it, and, no doubt, built a banqueting hall, chapel, and servants' rooms, to make it a fitting abode for his young bride, the Princess Joan of Acre. She was the darling of her father, who must have seen some good qualities in De Clare which are not preserved in history. To us he appears to have been both fickle and fierce, as he changed sides three times during the Barons' War, and, when he could no longer fight the Saracens, his violent temper led him into many quarrels with his neighbours as to forest rights. The Princess and the Earl had in common, at all events, a taste for hunting, which led to their passing a good deal of their time at Hanley. Their sport was very different from that of present times; the bugle horn would sound before break of day, and lords and ladies would be in their saddles and away through the dewy woods by sunrise, returning home to dinner by the hour at which modern sportsmen are coming down to breakfast. When the Red Earl died, in 1295, the Princess married again almost immediately. Her second husband was Ralph de Monthermer, an untitled esquire, and the match so grievously offended the King that he deprived the bride of her lands, and imprisoned her bridegroom in Bristol Castle. They were, however, not long left in disgrace, and De

Monthermer became a favourite with Edward for his courage and chivalry. He and the Princess were much at Hanley, with her four children by De Clare. In the same year with her great father, Edward I., the Princess Joan died; and the life which had begun on the shores of the Mediterranean terminated amid the woodlands of Hanley.

The Chase and Hanley formed part of the dowry of the wife of another Gilbert De Clare, who fell at Bannockburn, and in the castle she may have found a peaceful retreat during the few months of her widowhood. Her sister-in-law, Eleanor Despenser, could have had little leisure after her marriage to reside at Hanley, however dear to her as the home of her mother and brother; and, probably, her descendants for about sixty years, only came to the castle for an occasional visit during the hunting season. The Countess Isabel Despenser was the one of all the noble owners of Hanley who most entirely made it her home. She was first married to Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Abergavenny and Worcester, and when she was little more than fifteen her daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Beauchamp, was born at Hanley. The Countess, when married a second time to another Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, selected the chapel of the castle as the place for her nuptials; and we have little difficulty in picturing to ourselves the appearance of those who took part in that wedding 450 years ago. The Lord Abbot of Tewkesbury and the Prior of Worcester would be officiating in their splendid ecclesiastical attire; we can see the "Good Earl," middle-aged and stately, with large head, massive features, and long hair, clad in rich robes bordered with fur, and with sleeves touching the ground; beside him would be standing his young Countess-bride, with the fair complexion and golden locks of the Plantagenets, in her splendid

array of embroidered silk and miniver, and with a lofty head-dress coming to a point, or horned on either side.

When the restoration of Tewkesbury Abbey was going on in 1875, the tomb of the Countess Isabel was brought to light; on the lower side of the marble slab were engraved the words "Mercy Lord Jhu." Some fragments of the wooden coffin remained, with its lining of silk. Her embalmed body was wrapped in a plain linen shroud, still perfect except at the top of the head, where a small piece of it had fallen away, disclosing bright auburn hair, apparently as fresh as when she was first laid there. The body was reverently left as it had been found, "and the stone replaced with its prayer still towards her face."*

No more charming pair appears to us among those who made their homes at Hanley than Henry Beauchamp, Duke of Warwick, and his child-wife, Cicely Neville, daughter of the Earl of Salisbury. Every good gift that nature and fortune could give were bestowed upon this young couple, and the kingly titles, which were the Duke's latest honours, were given to him when just twenty-one. It may have been some presage of mortal sickness that caused the Duke to turn from Court life, and retire with his wife and their little daughter to their favourite home at Hanley. The woods were in their first summer beauty, and the wild flowers bloomed in every copse and hedgerow around the old castle, when that brilliant young life came to an end, on June 11, 1446. His grave was uncovered at Tewkesbury Abbey at the same time with that of his mother; coffin and shroud were gone, but a few of the principal bones of a tall man remained among the dust. The Duke was devotedly loved by the poor, and the death of one so

* "Tewkesbury Abbey," p. 81. By J. H. Blunt.

good and noble was a grievous loss to the Court and to the nation. After the death of his daughter at six years old, the family honours died out, and all the Beauchamp estates passed to the sister of the Duke, Anne, the wife of the King-maker. For her there were many tender associations with Hanley as the home of her girlhood; but no such peaceful ending was given to her as that of her brother in the old castle of the Chase. When it was granted to Isabel of Clarence, she probably spent some of her time there during the five years in which she survived her father. There may have been some stormy hours in the last few months of her life, for George of Clarence was as fickle in love as in war. After his death and attainder, part of "Warwick's land in Worcestershire" was reserved for the young Earl, son of Clarence and Isabel; he and his sister, afterwards Margaret De La Pole, may have passed some of their early years at Hanley, but their innocent childhood was darkened by frequent incidents of distress and suffering among those with whom they were most familiar. They were old enough to remember the suspicions as to the cause of the death of their lovely young mother, and the arrest of one of the female servants, who was afterwards hanged on the charge of poisoning her mistress. Their father's terrible death was preceded by a double tragedy: one of the Duke's chaplains and Thomas Burdett, a gentleman of his household, were arrested and put to death for the supposed crime of witchcraft and treason. By the jealous watchfulness of Richard III. the young Earl was removed to Yorkshire, and, so far as we know, he and his sister never met again. When he was sent to the Tower by Henry VII. he was a handsome youth of fifteen, but ill-educated, and possessing none of the spirit or talent of his family. Only once during fourteen years of close imprisonment was he allowed to

see the outer world, and that was when he was taken in procession through London, to convince the public of the imposture of Lambert Simnel. Hanley and Upton must have acutely shared in the grief which thrilled through England in November, 1499, at the judicial murder of their young Lord; and with the extinction of that innocent life the glory of the old castle was quenched for ever.

The oldest part of the building had stood for four centuries, and in all probability repairs were needed, and for lack of them the castle became each year more and more dilapidated. The stewards' accounts of this royal property are the only proof that a building existed for about the first fifteen years of the century, when it passed out of their hands into those of Sir William Compton. It was a frequent custom in old times to select lads of gentle birth to be reared and educated with princes; and when Henry VIII., then Duke of York, was a child, the son of Mr. Edward Compton, of Compton Verney, was thus chosen to be the Prince's play-fellow and school-mate, and between the two there arose one of those friendships which endure throughout men's lives. Henry, so changeable in later days, both as to religion and affection, never swerved from his attachment to his earliest friend; when he became king he showered honours and estates upon him to an extent that must have made him one of the richest commoners in the kingdom. Among these gifts were the constable-ship of Gloucester, Sudeley, and Hanley Castles; but it is impossible to say what was the amount of ownership attached to this office. Certainly it did not mean any responsibility in the preservation of these castles, for, to quote Leland regarding Hanley, "here was a Castle and Mr. Cumpton clene defaced it." Possibly he needed money for the expenses of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," at which he was one of the champions,

and the carved stones and wood-work of the castle would easily find a purchaser. It seems to have been entirely demolished, and the stones became a rapidly lessening heap of ruins, from which any person who wished to build a cottage carried away as much as he liked. Sir William Compton belonged to an age when there was little scruple about destroying the relics of the past, or in accepting anything that was offered in the way of Church or State property. Apart from this he was a gallant and sensible gentleman, who distinguished himself at the "Battle of the Spurs," and avoided being entangled in any of the political difficulties of the day. He died in 1528, of the sweating sickness, and the Chase and Hanley were granted to a succession of owners, among whom were Sir Edward Fiennes, Lord Clinton, and two of the Bishops of Worcester. In the reign of James I. Habingdon chronicled that on the site of the castle "was a great heap of rubbish and a silly barn." Before this the manor had been granted, with its appurtenances, to John Hornyold and his wife Katherine "to be held *in capite* for the twentieth part of a Knight's fee." A substantial house was built on the north side of the castle plateau early in the seventeenth century, and by degrees the turfy mounds have been cleared away, and a pretty, fertile garden occupies the site where once rose the massive towers of the Normans, and the more graceful halls of the Plantagenets. Some years ago a considerable extent of the foundation walls, nine feet thick, was laid bare, but unfortunately these were covered up again without any attempt at making a plan. The inner moat is entire exception the north side, where it was filled up a few years since. It may be conjectured that the servants' quarters were in the north-east corner, as the only vestige of the castle is visible here. It is a circular concave pit with some remains of ancient

grating at the bottom, and it is supposed to have been one of those outdoor ovens which were used for cooking quarters of venison in mediæval kitchens. A few relics found in the moat and garden have been preserved, and these are very suggestive as to the home life of the past. Two or three bottles of very thick glass and of quaint shape must have been used to contain the French or Rhenish wines, which were considered a necessary accompaniment to every meal; a massive spur may have been lost by a careless groom in the court-yard; a small dagger of delicate shape, and with traces of gold inlaying still visible, may have belonged to one of the young lords of Warwick, or to some high-born page, and have been flung away into the moat in sport or in a quarrel; a glazed tile bears a coat of arms, which is identified by "Somerset Herald" as that of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Worcester, the first husband of Isabel Despenser. It may have been part of the flooring of the banqueting hall or a ladies' bower, and over it must have passed the feet of the King-maker, George of Clarence, Edward of Warwick, and other men who were to die in battle or on the scaffold. Over it also must have stepped, in their happy youth, those fair maidens of the house of Warwick whose lives were to end so sadly.

Some forgotten catastrophe must have given rise to the lines in the old song about the neighbourhood of Malvern:—

"Then open not thy gate,
Remember Hanley's fate,
And bless the Lord."

At the head of the pool near Burley, or Burl End, which must have been part of the outer moat, there were found some years ago a dagger and several arrow-heads. Within the castle enclosure there stood, in the memory of living persons, a curious old wind-

mill, the base of which was an enormous oak on which the mill worked with rollers. The lords of Hanley Castle had certain rights of jurisdiction over the Chase, and could sentence to death obstinate offenders against the forest laws. The trials were held at the Rhydd Green, and the condemned were taken along "Hangman's-lane" to a spot not far from Malvern Wells, called "Gallows-hill." Before trial the accused were confined in a prison at the castle, called the "Banbury-chamber." It may be from some lingering tradition of these poor wretches, pacing to and fro behind their prison bars, that "knocking about like a Banbury," is still an Upton phrase for any one in a state of restless excitement, while Hanley uses the term "Banbury boys" for young lads inclined to get into mischief. The castle remained in possession of the Hornyold family until a few years ago, when it passed, by exchange of lands, to Sir E. A. H. Lechmere, a descendant of that comrade of the Norman Gilbert who built the earliest portion of Hanley Castle.

UPTON WORDS AND PHRASES;

BEING AN APPENDIX TO

THE NATION IN THE PARISH

By EMILY M. LAWSON;

CONTAINING MORE THAN EIGHT HUNDRED WORDS AND PHRASES OF UNUSUAL SOUND OR MEANING CURRENT IN THE PARISH OF

UPTON-ON-SEVERN,

BY

ROBERT LAWSON, M.A.,

Sometime Student of Christchurch, Oxford, Rector of Upton-on-Severn, and Honorary Canon of Worcester Cathedral.

UPTON WORDS AND PHRASES.

MUCH of the language belonging to different eras of national life still lies imbedded in the various strata of local dialect. This, however, is rapidly disappearing before the advance of railways, newspapers, and schools; for it is the tendency of these, while levelling up our vocabulary to the requirements of contemporary diction, to smooth down and bury all out-cropping ruggedness of old-world speech.

It is the more desirable to collect some of the survivals which may yet be found among the household words of our Worcestershire folk, because Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps* has noticed very few as belonging to this county. And Upton, combining, as it does, some urban with some rural characteristics, would be likely to yield, were the needful leisure and study applied, a richer variety of such survivals than places which are towns or villages pure and simple.†

The collection here presented is very far from being complete. It has been made with scanty knowledge of other collections; and the specimens which it contains have been picked up, for the most part, upon the surface, and in many cases labelled with more of guesswork than of research. Nevertheless, an expert in etymology will not fail to note among them some fossil relics of the speech of the successive races which have made their homes on the banks of Severn; and he will also find expressions which, although long unknown to ordinary dictionaries, were once familiar utterances, in locally varied forms, of our composite English tongue.

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* "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words," tenth edition, 1881. Only fourteen of the Upton words given below are by him assigned to Worcestershire. To each of these the abbreviation *Hall.* is appended.

† Leland speaks of Upton as "a townlet;" but Strabo, a writer of much earlier date and more extended travel, uses a term which still more accurately describes it, "κωμόπολις, a village-town." The same word is used in St. Mark i. 38.

To some of the words and phrases given below attention was called by a *brochure* issued under an assumed name by the late Rev. C. Allen, Incumbent of Bushley,* who has therein recorded a number of original and racy sayings of the South Worcestershire peasantry. The words in his list are about a hundred and fifty; but, as Bushley is neighbour to Tewkesbury rather than to Upton, less than a hundred of these find a place in an Upton Glossary. From a much longer list, sent by the present Incumbent of Bushley, the Rev. E. R. Dowdeswell, about thirty words have been thankfully adopted after careful scrutiny. Many valuable additions have been suggested by Mrs. Chamberlain's "Glossary of West Worcestershire Words,"† and by an unpublished collection which has been made by the Rev. Hamilton Kingsford, Vicar of Stoulton, and illustrated from Shakespeare by his brother, Mr. Walter B. Kingsford, of Lincoln's-inn. With regard to some special words, Professor Skeat has been consulted, and he has most kindly furnished the information and suggestions to which his name is attached. For further matter, derived from his Etymological Dictionary, the new edition (1884) of that work is quoted. Miss Jackson's "Shropshire Word-Book" (pp. 524)‡ was not obtained until after the following Glossary had gone to the printer; and, even then, the extent and completeness of her work might have extinguished this attempt in despair, but for the consciousness that the latter purports to be no more than a hastily developed after-thought, appended to the records of a single parish.

Much care has been taken to exclude all words which have not been verified as being more or less used in the parish of Upton; and cordial thanks are due to many friends who have rendered welcome aid in the process of authentication, as well as in that of discovery.

It has properly come within the scope of the Glossary to include words which, although not of unusual meaning, are unusually pronounced; but only a few of such are given by way of helping to indicate local phonetics. The following may serve as specimens of a considerable number for which space could not be afforded:—*athirt* (athwart), *athout* (without),

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* "Notes of Quaint Words and Sayings in the Dialect of South Worcestershire, by A. Porson, M.A." James Parker & Co., London; and Garrison, Tewkesbury, 1875.

† Published for the English Dialect Society by Trübner & Co., Ludgate-hill, 1882.

‡ Trübner & Co., Ludgate-hill. Shrewsbury: Adnitt & Naunton. Chester: Minshull & Hughes. 1879—81.

broçkilow (brocoli), *'cute*, *enow*, *gownd*, *laylock* (lilac), *marvel* (marble), *moral* (model), *'ommer* (hammer), *opple*, *rot* (rat), *ruff* (roof), *sallet* (salad), *skellinton*, *sparrib*, *sullinge* (syringe), *'tice*, *turmit*, *unbeknownst*, *whatsomever*, *wops*.

The lack of space has also demanded the excision of the names of wild flowers, except in a few special instances.

While no words have been rejected because not peculiar to Upton, the general rule kept in view has been not to admit any which appear either (1) to belong to the domain of slang or coarse language, or (2) to be used with uniform sound or meaning in most parts of England; such as (1) *bloke*, *catlap* (tea), *lushy*, *mopus*, *sack* (dismiss), *slope* (depart), *swell*, &c.; (2) *abide* and *abear* (endure), *chitterlings*, *crock*, *finger-stall*, *fold-yard*, *hames*, *haulm*, *helve*, *huff*, *lusty* (stout), *near* (stingy), *oaf*, *pikelet*, *put-about*, *quality* (gentry), *rime*, *sight* (quantity), *slack* (small coal), *slop*, *smock*, *snack*, *swarm* (climb), *swath*, *tine*, *trapes*, *venturesome*, *withy*, &c.

It is, however, almost impossible so to observe this rule as to satisfy every reader, and an exception to it has purposely been made in the case of a few technical words (mostly relating to trades or agriculture) which are more or less in general use. These have been inserted in order to supply an explanation of terms which occasionally meet the unfamiliar eye or ear without conveying a clear impression of their meaning.

GLOSSARY.

ABBREVIATIONS.—*Adj.*, adjective; *adv.*, adverb; *all.*, allied; A.S., Anglo-Saxon; *comp.*, compare; *der.*, derived from; Etym. Dict., Skeat's Etymological Dictionary; Fr., French; *Hall.*, Halliwell-Phillipps; Icel., Icelandic; *int.*, interjection; Lat., Latin; M.E., Middle English; *n.*, noun; *part.*, participle; *plu.*, plural; *prep.*, preposition; *pr.*, pronoun; *pron.*, pronunciation; *sing.*, singular; *v.*, verb.

Above-a-bit, *adv.* Considerably, a good deal.

Ackern, *n.* *Pron.* of acorn; *der.* not A.S. *ác*, oak, but A.S. *æcer*, a field, an acre (Etym. Dict.).

Acquaintance, *n.* A sweetheart.

Adder, *n.* One who enlarges a statement beyond the facts.

Adland, *n.* *Pron.* of headland. A strip of ground left for the plough to turn upon at the end of the furrows.

Ādled, *part.* *Pron.* of addled; A.S. *adela*, mud (Etym. Dict.).

A-gäte, *adv.* Astir, a-going, in hand.

Āgle, *n.* An icicle. A.S. *gicel* (Skeat).

Ails, *n.* (pronounced, ahyls) Beards of cone-wheat or barley. A.S. *egla*, *egle*, a prickle, a mote (Etym. Dict.).

Ait, *n.* *Pron.* of eyot. An islet in a river. Icelandic *ey*, an island (Etym. Dict.).

All-about-it, *n.* The whole matter.

All-as-is, *n.* All that remains.

All-as-one, *adv.* All the same.

Anant, Anenst, or Anunst, *prep.* Next to, over against, opposite. Anenst, Ben Jonson's Alchemist, ii. 1.

Anighst, *prep.* Near.

Anights, *adv.* At night.

Ant-tump, *n.* An ant-hill.

Any-more-than, *adv.* If it was not that. "I should be sure to go to church *any more than* I've not got a gownd to my back, nor yet a shoe to my fut."

Arrand, or Arrant, *n.* *Pron.* of errand; A.S. *ærende*, a message, business (Etym. Dict.).

Asp, *n.* An aspen tree. Properly, aspen is the *adj.* form, as wooden of wood (Etym. Dict.).

Awhile, *v.* To spare time. "I can't *awhile* to stop now; I got my washin' agate."

Backen, *v.* To keep back, as growth of crops.

Back-side, *n.* A yard at the back of a house. Ben Jonson's The Case is Altered, iv. 4.

Badger, *n.* A dealer, as in fruit, grain, poultry, &c. Properly, a dealer in corn, and jocularly transferred to the brock, which was supposed to feed upon corn. Herrick calls the badger "the gray farmer" (Etym. Dict.).
Bag, *n.* (1) (Of wheat) three bushels. (2) The udder of a cow.
Bait, *n.* A labourer's luncheon. *Comp.* bait for a horse, and bite.
Band-hay, *n.* Inferior hay used for hay-bands, packing, &c.
Bangles, *n.* Severed branches not less than six inches in diameter.
Bannut, *n.* A small kind of walnut.
Bat, *n.* A beetle. *v.* To blink with the eyes.
Bäther, *v.* To take a dust bath, as birds do.
Batter, *v.* To slope the side of a ditch or bank. Fr. *abattre.*
Bearbine, *n.* The wild convolvolus (*arvensis*). A.S. *bere*, corn or barley (*bere-lic*, *i.e.* bear-leek) (Skeat), and *bine*, a twining stem, as of the hop-plant.
Becall, *v.* To rate, or abuse. "'Er *becalled* mŭ sheamful!"
Bed-lier, *n.* One who is bed-ridden.
Beestings, or Boistings, *n.* The first milk drawn from a cow after calving.
Beetle, *n.* A heavy mallet, chiefly used for driving wedges. 2 Hen. IV. i. 2.
Bell, *n.* A small watery blister. *v.* To bellow, as a cow. A.S. *bellan.*
Best, *v.* To get the better of.
Bezzle, *v.* To squander on drink. "'E's bin bezzling about all the wik." (See Embezzle and Imbecile in Etym. Dict.).
Big, *v.* To magnify. "'E's a good un to *big* hisself."
Bird-batting, *n.* Bird-catching.
Bĭver, *v.* To quiver as the lips do; A.S. *bifian*, to tremble (Skeat). Uncommon.
Blacksmith's Daughter, *n.* A lock and key to a door or gate.*
Black-steer, *n.* A starling.

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* Neither *lock* nor *key*, however, are represented by the feminine pronoun; and, so far as has been ascertained, the only inanimate objects spoken of as "she," or rather "her" (which is the usual nominative), are a boat of any kind, a church bell, a cricket ball, a fire-engine, and a railway train. In Devonshire it used to be said that the use of the feminine pronoun was still more restricted, and that everything was of the masculine gender except a tom-cat. In that county the writer has heard a woman say, "*He's* a nice, *motherly* shawl," and one of Nelson's old salts speak of a ship as "*he.*"

Blaggerd, *n.* *Pron.* of blackguard. One addicted to swearing and low language.
Blind, *adj.* Applied to blossom that does not come to fruit.
Blow, *n.* Blossom (pronounced, blaow).
Blub, *v.* To swell. "Well, your face be *blubbed* up!" *Comp.* blubber; also bleb and blob, a blister or bubble (Etym. Dict.).
Blue Isaac, *n.* A hedge-sparrow.
Blue-tail, *n.* A fieldfare.
Boat, *n.* A vessel on Severn, pointed at either end, and carrying about thirty-seven tons.
Bobowlet, *n.* A large moth.
Body-horse, *n.* The middle horse in a team.
Bolting, *n.* A measure of straw, being a bundle of from 14 lb. to 21 lb.
Bonds, *n.* Willow twigs for tying up kids, &c.
Bore, *n.* The tidal surge in Severn, which used to be plainly visible at Upton. Also called Flood's-head.
Bost, *v.* To burst, generally in an execrative sense. "They *bosted* wŏonts." "*Bost* this door, 'e wun't open."
Bottle, *n.* A small wooden keg for carrying a labourer's drink.
Boughten, *part.* Said of bread or beer not made or brewed at home.
Bout, *n.* A turn or time; specially applied to sickness and ploughing. *Der.* Danish *bugt*, a bend, turn, bight; but in sense of sickness, drinking, &c., *der.* Fr. *bouter*, to thrust; a stroke, or time (Etym. Dict.).
Bow-haul, *v.* To tow a vessel by man-power.
Box, *n.* The treasury of a Friendly Society; "on the *box*," drawing an allowance from the Club.
Brand-tail, *n.* The redstart.
Bree, *n.* A large cattle-fly. Brise, Troil. and Cress. i. 3. A.S. *brimsa*, a gad-fly; M.E. *brese* (Etym. Dict.).
Breeds, *n.* The brim of a hat.
Brĕvit, *v.* To prowl, or hang about. "I seed Mr. Ranalds (the fox) *a-brevitin'* about." "Wot be them bwoys *a-brevitin'* about in our lane for?"
Brim, *n.* A boar pig.
Brund, or Brun, *n.* A log for burning. "Fetch a good chump o' wood out o' the cellar, and put 'im beyind the fire for a Christmas *brun*." *Comp.* brand (*brond*, Chaucer, C. T. 1340). A.S. *brinnan*, to burn (Etym. Dict.).
Brush, or Brash, *n.* Small branches of trees, used for pea-sticks and kids.
Brush-hook, *n.* A long-handled bill-hook for trimming hedges.
Buckle, *n.* A twig of hazel or withy, pointed at both ends,

shaved flat, and twisted, for securing thatch. *v.* In sense of bend, 2 Hen. IV. i. 1.

Buffle, *v.* To speak with a catch in the breath; to stutter. In Middle English *buffer* is a stutterer (Etym. Dict.). Wiclif, Isaiah xxxii. 4.

Buff-peal, *n.* A muffled peal.

Bullpits, or Bullpeats, *n.* Tufts of coarse grass very blunting to the scythe.

Bumble-footed, *adj.* Club-footed.

Bunnel, *n.* Something to drink. Boon-ale? (Skeat).

Bunt, *v.* To butt or thrust with the horn.

Burcoe, *n.* *Pron.* of borecole.

Burden, *v.* To forebode. "I *burdens* tempest afore night."

Burr, *n.* A sweet-bread.

Burrŭ, *n.* Shelter from wind or sun. Babies must be kept, and cuttings must be planted, in the *burrŭ*. Same word as burrow and borough. A.S. *beorgan*, to protect (Etym. Dict.).

Bury, *n.* A storage of roots covered with earth. Pronounced as berry.

Bussock, or Boossock, *n.* A bad cough. *v.* To cough. Chiefly applied to cattle.

But-just, *adv.* Just this moment.

Butty, *n.* A mate, or fellow-workman. *Der.* *boty-felowe*, partner in booty. A butty gang is a gang of men who share equally. (Etym. Dict.).

Caddle, *v.* To nestle, to want to be petted. *Comp.* Cade-lamb, coddle. Old Fr. *cadel*, a starveling, &c., one that hath need of cockering and pampering (Etym. Dict.).

Cadge, *v.* To beg indirectly by means of hints or flattery.

Cag-mag, *v.* (*Hall.*) To quarrel.

Call, *n.* Business, right, occasion. "'Er 'ad no *call* to kip on becallin' of 'im that-a-way."

Callust, *adj.* Saturated, choked up, impermeable; applied to soil. Connected with callous, from Latin *callus*, or *callum*, thick skin or coating, difficult to penetrate (Skeat).

Cant, *v.* To tell tales behind back.

Caplin, *n.* The attachment of the nile to the hand-stick of a flail. Through the bow of a wooden swivel working on the hand-stick, and through a loop of strong horse-hide laced on the nile by a thunk, the middle-bond loosely passes, and, being knotted, fastens the two members of the flail together.

Carcase, *n.* The trunk of the body. "It were about as big as the *carcase* of our John."

Carpet, *v.* To call in for reproof. "I know'd as 'er 'd be *carpeted* if 'er carried on so."

Carrier, *n.* Same as Messenger.
Carry-on, *v.* To behave improperly.
Carryings-on, *n.* Improper conduct.
Cast, *n.* A second swarm of bees from one hive.
Catching, *adj.* Applied to weather, showery.
Cázu'lty, *adj.* Precarious, uncertain. "A *cazu'lty* job."
Chancer, *n.* One who makes rash and inexact statements. "She's a bit of a *chancer*."
Charky, *adj.* Caked, cracky, as soil in drought after wet.
Charm, *n.* A hum, or confused murmur, as of many voices. *Der.* Lat. *carmen*, a song (Etym. Dict.).
Chastise, *v.* To find fault with; to question (confused with catechize ?). *Der.* Lat., through Fr., *castigare* (Etym. Dict.).
Chat, *v.* To gather chips. "I got the grant to 'go a-*chattin*' when they fall'd them big ellums."
Chats, *n.* Chips.
Chawl, *n.* *Pron.* of jowl, a pig's cheek. Jaw was formerly spelt *chaw* (Etym. Dict.).
Chawm, *n.* *Pron.* of chasm, a crevice, an earth-crack.
Cheat, *n.* The grasshopper-warbler.
Cheese, *n.* Apples that have been pressed for cider, but not wrung through the hairs.
Chibbals, *n.* Onions grown from bulbs. Fr. *ciboule.*
Chill, *v.* To take the chill off. A.S. *cýle*, *céle*, great cold. *Comp.* Lat. *gelidus* (Etym. Dict.).
Chilver, *n.* A ewe lamb. A.S. *cilfor* (Skeat).
Chimb, *n.* Pronounced, chime; the end of a stave which projects beyond the head of the cask.
Chit, *v.* To sprout, as a potato. *n.* A.S. *cíd*, a germ, a sprout (Etym. Dict.).
Chock-full, *adj.* Choke-full, as full as can be.
Christen, *v.* To baptize (a child) in church. See Half-baptize.
Chump, *n.* A log of wood. Icel. *kumbr.*
Clam, *v.* To starve with hunger.
Clay, *n.* *Pron.* of claw.
Clout, *n.* A rough patch. A.S. (but of Celtic origin) *clút*, a piece (Etym. Dict.).
Cock-boat, *n.* A small boat attached to a trow.
Cŏfer, *n.* *Pron.* of Coffer. (1) A chest for keeping clothes or linen in. (2) A corn-bin. Dying out.
Colly, *n.* Coal-dust, or soot from a kettle. *v.* To blacken, Oth. ii. 3; Mids. Night's Dr. i. 1. *Comp.* collier.
Colt, *v.* To fall in, as the side of a grave or pit.
Comical, *adj.* Unwell. "'E seemed that *comical* as 'e couldn't eat no fittle."

Cones, or Cone-wheat, *n.* Bearded wheat.
Coop-up, *v.* To pucker up, as in a clumsy seam.
Cop, *n.* The first bout of a veering in ploughing. Little used.
Cord, *n.* A measure of fire-wood, being a heap 4 ft. high, 8 ft long, and 8 ft. 1 in. from back to front.
Cord-wood, *n.* Branches of felled trees too small for bangles, and too large for kids.
Cotter, *n.* An iron bolt passing through a shutter from the outside, and secured within by a pin passing through it.
Cow-hearted, *adj.* Timid, cowardly. Icel. *kúga*, to tyrannise over, and A.S. *heorte* (Etym. Dict.).
Cowl, *n.* (1) A chimney top. (2) A vessel on wheels for carrying liquid.
Cow-leech, *n.* A cattle-doctor. A.S. *cú*, cow and *lǽce*, physician. Wiclif, St. Luke iv. 23, "Leche, hele thi silf."
Crab, *n.* A standard frame with an apparatus of rollers, cog-wheels, windlass, rope-tackle, and pulleys, for moving timber or vessels, pulling down trees, &c.
Craisy, *n.* A buttercup. Said to be a corruption of "Christ's-eye" (*oculus Christi*), the mediæval name for the marigold, erroneously transferred to the marsh-marigold, and so to the ranunculus family.
Crane, *n.* A heron.
Cratch, *n.* A rack of any kind, including the rack-like tail-board of a cart or waggon.
Cress, *n.* A ridge-tile (crest, Lat. *crista*, ?).
Cricket, *n.* A low wooden stool. The game of cricket was probably a development of the older game of "stool-ball," a dairy-maid's stool being used for the wicket. Wedgwood suggests that the proper name for the bat was cricket-staff. A.S. *cricc*, a staff. *Comp.* crutch (Etym. Dict.).
Cross-eyed, *adj.* Squinting badly.
Crud, *n.* A curd.
Cruddle, *v.* To curdle.
Cub, *n.* A crib for cattle to eat from; a tree-guard; a hen-coop. Probably a corruption of coop (Etym. Dict.).
Cuckoo's Maid, or Mate, *n.* The wryneck.
Cullen, *n.* Small grains of corn winnowed out. *Der.* cull; Lat. *colligere* (Skeat).
Curf, *v.* To cut off in layers, as hay.
Curnock, *n.* Four bushels of corn.
Cut, *n.* A canal.
Cutlins, *n.* Oatmeal grits.
Cutting, *adj.* Moving, pathetic.
Dabbly, *adj.* Wet, rainy. "If so be as it should come a *dabbly* time."

Daddock, *n.* Decayed wood, touchwood.
Daddocky, *adj.* Flimsy, unsubstantial, soft with decay.
Dahnt, *v.* *Pron.* of daunt; to cow or dishearten; "Our Bill, 'e's that melch-'arted as 'e's soon *dahnted.*"
Daffy, *adj.* Simple, soft. A.S. *dæft*, mild, meek. *Comp.* innocent for foolish (Etym. Dict.).
Dauby, *adj.* Damp and sticky; used of bread made from "grown" wheat. Not common.
Dawny, *adj.* Soft, damp. Perhaps *all.* to dank (Skeat).
Deadly, *adj.* Accomplished, having strange power. "A *deadly* woman at doctoring;" "a *deadly* man to fight." *Comp.* "dead shot," "dead level."
Deals, *n.* The teats of an animal.
Deef, *adj.* *Pron.* of deaf.
Deepness, *n.* Cunning.
Denial, *n.* Disadvantage. "'Twere a great *denial* to 'im, as 'e never 'ad no schoolin'."
Desperate, *adj.* Same as deadly. *adv.* Beyond expectation or imagination. *Comp.* in Devon and Dorset use of cruel and terr'ble, also δεινός and δεινῶς, all expressing strange power. See Terrify.
Dicky, *adj.* Middling in health.
Dilladerry, *adj.* *Pron.* of dilatory. *Comp.* dilly-dally.
Dink, *v.* To toss up and down, to dandle as a child.
Disabill, *n.* Disorder. *Plu.* Working clothes.
Disannul, *v.* To disallow, disappoint, disinherit, dispossess.
Dither, or Dithering, *n.* A trembling or dizziness. *v.* To tremble or become dizzy.
Djaou, *n.* *Pron.* of dew.
Djaouced, *adj.* and *adv.* Deuced, devilish, to a supernatural extent (disguised swearing). *Der.* Lat. *Deus.* An old Norman oath vulgarised, and corrupted in sense from good to bad (Etym. Dict.).
Djud, or Dyud, *adj.* *Pron.* of dead.
Do, *n.* A festivity, a fuss (pronounced, doo).
Dolly, *n.* An implement used by washerwomen.
Dolly-doucey, *n.* (*Hall.* doucet). A child's doll (*ou* at Upton as in mouse, at Offenham as in moose).
Dothering, *n.* A bothering din in the head; *o* sounded as in other. "No, mum, I don't go to church now, mum; them orgins do make such a *dotherin'* in my poor yud."
Dotment, *n.* A mess of grease and dirt procured from church-bells, or a cart-wheel, supposed to cure the shingles.
Dout, *v.* To do out, or extinguish. *Comp.* doff, and don.

Down-hill, *adj.* and *adv.* (1) Applied to wind, south; from the south. "The wind is a-gone *down-'ill.*" (2) Applied to a line on the downward slope. "That rail don't sim just level; it falls *down-'ill* a bit."

Dowse, *n.* A blow (on the head). Pronounced as rhyming with *house.* Perhaps *all.* to dash (Etym. Dict.).

Dozen, *n.* Thirteen in selling plants, cucumbers, and many kinds of vegetables for eating.

Draft, *n.* Two and a half hundred-weight of coal.

Driggle, *n.* A small-meshed draw-net, used from the river bank in high water.

Drink-house, *n.* The building in which cider is kept.

Dromedary, *n.* A slow, stupid, or clumsy person. "O Jim, you *dromedary!* to miss that easy catch!"

Dub, *v.* To bend or pull down.

Duck's-frost. *n.* Drizzling rain. "It'll be a *duck's-frost* afore the morrow."

Dumb-nettle, *n.* Dead-nettle.

Dummel, *n.* A stupid, awkward thing; applied to men, cattle tools, &c. A.S. *dumb* (Skeat).

Dunny, *adj.* Deaf.

Dure, *v.* To last.

Ean, *v.* (of ewes). To bring forth young. "Eanlings" and "eaning-time," Mer. of Venice, i. 2. A.S. *eánian* (Etym. Dict.).

Elder, *n.* An udder.

Elevens, *n.* An intermediate meal at 11 a.m.

Ellern, *n.* An elder-bush. The *d* is excrescent; M.E. *eller* (Etym. Dict.).

Empt, *v.* To empty.

Etherings, *n.* Rods of hazel used for weaving in and out of the tops of hedge-stakes; also for bean sticks, and for making crates. In some places called edderings.

Ettles, *n.* Nettles.

Event, *n.* Used for amount or quantity. "There's any *event* of potatoes in the bury."

Ever-so, *adv.* In any case, at the worst. "Not if it were *ever so.*"

Expressions, *n.* Coarse language.

Eye, *v.* (1) To glance at. "Her on'y *eyed* the letter, and giv'd it me back." (2) To regard with ill-will; 1 Sam. xviii. 9.

Fad, *n.* A whim, a fancy.

Faddy, *adj.* Fanciful, fidgetty.

Fădy, *adj.* Flabby, as the flesh of a drooping child. "Why, 'is dear ittle arms be as *fady* as *fady.*"

Fag, generally Old Fag, *n.* Tufts of last year's grass not eaten down. *v.* To pull hard, as at a rope.
Faggit, *n.* (1) A cake, or small pudding, of spiced mince, made from pig's-fry, &c. (2) A term of reproach to a female.
Fainty, *adj.* Inclining to faintness.
Fall, *v.* To fell, as a tree.
Falling-weather, *n.* Weather in which rain, hail, or snow may be expected.
Falter, *v.* To fail in health.
Fammel, *v.* To famish. *Comp.* Lat. *famelicus.*
Farden-piece, *n.* A farthing.
Fast, *adj.* Forward, impulsive.
Fatches, *n.* Vetches. "Fitches," Isaiah xxviii. 25; Ezek. iv. 9.
Favour, *v.* To bear lightly on, to ease from weight or pressure, as a horse may. "He seems to *favour* the off foreleg."
Feature, *v.* To be like in face. "'E *do feature* 'is father; 'e's as like as like."
Felt, *n.* A fieldfare.
Felth, *n.* Sensation. "'Er've no *felth* uv 'er right 'and."
Fetch, *v.* To deal, as a blow. "'A-done, or I'll *fetch* thee a dowse on th' yud."
Fettle, *n.* Proper order. *v.* To get ready, set in order; Rom. and Juliet, iii. 4.
Filbeard, *n.* *Pron.* of filbert. Perhaps called after St. Philibert, whose day, Aug. 22 (old style), is in the nutting season (Etym. Dict.).
Find of, *v.* To feel.
Fitcher, *n.* A polecat.
Fitcher-coloured, *adj.* Of the colour of a polecat.
Fither, *v.* To scratch or fidget with feet or fingers.
Fittle, *n.* (*Hall.*) *Pron.* of victual.
Fleet, *n.* A floating bridge, or horse-ferry.
Flen, *n.* *Plu.* of flea.
Fletcher, *n.* A shoot for the overflow of surplus water.
Flim, *adj.* Pliable, limp.
Flood's-head, *n.* Same as Bore on the Severn.
Flower-knot, *n.* A flower-bed; King Richard II. iii. 4.
Foot-set, *adj.* Applied to a temporary fence, or stop-gap, of dead thorns set upright in a trench, and trodden in with the foot.
Foremost-horse, *n.* The leading horse in a team.
Four-o'clock, *n.* A meal at that hour.
Frame, *n.* A skeleton. "'Er bain't no more nor a *frame.*"
Frangy, *adj.* Of horses, restive (*g* soft).

Franzy, *adj.* Passionate, impetuous (frenzied).
Fresh, *adj.* Not very drunk.
Fresh-liquor, *h.* Unsalted lard.
Frodge, *n.* The ground-ice which rises from the bottom of Severn, "like packs o' wool," when a hard frost breaks up. *Comp.* froze.
Frum, *adj.* Forward, well grown, full, thriving; applied to vegetables, grass, fruit, and animals.
Fullar, *n.* The tool used for making a fullaring. Dying out.
Fullaring, *n.* The groove in a horse-shoe in which the nails are inserted. Dying out.
Furnace, *n.* A large boiler, set in brickwork, for brewing, making soup, &c.
Fyaou, *adj.* *Pron.* of few.
Gaffer, *n.* A master, an overlooker.
Gain, *n.* A shallow water-course. *adj.* (1) In a workmanlike way. (2) Near. *Comp.* the like use of "handy" in both senses. Pronounced, gahyn.
Gallus, *adj.* Applied to boys only; impish, mischievous. "'Taint as the lad's wicked, nor yet spiteful, but 'e's desp'rut *gallus*. "Gallows," (*n.*) applied to Cupid, Love's Labour Lost, v. 2.
Gallusness, *n.* Impishness, love of mischief.
Gambril, *n.* A curved and notched piece of wood for hanging up and extending carcases.
Game, *v.* To make fun. A.S. *gamen*, a game, sport (Etym. Dict.).
Gammet, *n.* Fun, sport, a whimsical trick.
Gampus, *n.* Hinder part of traces used in field work.
Gangril, *n.* A lanky, ungainly creature, whether man or beast.
Gapping-quick, *n.* Strong thorns planted to fill up a gap in a hedge.
Garment, *n.* A chemise.
Gaun, *n.* A wooden vessel; properly, a gallon.
Gawby, *n.* *Pron.* of gaby; a silly, foolish person. Icel. *gapi*, a rash, reckless man (Etym. Dict.).
Gawm, *v.* To paw, to pull about with the hands. "Don't you be a-*gawmin'* o' the fittle with yer mawlers."
Gay, *v.* To swing or see-saw.
Gender, *n.* The spawn of frogs and of eels. Pronounced, junder.
Get, *v.* Of a clock or watch, to gain.
Get-beyond, *v.* To make out, to master, to get to the bottom of.
Giddling, *adj.* Applied to girls only, thoughtless, flighty.
Gillbents, *n.* Stems of coarse grass (*G* hard).

Gird, or Gurd, *n.* A spasm. "By fits and *girds*."
Glat, *n.* A gap in a hedge.
Glum, *n.* *Pron.* of gleam; "hot *glums*" are spoken of in close, thundery weather.
Glutch, *v.* To swallow with effort. *Comp.* "glut" in same sense, Tempest, i. 1.
Go-back, *v.* To grow worse, or lose ground, as crops, or a sick person.
Golden-chain, *n.* Laburnum.
Gone-dead, *part.* Dead, as a plant or tree.
Good-sorted, *adj.* Of good sort. "*Good-sorted* pigs."
Gout, *n.* A water-course bridged to make a roadway. M.E. *gote*, a water-channel; closely allied to *gut* or *gutte*, the intestinal canal. Not connected with gutter, which is of Lat. origin (Etym. Dict.).
Graff, or Graffing-tool, *n.* A long and narrow spade used in draining. A.S. *grafan*, to dig (Etym. Dict.).
Granch, *v.* To grind the teeth.
Grass-nail, *n.* A linked hook for bracing the scythe to the snead.
Great, *adj.* Friendly, intimate. "His lads was allus *great* with ourn, when they was youngsters together."
Gret, work by the, *n.* Piece-work. By the great or gross?
Grewed, *adj.* Of milk, &c., stuck to the pan in boiling. Not common.
Grindlestone, *n.* A grindstone.
Grip, *n.* A field-gutter.
Gull, *n.* A gosling.
Gullock, *v.* To swallow. *Comp.* gullet, and Lat. in *gula* (Etym. Dict.).
Gurgeons, *n.* Sharps; wheat-meal at the stage between flour and bran.
Hack, or Hack-rake, *v.* See Rake-turn.
Hackle, *n.* (1) A conical and movable thatch, for bee-hives. (2) Three reaps of beans set up in the field. *v.* To shelter sheaves from wet by spreading an inverted one on the top of the others.
Haggle, *n.* (1) A mild dispute. (2) The process of bargaining; higgle, a weakened form.
Hairs, *n.* Hair-cloths used in the cider-press.
Half-baptize, *v.* To baptize privately. See Christen.
Hallier, or Allier, *n.* One who draws coal, timber, bricks, &c.
Handful, *n.* A person difficult to manage. "Our 'Liza s wonderful took up uv that chap o' hern, but if they gets married he'll be a *handful*, I reckon."
Hand-stick, *n.* The handle of a flail.

Happen, *adv.* Perhaps.

Harcelet, *n.* The liver, lights, and heart of a pig made into a dish. Formerly spelt *hastelet*, *hastlet*, *haslet*; of Fr. origin (Skeat).

Hardistrow, *n.* A shrew-mouse.

Haverdepaze, *adj.* In doubt, mentally on the balance. Corruption of avoirdupois.

Hayn-up, *v.* Applied to grass land, to shut it up for hay.

Hay-riff, *n.* Goose-grass.

Hay-trusser, *n.* One who cuts hay out of a rick and makes it up into trusses. (Between twenty and thirty men in Upton are thus employed. The weight of a truss is 56 lb.)

Hay-ward, *n.* An officer in charge of cattle and fences on common land. Nares (1822) speaks of the word as disused; but the term and the office have been in use at Upton within the last five years. *Der.* A.S. *hecg*, hedge (connected with *haga*, whence haw, haw-haw, haw-finch, haw-thorn), and A.S. *weard*, a guard (Etym. Dict.).

Head-stall, *n.* A stout sort of bridle for fastening a horse to the manger.

Heaver, *n.* A stile that may be lifted from between fixed posts.

Hedge-betty, *n.* A hedge-sparrow.

Hedge-bill, *n.* A long-handled hooked blade for cutting hedges, much stronger than a brush-hook.

Heel, *n.* The top crust of a loaf. Uncommon.

Heft, *n.* Weight. In sense of heaving, Wint. Tale, ii. 1, "with violent *hefts*." *v.* To weigh.

Hele, *v.* To cover up, as seed, potatoes, &c. Often pronounced yeal, or yill. A.S. *helan*, to cover. *Comp.* Lat. *celare* and *cella* (Skeat).

Hell-rake, *n.* A large rake drawn along to collect outlying wisps of hay. *Der.* ell, or heel (?).

High-minded, *adj.* At a comparatively high mental level. "'E was that '*igh-minded* as I couldn't understand 'is sermons no more nor nothin'."

Hile, *v.* To push with the horn.

Hilt, *n.* A young sow for breeding.

Hiring-money, *n.* The shilling given at a mop to engage a servant.

Hit, *n.* A crop. "A good *hit* o' fruit." Icel. *hitta*, to hit upon, meet with (Etym. Dict.).

Hob, *n.* A third swarm of bees from one hive.

Hobbedy's-lantern, *n.* Will-o'-the-wisp.

Hog, *v.* To cut hair short, as a horse's mane. "Provincial

English"; probably *der.* hag, Scotch weakened form of hack (Etym. Dict.).

Hollow-way, *n.* A road between high banks.

Honesty, *n.* Wild clematis, traveller's joy.

Hoop, or Cock-hoop, *n.* A bullfinch. Nope, in Drayton's Polyolb. xiii. (Nares).

Hoop-drift, *n.* A cooper's tool for tightening the hoops on a barrel.

Hoot, *v.* To cry out.

Hoove, *v.* (*Hall.*) To hoe.

Horse-stinger, *n.* A dragon-fly.

However, *adv.* In short, in any case; generally placed at the end of a sentence.

Hud, *n.* (*Hall.*) Husk, case (hood?).

Hull, *v.* To shell, as peas.

Humbug, *n.* A kind of sweetmeat.

Humbuz, *n.* A cockchafer.

Humoursome, *adj.* Full of humours, whimsical.

Hump, *v.* To grumble.

Hundred, *n.* (1) Long, by machine weight, 112 lb.; by count, six score = 126. (2) Short, by steelyard weight, 100 lb.; by count, one hundred. *E.g.*, a hundred of asparagus, of oranges, of walnuts, &c., would be 126 (see Score); a hundred of herrings, 100.

Hurdle-bumper, *n.* A sheep's head.

Hurrish, *v.* To drive cattle.

Ill-convenient, *adj.* *Pron.* of inconvenient.

Inch-meal, *adv.* Inch by inch. See Limmel.

Inch-tree, *n.* *Pron.* of hinge-tree, the upright side of a gate to which the hinges are attached.

Inons, *n.* *Pron.* of onions. Anglo-French *oynon* (Etym. Dict.).

Insense, *v.* To inform, or make to understand.

Item, *n.* (*Hall.*) A hint or intimation. "I whistled to Jim to give him an *item* as the gaffer were a-comin'."

Jack-up, *v.* To dismiss, cashier; also to resign employment.

Jack-squealer, *n.* A swift.

Jessup, *v.* Syrup, juice. Uncommon.

Justicing, *part.* Going before the magistrates.

Justly, *adv.* Exactly. "I couldn't *justly* say."

Kay'old, *adj.* *Pron.* of keyhold; applied to house property with no legal owner, and claimed by the occupier.

Keagh, *interj.* Hallo! Used in calling to a dog, or in expressing wonder or incredulity. Probably abbreviation of "look here." Pronounced as a monosyllable, with stress on the first two letters.

Keckle, *v.* To cough or choke. *Comp.* chuckle, and cackle.

Keech, *n.* A thick layer, as of hay. (Lump, or mass in 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4, and Hen. VIII. i. 1.)

Keen, *v.* To sharpen, as a knife.

Keffel, *n.* Term of reproach or disparagement for a horse. *Ceffyl* is Welsh for horse. *Comp.* Lat. *caballus*, and French, Spanish, Italian, and Irish equivalents.

Kell, *n.* The caul of an animal.

Kelp, or Killup, *v.* To yelp as a dog does; to worry by talking. *Comp.* A.S. *gilpan*, to talk noisily (Etym. Dict.).

Kernel, *n.* A gland swollen hard. Formed from A.S. *corn*, grain (Etym. Dict.).

Kibble, *v.* to split, crush, or coarsely grind, as oats, beans, or Indian corn; *n.* (*plu.*) lumps of coal about the size of swan's eggs.

Kid, *n.* A faggot. *v.* To make into faggots.

Kind, *adj.* Applied to plants, trees, roots, &c.; natural, as good as their kind is capable of being. *Comp.* genus, genial. "There's a smart fyaou opples, but they don't look *kind*." *n.* Ant. and Cleop. v. 2, "The worm will do his *kind*," act according to his nature. "*Kind*less," Ham. ii. 2, unnatural (Nares). A.S. *cynde*, natural (Etym. Dict.).

Kindle, *v.* Of rabbits, to bring forth young. As You Like It, iii. 2. *Der.* A.S. *cynde*, originally, born.

Kipe, *n.* A basket of circular form, wider at top than at bottom; it should properly hold two pecks and a half.

Kipe-ful, *n.* The smallest measure in selling coal.

Knoll, *v.* To toll, as a bell. *Comp.* knell; Macb. v. 7, "His knell is *knolled*" (Nares).

Knubblings, *n.* (*Hall.*) Lumps hand-picked out of best coal, weighing about from 5 lb. to 10 lb.

'Kyander, *interj.* Look yonder!

Lade-gaun, *n.* A vessel attached to a stick, for ladling out liquid.

Lamp, *v.* To beat soundly.

Lap, *v.* To wrap.

Lashings, *n.* Abundance, lots. Abbreviation of *lavishing?*

Laze, *n.* Laziness.

Leaf, *n.* A membrane in a pig from which the lard is obtained.

Learn, *v*, To teach. Psalm (Prayer-book) xxv. 4, 8; A.S. *léran* (Etym. Dict.).

Leatheren-bat, *n.* A bat.

'Lections, *n.* Likelihood, chance. "No *'lections* of rahyn."

Leeze, *v.* To glean. A.S. *lesan* (Skeat).

Lew-warm, *adj.* Lukewarm; tepid. *Lew* by itself used in same sense by Wiclif, Rev. iii. 16.
Lie-in, *v.* To cost. "'Twill *lie* you *in* a matter of ten shillings."
Lif, *adv.* *Pron.* of lief, willingly.
Light-of, *v.* To meet with. "Light-on," Gen. xxviii. 11; 2 Kings x. 15.
Limb, *n.* Elliptical expression applied only to a boy; a scape-grace.
Limmel, *adv.* *Pron.* of limb-meal, limb from limb. A.S. *mǽl*, a portion (Etym. Dict.).
Lissom, *adj.* Supple, pliant, active; = lithesome (Etym. Dict.).
Listy, *adj.* Applied to bread when heavy and streaked, owing to under-baking: A.S. *list*, a stripe or border (Etym. Dict.).
Livery, *adj.* Applied to soil that is moist and tenacious, and hangs to the spade.
Lode, *n.* A ferry, or ford; A.S. *lad*, a course. *Comp.* lead, *v.* (Skeat).
Loose, *v.* (1) To walk alone, as an infant. (2) To let go.
Lop, *n.* Severed branches.
Lovering, *part.* Making love, courting.
Lumbersome, *adj.* Heavy, awkward to move.
Lumpus, *adv.* In a lump, heavily (applied to a fall). "'E come down *lumpus*."
Lungeous, *adj.* Impetuous, violent; ready to strike, kick, &c.
Luny, *adj.* Mentally soft. *Comp.* lunatic.
Lush, *v.* To beat down with green boughs, as wasps. *Comp* lash.
Lye, *n.* Water in which wood ashes have been steeped.
Madam, *n.* A title of respect used ironically by itself, but *bonâ fide* when prefixed to a surname.
Magget, *n.* A magpie.
Maggoty, *adj.* Of a child, fractious, ill-humoured.
Market-peert, *adj.* Excited by liquor. This savours of the drinking customs which beset marketing and dealing.
Martin-ayfer, *n.* A heifer naturally incapable of breeding, as is the case with a female twin calf when the other is a male.
Maslin, *adj.* Composed of mixed materials. A *maslin* kettle is one made of bell-metal. Becoming scarce.
Masonter, *n.* A mason.
Mawkin, or Malkin, *n.* (1) A scare-crow (female) figure. *Comp.* "malkin," Coriol. ii. 1, and Per. P. of Tyre, iv. 4. (2) See Scovin.
Mawlers, *n.* Hands.
Mawmbling, *adj.* Wandering in mind and speech.
Mawmet, *n.* An effigy or scare-crow. Wiclif calls an idol a

mawmet, Acts vii. 41, xv. 20; Rom. ii. 22; &c. *Der.*, on *lucus* principle, from the iconoclastic Mahomet? "Mammet," for doll, Rom. and Jul. iii. 5, and 1 Hen. IV. iv. 3.

Mayfish, *n.* A fish said to be found only in the Severn, amongst English rivers, and in the Mediterranean Sea; also called Twayt.

Meaty, *adj.* Of store animals, rather fleshy than fat.

Meeching, *adj.* Melancholy, complaining.

Melch-hearted, *adj.* Gentle, diffident, poor-spirited. *Comp.* "milk-livered," K. Lear, iv. 2.

Mess, *n.* Applied contemptuously to anything unsatisfactory or insignificant. "'Tis but a poor little *mess* of a place."

Messenger, *n.* A small detached cloud (*cumulus*) floating low, and supposed to betoken rain. Sometimes called a Carrier.

Mess-over, *v.* To make much of, to spoil, as a child.

Middle-bond, *n.* The strip of leather, or, by preference, large eel-skin, which forms part of the caplin, and connects the nile with the hand-stick of a flail.

Middling, *adj.* (*Hall.*) Not in good health.

Miff, *n.* A falling out. "We 'ad a bit of a miff."

Mighty, *adv.* Very. *Comp.* Lat. *valide*, *valde*. See Desperate

Mile, *v.* *Pron.* of moil, to make dirty (so bile for boil, quine for quoin, &c.). "Bemoil," Tam o' Shanter, iv. 1.

Millard, *n.* Miller (mill-ward).

Mimp, *v.* To make a pretence, to sham. Probably *all.* to mumper, a beggar (Skeat).

Minty, *adj.* Full of cheese-mites.

Miscall, *v.* To speak unkindly to.

Mishterful, *adj.* Mischievous.

Miskin, *n.* Same as mixen, a dung-heap. A.S. *miscan*, to mix (Etym. Dict.).

Miss, *n.* Want. "Tom's lost 'is place; and 'e'll find of it afore winter, and feel the *miss* o' good fittle."

Missus, *n.* A man's wife.

Misword, *n.* An unkind word. "We was fellow-servants nigh upon two year, 'er and me, and never 'ad a *misword*."

Mix-out, *v.* To clean out, as a cowhouse.

Moggy, *n.* Vocative and pet name for a calf.

Moithered, *adj.* Harassed, dazed, bothered.

Molly, *v.* To do woman's work indoors, being a man. "'E were a good un to *molly* for hisself, were old Joe."

Mommock, *v.* To cut in pieces, to cut to waste, as food: Coriol. i. 3.

Moon, *n.* An ox-eye daisy.

Mop, *n.* A statute fair, for hiring servants.

Morum, *n.* A vagary, a freak, a whimsical peculiarity.
Mose, *v.* To smoulder, as green wood on fire.
Mōsey, or Mawsey (*Hall.*), *adj.* Gone soft and woolly, as fruit. Fr. *moisi?*
Motty, *n.* A mark to throw at.
Mouch, *v.* To pilfer eatables. *All.* to mich, to skulk (Skeat).
Muckshut, *n.* The time just before dark, twilight. Mirk-shade? but *comp.* "cock-shut time," Ric. III. v. 3; and see Shut for shoot; according to the latter analogy, the veil of darkness is shot, or flung, over the earth.
Mudgin, *n.* The fat on the chitterlings of a pig, called mugerom in the north (Skeat).
Mug, *v.* To enlist a man by drink for towing a boat. Dying out.
Mullen, *n.* The bridle of a cart-horse.
Mullock, *n.* A mess, a litter.
Mumruffin, *n.* (*Hall.*) The long-tailed titmouse.
Munger, *v.* To mutter, to grumble (*g* soft).
Muse, *n.* An opening in a fence through which a hare passes (pronounced, muce). "Them Welshmen (Welsh sheep) 'd go through a rabbit run or a har' *muce*." "Musit" in same sense, Venus and Adon. (Nares).
Must, or Mast, *n.* The cake of apples pressed for cider, after it has been wrung through the hairs.
Nabble, *v.* To gnaw. *Comp.* nibble.
Nag, *n.* To worry with reproaches. "Provincial; but a good word. From Swedish *nagga*, to nibble, peck. A doublet of *gnaw*." (Etym. Dict.).
Nāger, *v.* To work hard. *Der.* nigger.
Nail-passer, *n.* A gimlet.
Nalls, *n.* Belongings, goods and chattels.
Nātif, *n.* Native place.
Nay-word, *n.* A by-word; a name of ridicule or reproach. Twelfth Night, ii. 3 (Nares).
Neighbour, *v.* To visit about and gossip. "I never was one for *neighbourin'*."
Nesh, *adj.* Delicate, tender: used by Chaucer (Nares).
Nibs, *n.* The handles which stand out from the scythe-snead.
Nicker, *n.* To snigger. A.S. *hnǽgan*, to neigh.
Nīfle, *v.* To idle or "loaf"; *n.* a fit of idleness. "You've bin on the *nifle*," or "on the *nifling* pin."
Nīld, and Niddle, *n.* A needle. A.S. *nǽdl.* Nild dying out.
Nile, *n.* The upper part of a flail, that which beats the corn. The "Shropshire Word-book" makes the nile the same as the caplin, and for the meaning of the former, according to

Upton use, gives "swipple." *Hall.* gives "swingel" as "Var. Dial.," but gives "nile," in the Upton sense, as "Salop."

Nip, *v.* To move quickly. "I *nips* athirt the ground and gives 'im the meetin'."

Nippled, *adj.* (of a knife, scythe, &c.) Notched. *Comp.* nib and neb, in the sense of point or projection.

Nisgal, *n.* The smallest pig in a litter.

Nither, *n.* (*Hall.*) A grimace, also a shiver. "All uv a nither." *v.* To grin as a dog, to grimace; to shiver with cold.

Nobby, *n.* Vocative and pet name for a colt.

Noration, *n.* Busybody's talk. Distorted use of oration.

Nose-bleed, *n.* A bleeding at the nose.

Nunchion, *n.* Luncheon (no etymological connection); properly, *none-schenche, i.e.* noon-drink. A.S. *scencan*, to pour out (Skeat); *comp.* "under-skinker," 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4, and "skink," B. Jons., New Inn, i. 3.

Nurdy, *n.* Used as nisgal; a small, unhealthy creature: a weakling. In Yorkshire, a wreckling.

Nurra-one, *n.* Never-a-one, nobody.

Oath, *v.* To swear. "I'll oath it."

Obbly-onkers, *n.* The game of "conquer-nut," played with strung horse-chestnuts. *Obbly* was probably nobbly or knobbly, expressing the appearance of the string of nuts, and *onkers* was probably invented as a rhyme to "conquers." The doggerel attached to the game here is—

"'*Obbly, obbly, onkers*, my first conquers;
'*Obbly, obbly*, O, my first go!"

Mrs. Chamberlain, who spells the word differently, adds—

"Hobley, hobley ack, my first crack."

Ockerd, *adj. Pron.* of awkward; contrāry, when applied to weather or temper. Formerly an adverb; M.E. *awk, auk*, contrary; ward, a suffix, as in forward, backward, &c. (Etym. Dict.).

Oddments, *n.* Odds and ends.

Odds, *n.* A difference. "There's *odds* in childern." *v.* To balance, as an account.

Offling, *adj.* Of no account, refuse. *Der.* offal.

Old, *adj.* (1) Cunning, especially as applied to children. (2) Displeased, angry. "He looked very *old* at me."

Old-maid, *n.* A horse-fly; in Yorkshire called a cleg.

Oldness, *n.* Cunning, especially of children.

Ordain, *v.* To make right, or set to rights; vaguely applied to many ways of doing so.

Orl, *n.* The alder tree.

Otheren, *adj.* Other. "Every *otheren* day."

Ottomy, or Nottomy, *n.* A very thin person. *Der.* atom, or anatomy? (1) As You Like It, iii. 2, and 2 Hen. IV. v. 4; (2) K. John iii. 4.

Ouless, or Oless, *adj.* Neglectful, unwilling to take trouble. "'Er don't sim to take no delight in 'er work; 'er's got reg'lar *ouless*."

Out-asked, *part.* Said of a couple whose marriage-banns have been asked in church three times. "They was *out-asked* Sunday was a fortnight."

Outride, *n.* The district of a commercial traveller.

Over, *v.* To repeat again and again.

Over-get, *v.* To get over, as trouble or sickness.

Owner, *n.* One who owns a boat, barge, or trow. Used as a vocative and as a prefix. "Do you know what's the matter with *Owner* Smith?" "Well, sir, I did hear as the doctor should say as it were purity (pleurisy)."

Ox-puddings, *n.* *Pron.* of hog's-puddings; a large sort of sausages, made from the leaf of a pig, chopped up and stewed with cutlins, rice, rosemary, sage, leek, organy, and spice. Innovators add sugar and currants. Sometimes coloured with blood.

Pantle, *v.* To pant.

Pass-out, *v.* Of the passing bell, to toll (trans. and intr.). "Send Jack up to pass-out the bell." "The bell's just passed out for ould Kester."

Paymaster, *n.* An employer of labour, a payer of wages.

Peasipouse, *n.* Peas and beans grown together as a crop. Lat. *pisa*, a pea, and *puls*, pottage made of peas, pulse, &c. (Etym. Dict.).

Peck, *n.* A point (peak): "The *peck* o' the shou'der." See Pick. *v.* To fall forward (pitch).

Peck-ed, *part.* (two syllables). Pointed (peaked). A boat is *peck-ed* at both ends, and a trow is round at both ends.

Peck-shaft, *n.* The handle of a pick-axe. Peak, peck, pike, and pick have a Celtic origin. Shaft is A.S. *sceaft*. *Comp.* shave, and shape (Etym. Dict.).

Peerk, *n.* (*sing.* and *plu.*) A perch, or perches, in land measure.

Peert, *adj.* Lively, in good spirits. "The *pert* and nimble spirit of youth." Mids. Night's Dr. i. 1.

Peerten-up, *v.* To become lively.

Perished, *part.* Dead, or half dead, from cold or decay.

Phleem, *n.* *Pron.* of phlegm.

Pick, or Peck, *n.* (1) A pickaxe; M.E. *pikois*, or *pikeys;* not an axe at all (Etym. Dict.). (2) A pointed hammer for breaking coal.

Pie-finch, *n.* A chaffinch.
Pig-meat, *n.* Meat which is not bacon from a bacon-pig.
Pigs-cot, *n.* A pig-sty. A.S. *cote* and *cyte*, a den (Etym. Dict.).
Pigs-fry, *n.* The liver, lights, heart, mudgin, &c., of a pig, sold for frying.
Pilch, *v.* (1) To poke with the horn. (2) To pilfer.
Pin, *n.* A fit, an inclination, a mood. See Nifle.
Pip, *n.* The blossom of the cowslip. *v.* To pull the blossom out for making wine.
Pishty, *n.* Vocative and pet name for a dog.
Pitch-poll, *adv.* Head over heels. *v.* (1) To turn head over heels. (2) To sell an article for double the price it cost.
Pit-hole, *n.* A grave.
Plack, or Pleck, *n.* A plot of ground.
Plants, *n.* Young brocoli, borecole, brussels-sprouts, &c.
Playcher, *n.* *Pron.* of pleacher, or plasher; a stem in a hedge half cut through and bent down. "The pleached bower," Much Ado, iii. 1. *Comp.* plait; *der.* *plectere* (Etym. Dict.).
Plim, *v.* To swell or be plumped out, as bacon in boiling.
Plim-bob, *n.* A plummet.
Plunge, *n.* A falling into, or going under, trouble or sickness.
Plunt, *n.* A cudgel. Stronger form of plant?
Poke, or Pouk, *n.* A pustule (pock), especially a sty in the eye. A.S. *poc*, a pustule (Etym. Dict.).
Pole-ring, *n.* The ring which fastens the head of the scythe-blade to the snead.
Polt, *v.* To beat down, as fruit; to thump. *n.* A blow.
Pomp, *v.* To pamper or feed up; spoiled children are said to be *pomped-up;* also horses and other animals for sale.
Pookfoist, *n.* A kind of fungus, a puff-ball. "Puck" is probably the first syllable (Skeat).
Porket, *n.* A young pig for small pork.
Pot, *n.* A local measure containing from 4½ to 5 pecks. Of potatoes, plums, and pears the weight is 84 lb.; of plums and onions 72 lb.; of gooseberries 63 lb. See Side (2).
Pot-fruit, *n.* Eating fruit, as distinguished from that made into cider or perry.
Pot-hampern, *n.* A hamper containing a pot.
Prawl, or Prŏll, *v.* To do needlework in a rough and clumsy way. The word is dying out.
Prichell, *v.* To goad or prick.
Primmy-rose, *n.* *Pron.* of primrose. "Primerole," Chaucer C. T. 3,268 (Etym. Dict.).
Promp, *v.* To curvet, and show high spirits, as a horse.
Prompt, *adj.* Spirited, as a horse.

Pug, *n.* A quill left in plucked fowl. "Chockful o' *pugs*. *v.* To pull, to pluck.

Pure, *adj.* Well in health. "I be quite *pure*."

Purgatory, *n.* An ash-hole under the grate.

Purgy, *adj.* Cross, surly; *g* hard.

Pussy-cats, *n.* Catkins.

Putcheon, *n.* A wicker eel-trap, smaller than a wheel; *u* pronounced as in put.

Quarter, *n.* One of the four compartments of the bag of a cow.

Quice, *n.* A wood-pigeon.

Quick, *n.* Growing hawthorn.

Quilt, *v.* To beat (welt).

Quilter, *n.* A big one, synonym of whopper. "'Ere's a *quilter* of a cowcumber!" "Owner, 'as you seen *Quilter* White to-dahy?"

Quiz, or Quizzit, *v.* To ask prying questions. *Comp.* quest.

Race, *n.* The pluck of a sheep or calf. *v. Pron.* of rase, to scratch or abrade.

Raffage, *n.* A heap of refuse, odds and ends. A fishing net gets full of *raffage*. German, *raffeln*, to snatch up; Fr. *rafler*, to catch or seize (Etym. Dict.).

Rain-bat, *n.* A small beetle, on the killing of which rain is expected shortly to ensue.

Raise-the-place, *v.* To make a disturbance. "'E's an on-accountable lungeous chap. 'E were like to *raise the place* becos my little wench fetched a turmit out of 'is ground."

Rake-turn, *v.* To rake tedded grass into ridges, so as to expose the under side to the sun and wind. Sometimes Hack, or Hack-rake, is used to designate this process. *n.* The ridge formed by rake-turning.

Ramp, *n.* An ascent in a wall-coping.

Random, *adj.* Headlong, impulsive.

Rangle, *v. Pron.* of rankle, as a wound does.

Rasty, or Raisty, *adj.* Rancid, as bacon (rusty).

Rave, *v.* To speak loudly.

Reap, *n.* A sheaf or bundle of corn, beans, &c.; A.S. *ripan*, to reap.

Redix, *n.* Used only at marbles. When a boy has placed his marble in a certain position, and afterwards finds that another position would be more advantageous, if he can say, "No first my *redix*" before anyone else says, "First your *redix*," he may make the change, but not otherwise. Probably connected with Lat. *dixi*.

Reen, *n.* The last bout of a veering (little used). *Comp.* rain,

Northern for ridge (*Hall.*), and *rein*, Icel. for a strip of land (Skeat).

Refúse, *n.* Refusal. "Master Willum promised me the *refuse* o' that bit o' ground."

Relish, *n.* Any sort of condiment; pickle, red-herring, &c.

Ribbet, *n.* *Pron.* of rivet.

Rick-mould, *n.* An imaginary implement, represented by any heavy weight in a bag, which a victim, inexperienced in hay-making, is sent to borrow, and has to carry for a long distance, with strict injunctions not to drop it.

Rid, *v.* To clear away, to dispatch; 3 Hen. VI. v. 5.

Riddlings, *n.* Large pebbles sifted out of gravel; *comp.* A.S. *hridian*, to sift (Etym. Dict.).

Riff, *n.* The itch.

Rifle, *v.* To rouse or startle. "The youngster's got the 'iccups bad; you *rifle* 'im a bit."

Rig, *n.* A sprain. *v.* To sprain. Rarely used except of the back.

Ripping, *part.* (of frost or cold). Sharp, cutting.

Rivel, *v.* To shrivel or wrinkle. "The *rivell'd* lips" (Cowp. Task, ii. 488).

Road, *n.* Way or method. "'Er don't know the right *road* to dink a babby."

Robble, *n.* *Pron.* of ravel; a tangle. *v.* To entangle.

Rodney, *adj.* Rough and idle. "A *rodney* sort of a chap."

Rommely, *adj.* (of bacon, &c.) Greasy.

Ronk, *adj.* *Pron.* of rank; strong, of luxuriant growth. A.S. *ranc*, strong, forward (Etym. Dict.).

Root, *n.* *Pron.* of rut.

Ropy, *adj.* Stringy; applied to bread and to cider.

Rowens, *n.* Chaff and refuse after threshing.

Rox, *v.* To soften; hence roxed, applied to fruit, means decayed. Also applied to phlegm.

Rubber, *n.* A stone for whetting a scythe.

Rubbling, *part.* Pertaining to rough work. "I don't want no more nor a *rubblin'* gurl for my work." "I on'y wants a *rubblin'* place for the wench."

Rudgel, or Ridgul, *n.* (*g* soft) (1) a half-gelding. (2) A waster.

Sade, *v.* To weary (sate ?). "*Saded* of gruel." "A *sading* job."

Sag, *n.* Flags, rushes, older form of sedge (Skeat). *v.* To be weighed down in the middle, as a rope loosely stretched.

Sag-seated, *adj.* Rush-bottomed.

Sally, *n.* (1) a kind of willow; *comp.* Lat. *salix*. (2) The fluffy part above the lower end of a church bell-rope, mainly used in chiming.

Săpy, *adj.* Gone moist, soddened, as meat, poultry, &c. *All.* to Low German *sipan*, to trickle, and to soap rather than to *sap* (Skeat).

Scambling, *adj.* Make-shift. "'E made a *scambling* job of it."

Scarf, *n.* To unite two pieces of timber end to end. *Der.* Swedish *skarf*, a seam or joint (Etym. Dict.).

Scawt, or Scote, *v.* To scramble, slip about, or scrape the ground with the feet.

Score, *n.* (1) Twenty-one in selling plants for growing, cucumbers, asparagus, radishes, &c.; but mostly used as an aliquot part of the "long hundred" (see Hundred). (2) The core of an apple.

Scout, *v.* To drive away. *All.* to shove and shoot, from Scandinavian origin (Etym. Dict.).

Scovin, *n.* (*o* as in oven) A cloth, mat, or old fishing-net, attached to a pole and used for cleaning out a baker's oven. *Hall.* gives "scovel, a baker's maulkin." Sometimes scurvin, or scuffle. Becoming scarce.

Scrabble, or Scrobble, *v.* To scramble.

Scratcher, *n.* A machine for cider-making.

Scratchings, *n.* (*Hall.*) Fragments strained out of lard in melting, and made into a dish.

Scrawl, *v.* *Pron.* of crawl.

Screenings, *n.* Fine gravel.

Scribe, *v.* To mark wood with a pencil or instrument, as a carpenter does.

Scribing-iron, *n.* A tool for marking trees for felling.

Scriggling, *n.* A stunted apple. *All.* to scraggy (Skeat).

Scroodge, *v.* To squeeze, to crowd. "I likes them chairs; us can't be *scroodged* in 'em, like we was in the old church."

Scroodle, *v.* To cower, crouch.

Scutch, *n.* Couch-grass (*u* pronounced as in butcher).

Seed-lip, *n.* A wooden vessel for sowing seed, shaped for carrying on the hip.

Seeds, *n.* Growing clover (pronounced, sids).

Senna, *n.* *Pron.* of sinew.

Set, *v.* To let, as house or land.

Settle, *n.* A long seat with a high back. A.S. *setl.* *Comp.* Lat. *sedile.*

Shad-salmon, *n.* Another name for the shad. Of doubtful use.

Shard, or Shord, *n.* A gap in a hedge.

Sharps, *n.* Same as gurgeons.

Shearhog, *n.* A two-year-old sheep.

Sheed, *v.* *Pron.* of shed.

Sheppick, or Shuppick, *n.* *Pron.* of sheaf-pike, a pitch-fork.

Ship, *n.* *Pron.* of sheep. Hence in Acts xxvii. danger has been experienced of confusing shipwreck with the more familiar sheep-rack.

Showl, *n.* *Pron.* of shovel. "I, said the owl, with my spade and *showl*" (Death of Cock Robin).

Shroud, *v.* Among the watermen the sun is said to *shroud*, or *s'roud*, when its rays appear through the clouds slanting to the horizon, in a form resembling the shrouds of a ship. It is then said to be "drawing water," and rain is predicted.

Shuck, *v.* *Pron.* of shake. "Pick the best on 'em, and then *shuck* the tree."

Shud, *n.* *Pron.* of shed.

Shurty, *adj.* Angry.

Shut, *n.* (shoot) A cast or throw of a fishing-net. *adj.* Shot, rid (often pronounced, shet); A.S. *sceótan*, to shoot (Etym. Dict.).

Sidder, *adj.* Soft, mellow; applied to peas that will boil well when old, and to land which will grow such peas; also to decayed wood. Probably *all.* to seethe (Skeat).

Side, *n.* (1) A company. "A strong *side* at the pea-picking. (2) A measure of cherries or of currants, weighing 63 lb.

Skeel, *n.* A shallow wooden vessel for washing butter in; a like vessel. but larger, and spouted, used in brewing.

Skim-dick, *n.* Poor cheese.

Skip, *n.* A shallow basket made of oak laths, with rounded bottom and ends, and an opening at either end by way of handles.

Slawn, *n.* *Plu.* of sloe.

Slick, *adj.* (sleek). Smooth and shiny, as of ice or hair. *v.* To make smooth and shiny. "*Slick* yer 'air afore yer goes."

Slimber, *v.* To take work easily.

Slinkveal, *n.* The flesh of a newly-born calf.

Slither, *v.* To slide.

Sliver, *n.* A piece cut off. K. Lear, iv. 2. *v.* Ham. iv. 7. *Comp.* slice.

Slob, *n.* *Pron.* of slab; the outside cut of a tree when sawn into planks.

Slobberdy, *adj.* Dirty, sloppy. "Slobbery," applied to land, Hen. V. iv. 5.

Slummacking, *adj.* Slovenly. Probably an "imitative word" (Skeat).

Smart, *adj.* Good or well in a vague sense. "A *smart* lot." "I'm *smartish*."

Smite, *n.* A mite, a bit. "Every smite of it."

Smudge, *n.* A kiss. *v.* To kiss.
Snead, *n.* The curved pole to which the scythe-blade is hung. Pronounced, sned.
Sniping, *part.* (of frost or cold). Biting, sharp. *All.* to sneap, snap, and snub (Etym. Dict.).
Snirp, *v.* To shrivel or wither.
Snitchocks, *n.* A disease in game birds like the gapes in poultry.
Snob, *v.* To sob.
Snope, *n.* A thump or slap. *v.* To strike, to slap. Dealers on concluding a bargain say, "Snope it down," *i.e.*, "Strike hands on it" (*comp.*, "Strike-me-luck," Hudibras, ii. 1, 539, quoted by Nares). *All.* to sneap, *v.*, Love's Labour Lost i. 1, and *n.*, 2 Hen. IV. ii. 1; also to snub and snap (Skeat).
Snowler, *n.* A blow on the head. "Nowl," head, Mids. Night's Dr., iii. 2.
Sock, or Sockage, *n.* The drainage from cattle-sheds, &c. *Der.* soak; A.S. *sūcan*, also *sūgan*, to suck (Etym. Dict.).
Solid, *adj.* Grave, serious.
Sollum, *v.* To sulk. "'Er 'ud sit *sollumin'* for an hour together."
Spall, *v.* To splinter, as the under side of a bough in sawing; *n.* a splinter. From Teutonic base *spald*, to splinter (Etym. Dict.).
Spear, *n.* The spirelet, or sprout, which, if not checked, would appear at one end of the grain when malting barley germinates after steeping. See "ackersprit," and "acrospire" in *Hall.*
Spine of the back, *n.* The spine (which is never mentioned alone).
Spittal, *n.* A spade.
Spittal-tree, *n.* A spade-handle.
Spot, *n.* Of cider, beer, rain, &c., a drop. *v.* To begin to rain, to rain slightly.
Sprack, or sprackt, *adj.* Lively, bright. Sir H. Evans pronounces it *sprag*, Mer. W. W. iv. 1.
Spreader, *n.* A stick to keep the traces from the heels of cart-horses.
Square, *n.* In thatchers' and builders' work a superficial area ten feet square.
Squat, *v.* To prevent a wheel from rolling by blocking it.
Squench, *v.* *Pron.* of quench. "'Tis both *squenchin'* and feedin', that oatmeal drink."
Squib, *n.* A squirt. *v.* To squirt.
Squilt, *n.* A pimple or pustule.
Staddle, *n.* A rick-stand.
Staggering-bob, *n.* A very young calf slaughtered.

Stale, *n.* The handle of a mop, broom, pitchfork, &c. A.S. *stæl*, *stel* (Etym. Dict.).

Stam, *n.* *Pron.* of stem. "That old 'awthorn *stam* wants stockin' up."

Standy, *adj.* Wilful, defiant, froward (applied to children only).

Stank, *n.* A dam or stoppage in a stream. Year-Books of Ed. I. i. 415, *estang*, a pool; ii. 451, *estank*, a mill-dam (Etym. Dict.). *Comp.* Lat. *stagnum*. *v.* To dam or stop water. *Comp.* stanch.

Stilch, or Stelch, *n.* (1) A post in a cow-house to which cows are tied; a variant of stalk, and *all.* to stilt (Skeat). (2) A breadth across a field which a labourer would take for reaping, &c.

Stiving, *part.* Close, stifling (*Hall.*); stived up, almost stifled.

Stock, *v.* To strike with a point, as a bird with its beak. *Comp.* stock-axe, also *stoccata* (fencing term) and stuck (*n.*) Twelfth Night, iii. 4.

Stock-eekle, *n.* A woodpecker.

Stook, or Stuck, *n.* From six to ten sheaves set upright in the field. *v.* To set up in a stook.

Stop-glat, *n.* A stop-gap.

Stopless, *n.* The wooden lid of a brick oven (little used now).

Storm, *n.* A shower.

Storm-cock, *n.* A missel-thrush.

Stoul, *n.* The butt of a tree left in the ground (stool).

Strike, *n.* A piece of wood for striking level the contents of a bushel measure.

Stub, *n.* (1) A prop at the bottom of a post. (2) Same as Stoul.

Stuck, *n.* The handle of a jug (stalk).

Sturly, *adj.* Staring, as applied to the coat of an animal.

Substance, *n.* A tumour.

Suity, *adj.* Of a sort, level; used by pig-dealers to signify an even and level lot.

Sun-dog, *n.* An appearance among clouds, like a small fragment of a rainbow, supposed to foretell rain.

Supper, *v.* To give supper to, as to cows.

Swag, *n.* Sway, balance.

Swale, or Sweal, *v.* To singe or burn. A.S. *swélan*, to burn. *Comp.* swelter and sultry (Etym. Dict.).

Sward, *n.* Rind, as of bacon. A.S. *sweard*, the skin of bacon (Etym. Dict.).

Swardy, *adj.* With thick rind.

Swelth, *n.* Swelling.

Swill, *v.* To cleanse by flooding. A child in a school, being asked what the Almighty did to the world in Noah's days,

graphically replied, "A *swilled* un." A.S. *swilian*, to wash. *Comp.* scullery (Etym. Dict.).
Swimy, *adj.* Having a swimming in the head.
Swinge, *v.* *Pron.* of singe.
Swither, *n.* (*Hall.*) Perspiration. *Comp.* Lat. *sudor*.
Tabber, *v.* To tap or drum; Nahum ii. 7. *Comp.* tabor.
Tack, *n.* (1) Stuff, materials. (2) Keep for cattle.
Taddy, *adj.* Pot-bellied.
Taggyfinch, *n.* A chaffinch.
Tail-wheat, *n.* The inferior portion of a dressing kept for home consumption.
Tale, *n.* A story of doubtful authority. "Don't you listen to what them chaps says, Owner; 'tis nothin' but *tales*."
Tallat, *n.* A loft used for hay, &c.
Tancel, *v.* To beat. *Der.* tan? *Comp.* Fr. *tancer*, to chide (Skeat).
Tang, *v.* To cause a swarm of bees to settle by a clanging sound; also, to claim the ownership of it by the same process.
Ted, *v.* To toss and spread about mown grass in hay-making.
Teem, *v.* To pour out.
Teert, *adj.* Smarting. A.S. *teart*, whence tart, *adj.* (Skeat).
Teg, *n.* A sheep at a year old. Ray, 16th century, spells it tagge.
Tempest, *n.* A thunderstorm.
Terrify, *v.* To astonish, to annoy or trouble strangely. See Deadly and Desperate.
That, *adv.* So. "'E's got *that* fat I must be to kill 'im soon."
Theave, *n.* A ewe at a year old.
Thiller, *n.* The shaft-horse in a team. "Filler," Mer. of V. ii. 2. Thill is the shaft, closely allied to deal or thel (used in 1586), a plank (Etym. Dict.).
Think-on, *v.* To remember.
Thrave, or Threave, *n.* (*sing.* and *plu.*) Twenty-four boltings of straw. Icel. *threfi* (Skeat). Originally, a handful.
Thrifty, *adj.* Thriving, as a pig.
Thripples, *n.* Same as "ripples," in Shropshire; a movable attachment of rails to enable a cart or waggon to carry loose material, as hay or straw. Sometimes called "ladder."
Thunk, *n.* A thong.
Ticefools, *n.* Puff-balls, from their likeness to mushrooms.
Tice-penny, *n.* and *adj.* Catch-penny.
Tiddle, *v.* To make much of, to fondle.
Tiddling, *n.* A pet animal.
Tidy, *adj.* Respectable; also good or well in a vague sense "A *tidy* chap." "A *tidy* lot o' currants." "I'm pretty *tidy*.

Tilth, *n.* A freshly turned furrow.
Times, *adv.* Often, time after time.
Tind, *v.* To kindle, as a candle or fire. *Comp.* tinder. "Tine" (*v.*), Faery Q. II. xi. 21.
Tissucking, *adj.* (applied to a cough only) Dry and hacking. Corruption of phthisical.
Titter, *n.* A see-saw. *Comp.* "Titterstone," one of the Clee Hills, called after a rocking-stone thereon; also totter.
Titty, *n.* The mother's breast. A.S. *tit.*
Top-and-tail, *v.* To take off tops and bottoms from turnips, mangold wurzels, &c., while pulling them up.
Top-up, *v.* To finish at the top, as a hay-rick.
Torril, *n.* A creature not good for much; applied to mankind and brutes.
Tosty-ball, *n.* A cowslip-ball.
Tot, *n.* A small mug.
Totterdy, *adj.* Unsteady, infirm.
Tow, *n* A chain for hauling timber. Pronounced, taou.
Towel, *v.* To beat.
Traffic, *n.* A track or passage made by rats, rabbits, &c. "You'd best lay a trap right in the *traffic* o' them rots."
Tram, or Tramming, *n.* A framework, or a loose arrangement, of stout parallel rails on short legs, or blocks, for supporting casks.
Trammel, *n.* A large drag-net.
Travel, *v.* To walk, to have the use of the feet and legs. "This pig bain't to say bad in 'imself, but 'e don't sim to *travel* right."
Tree, *n.* A plant grown in a pot.
Trig, *n.* A nick, a shallow trench.
Trimple, *v.* To tread limpingly, as one with tender feet.
Trow,* *n.* The largest sort of vessel on the Severn, and rounded at both ends; carries up to 130 tons weight (*ow* as in cow). *Comp.* trough. Perhaps *all.* to tray (Etym. Dict.).
Truel, *n.* A mason's trowel. Middle English (Etym. Dict.).
Trunk, *n.* A rough chest, pierced with holes, and moored in the water for keeping live fish.
Tump, *n.* A conical heap.
Tun-dish, *n.* A funnel. Measure for M. iii. 2; A.S. *tunne*, a barrel; *Comp.* tunnel (Etym. Dict.).
Tup, *n.* A ram.
Tussock, *n.* A tuft of coarse grass.

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* One of the public-houses in the town bears the name of "The Severn Trow."

Twayt, *n.* Same as May-fish.
Twin, *n.* A double fruit.
Unaccountable, *adv.* Uncommonly, surprisingly; the first syllable is pronounced, on.
Uncle, *n.* Familiar vocative in addressing an elder friend. *Der. avunculus*, literally, "little grandfather" (Etym. Dict.).
Ungain, *adj.* Unhandy, inconvenient.
Unked, *adj.* Dismal, lonely, dreary. M.E. *unkid*, from *un* and *kid*, *p. part.* of *kythe*, to make known (Burns, Hallowe'en, st. 3); literally, not known; hence strange, solitary, uncomfortable, &c. Another form of uncouth (Etym. Dict.).
Unsuity, *adj.* Not of a sort, not matching.
Up-hill and Up-country, *adj.* and *adv.* (applied to wind) North; from the north.
Upon-times, *adv.* Now and then.
Upset, *n.* A disturbance.
Urchin, *n.* A hedgehog.
Utis, *n.* A riotous noise, a din; such as used to accompany the eighth day of a festival. 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4. *Utas*, old Anglo-French form of octaves (Skeat); *comp.* modern Fr. *huit*.
Vally, *n.* The felloe of a wheel; pronounced as valley. A.S. *felga* (Etym. Dict.).
Vaum, *n.* *Pron.* of foam.
Veering, *n.* A certain number of ridges and furrows in ploughing. Not much used. Perhaps *all.* to furrow (Skeat).
Vent, *n.* Demand, use, opportunity of disposal. "No *vent* for apples this year." *Comp.* old use of vent (Fr. *vente*), from *vendere* (Skeat).
Wad, or Grass-wad, *n.* A small heap or cock.
Wallush, *adj.* Insipid, cloying, nauseous. *Walsh*, common in M.E. Boiling up, as it were, in the stomach; A.S. *weallan*, to boil (Skeat).
Warm, *v.* To beat.
Warmship, *n.* Warmth.
Washings, *n.* Cider made from a second pressing of the cheese with admixture of water.
Wāster, *n.* A refuse article of imperfect fabric.
Wästril, *n.* One who is falling away in flesh, man or beast.
Water-dog, *n.* Same as Sun-dog.
Watty-handed, *adj.* Left-handed; *a* sounded as in what.
Wave-wind, *n.* The large wild convolvulus (*Sepium*).
Way-leave, *n.* Permission to use a way.
Wazzen, *n.* The weasand or windpipe (*a* sounded as in wax); A.S. *wāsend* (Etym. Dict.).
Wed, *part.* Weeded.

Weep, *v.* To exude (transitive and intransitive).
Well-ended, *adj.* Well got in, as hay.
Wench, *n.* A girl.
Went, *part.* Gone. "I'd 'a' *went* myself if I'd a-known as you wasn't a-going."
Werrit, *n.* One of an anxious, fidgetty disposition. *v.* To worry. Connected with the worrying of a wolf; A.S. *wearg*, a wolf (Etym. Dict.).
Wether, *n.* A male sheep disabled from breeding.
What-for, *n.* A vague threat of unpleasant consequences. "If I lights uv that young limb, I'll let 'im know *wot-for*."
Wheel, *n.* A wicker eel-trap, almost twice the size of a putcheon.
Whimmy, *adj.* Given to whims.
Whinnock, *v.* To cry whiningly as a child; A.S. *hwinan*, to whine (Etym. Dict.).
Whisket, *n.* A gardening basket.
Whissun-bosses, *n.* Gueldres-roses.
Wig, *n.* An oblong bun, made with carraway seeds instead of currants.
Wilgill, *n.* An epicene creature; an animal that is of both sexes (*g* soft).
Windle-straw, *n.* Something easily blown about; applied to a corn crop that is light.
Wind-scare, *n.* An object presenting resistance to the wind. "Two fut 'll be dip enow for this pwost; 'e ain't much of a *wind-scare*."
Winter-stuff, *n.* Borecole, brussels-sprouts, savoys, and other greens.
Wires, *n.* The runners of strawberry plants.
Wollies, or Wallies, *n.* Ridges into which hay is raked before carrying it, or putting it into cocks.
Wonderment, *n.* Something to stare at or talk about.
Wōont, *n.* A mole. A.S. *wand*, found in a Glossary of the eighth century (Skeat).
Worlers, or Wurlers, *n.* Gaiters.
Wozzle, or Wuzzle, *v.* To beat or trample down and twist the stems, as of grass or corn.
Wratch, *n.* *Pron.* of wretch; applied compassionately. "'E've not 'ad a wink o' sleep all night, 'e've not, poor *wratch*." A.S. *wrecca*, an outcast (Etym. Dict.).
Yarb, *n.* *Pron.* of herb.
Yow, *n.* *Pron.* of ewe; A.S. *eown* (Etym. Dict.).
Yox, *v.* To heave or cough. *Comp.* yex, for hiccough.
Yud, *n.* *Pron.* of head.

Three other words may be mentioned which, although no longer current, occur in the parish books of the last century. "Garderailes" is pronounced by a friend to be an old term for balustrades. "Type" he thinks may be a corruption of *tympanum*, the sounding-board of the pulpit. "Lappertage" represents something (the repair of which is charged for) between the two "Hams," or large common meadows; but no satisfactory interpretation has been arrived at.

The following phrases are current in Upton:—

"A good churchman" = a clergyman with a good voice.

"A good man round a barrel, but no cooper" = one who is fond of drink.

"An afternoon farmer" = a farmer who takes things easily, and is always behindhand.

"As black as black," "as wet as wet;" and so with other epithets. "Can be" would complete the elliptical sentence.

"At the edge of night" = just before dark.

"By scowl of brow" = judging by eye, and not by rule or measure.

"In himself (or herself, &c.)" = in his (or her) general health. The distinct existence of the corporeal *ego* and its subordinate members is clearly recognised. "How are you to-day, Mary?" "I be better *in myself*, sir; but my poor leg 'ave got that swelth in 'im as I couldn't get 'im along to the top o' the town, not if you was to crown mŭ."

"Like a humble-bee in a churn;" said of one whose voice is not distinctly audible.

"May Hill" = the month of May in relation to consumptive patients (see Fuller, Worthies, Derbyshire, i. 252, quoted in Davies's "Supplemental English Glossary"). "'Er 'll never over-get *Mahy 'ill*, I doubt, poor wratch."

"Not if you was to crown me" = not for a kingdom.

"Shuffling jobs" = irregular work.

The tops of the potatoes, &c., "have had the soot-bag over them" = have been blackened by the frost.

To be "off his head" = to be out of his mind.

To be "on the mending hand" = to be improving.

To be "up in the boughs" = to be out of temper, or haughty.

To "drop it" on a person = to "give it" him.

To "get the grant" = to obtain permission.
To "get the turn" = to pass the crisis.
To "get the scog of" = to be able to crow over.
To "give the meeting" = to meet.
To "have a cow calve" = to be left a legacy. "His last *cow has calved* now, I expect."
To have "dropped his watch in the bottom of the rick;" a jocular hypothesis to account for the cutting or turning of a rick which has become over-heated.
To "have leaden socks in his boots" = to be lazy.
To "know *to* a nest," &c. = to know *of* a nest, &c.
To "make a poor out of it" = to obtain small results.
To "mend his draught" = to take another glass.
To "miss every hair of his head" = to miss him sadly.
To "pass the time of day" = to wish good morning, or evening, &c.
To "pick up a knife" = to get a fall from a horse.
To "play the bear with" = to damage.
To "pick up his crumbs" = to finish up his work neatly.
To "put his spoon into the wall" = to die.
To "stick up his stick" = to die.
"Up to dick," or "nick," "the door," "the knocker," or "the nines" = in first-rate condition; to perfection: *comp.* Lat. *ad unguem.* "That nag o' your'n *be up to dick*, master! 'E were a-prancin' and a-prompin' about, pretty nigh ready to snuff the moon, if you'd let 'im go."

It is with a pang that some words and phrases have been omitted which belong to the Evesham neighbourhood, and which had been adopted into family use between thirty and forty years ago.

"Backwarn" is a word of strength and point, and ought to be in general use, for its meaning is conveyed less tersely and forcibly by a periphrasis. An old parish clerk would say, "They've a-put off that 'ere funeral, and I must be to *backwarn* the parson."* "Dwiny" seems to be "a portmanteau word," and to derive expressive power from its combination of "dwindled" and "tiny." "I don't say but what 'e might be a very nice gen'leman, but I niver seed sich a *dwiny* pair o' legs." A "swig-swag" garden-path appeared to wind with a stately sweep, which could never be described by the ordinary and

* "Unspeak" is used in the same sense by Pepys, Richardson, and others (Davies's "Supplementary English Glossary;" G. Bell & Sons, 1881).

angular sound of "zig-zag;" and, when a lad was "measured for a warm suit of clothes," the harsher features of corporal punishment were humorously resolved into an expression of benevolence on the one side, and comfort on the other.

In that neighbourhood there was also a remarkable tendency, which is apparent to a less extent about Upton, to decline the responsibility of a direct assertion, and to guard against the possible consequences of making any admission. "Is your wife at home to-day, James?" "Well, sir, I shouldn't think but what 'er might be."

But these reminiscences must not be indulged, lest they should run on for ever, and this Appendix prove what an old parishioner at Offenham would have called "a wheel-string job."

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